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LETTERS

OF

MISS RIVERSDALE.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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1803.

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TO MRS. BLANDFORD.

MADAM,

THOUGH precluded by motives of propriety from dedicating theſe volumes to you in any other way than by your fictitious name, I ſtill muſt beg leave to pay you this teſtimony of reſpect. You will not be diſcovered, becauſe you have not moved far out of the confined circle of domeſtic enjoyment. But it appears to me, as important to the *improvement* of the female mind, as it is gratifying to myſelf, to declare, that in the amiable pattern of learning, virtue, and unaffuming manners, diſplayed by Mrs. Blandford, is accurately pourtrayed a really exiſting and highly valued friend, whoſe intereſting ſociety forms the chief felicity of her moſt

Obliged, faithful, and devoted,

LETTERS

OF

MISS RIVERSDALE.

WHAT chance of ſucceſs the prevalent taſte of the day for the marvellous may afford to the artleſs tale here offered to the public it is difficult to conjecture: for although, contrary to the uſual mode of dreſſing fiction in the ſemblance of truth, pains have been taken to dreſs truth in the garb of fiction, ſtill it is fiction ſo devoid of adventure, ſo little deviating from the natural reſult of the genuine workings of a ſuſceptible mind, that its chief claim to intereſt muſt reſt upon the correſponding emotion it will excite in every unſophiſticated honeſt heart.

Characters and ſketches of manners might perhaps have been a more appropriate, as

well as more attractive title; but manners and characters have undergone ſo complete a change in the country where a part of the ſcene is laid, ſince the time at which theſe letters were evidently written, that ſuch a title might equally miſlead and diſappoint the expectation of the reader.

THE EDITOR.

LETTERS

OF

MISS RIVERSDALE.

LOUISA RIVERSDALE, TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.

"DO not let twenty-four hours paſs without committing ſomething to paper, that I may follow you in your every day occupations: or the tremendous diſtance that is now to ſeparate us will ſoon make us ſtrangers to each other!"

Theſe were among my Henry's laſt injunctions: but my full heart could make no anſwer.

And now we are ſeparated!

Oh, my friend!—my brother!—guide of my inexperienced ſteps! who now ſhall ſave me by their ever-ready, ever well-judged counſel, from all the dangers that may ſurround me?—Oh, that every judicious precept were equally engraven on my memory as theſe laſt words: an equally ready obedience ſhould prove you have not thrown away your time or your affection upon one who will not at leaſt ſtudy to make herſelf worthy of them—

It is now three hours, ſince the door that cloſed after you when you quitted the houſe, ſeemed to cloſe upon my exiſtence—

I remained with my eyes fixed upon it, in a ſtate of ſtupid inſenſibility—no kindly tear flowed to my relief, till your poor little Follette teſtified her participation in my diſtreſs—ſhe ran and ſcratched at the door, gave a ſhort howl, and then came and laid her head upon my knee, looking wiſtfully in my face, with an expreſſion that at length drew plentiful ſhowers from my eyes.—Your legacy, my Henry, has been my firſt relief, and obedience to your injunction is my firſt employment.

I thought of returning to Geneva this night, but could wiſh to recover ſome degree of firmneſs, before I meet our afflicted mother. At her time of life, her feelings at parting with the pride of her heart are entitled to ſtrike ſtill deeper root than mine. Conſidering the diſtance, and the number of years that muſt elapſe, what hopes can ſhe form of ever ſeeing you again?

Yet how did the noble-minded woman ſupport herſelf at the trying moment! how fervent—how devoid of ſelf were her ejacu-

lations!—" Oh! may my ſon be proſperous, as he ſhall prove deſerving! may honour guide and guard his ſteps! Enough for me to know that he is good and happy. There is no abſence for ſouls; mine will ever hover round him—Providence cannot forſake its beſt gift, nor will it ſuffer me to ſink under its loſs." And then, folding you to her heart, " Oh, my Henry, to Providence alone could I reſign you!" and, ſinking back upon her ſofa, ſhe motioned with her hand for us to go.

I retrace this ſcene for my own benefit. Oh, how widely different your Louiſa!—I ſhrink from the compariſon; but will ſtrive to emulate her firmneſs.

Tueſday.—I am better this morning, my Henry; but I painfully feel, that every hour encreaſes the diſtance between us: I am a ſtranger to the ground you are going over—my imagination finds no reſting-place; I know not how to take you up—whither to follow you. Could I ſometimes trace your footſteps, it would be a means of beguiling abſence!—

Tueſday evening—Geneva.——I am returned—oh, Henry!—to a deſert—an univerſal blank ſurrounds me—it is impoſſible to deſcribe the ſolitude I feel, in the midſt of every exertion that friendly affection can ſuggeſt to thoſe about me.

My mother too!—I cannot give you an idea of her compoſure, of her reſignation in regard to you, and her efforts at cheerfulneſs addreſſed to me. I ſtruggle hard for firmneſs and compoſure: cheerfulneſs is yet wholly out of my power.

Several kindly-meant viſits have broken into the gloom of the evening; but could not diſſipate it.

It is not well judged in friends, to aim at too early conſolation: if the mind be ſuffered to ſatiate itſelf in the contemplation of its miſery, it will gradually, and of its own accord, turn to ſome other object; but forcing it out of its bent only makes it fall back with double energy.

Colonel Malcolm came among the reſt: he was aſſiduouſly attentive to me for your ſake: he knew your heart would requite him for it.

I am now retired—not to reſt, I fear, but

to my own meditations and the company of Follette: ſhe knows it is for you I grieve—I am ſure ſhe does—ſhe watches the tears ſtealing down my cheeks, and redoubles her careſſes—ſhe, too, has loſt her beſt friend!

Wedneſday.—My deareſt brother, I am aſhamed of myſelf: where are the fruits of all thoſe leſſons of philoſophy, ſo forcibly inculcated by my kind preceptor, to arm my mind againſt this long-foreſeen ſeparation? Where are all thoſe maxims of diſintereſted affection, which teach us to prefer the advantage of thoſe we love to our own enjoyment? My Henry goes to labour for fame—for fortune—and ſhall I repine at ſeeing him take the road to glory? Forgive this childiſh, this ſelfiſh grief! I will conquer it; I will call to mind my beloved brother's precepts; I will hold his examples before my eyes, and he ſhall not bluſh for his ſiſter.

Henry, I had recourſe to my books—but, ah!—

> "Each fav'rite author we together read
> My tortur'd memory wounds."

They will not do yet.

Thurſday.—I ſought the company laſt night, which I had ſo much wiſhed to avoid the evening before. The Colonel came; the Dean likewiſe: worthy good man! as warm and as affectionate as ever. The Colonel again evinced his love for you, by his particular attentions to me. I endeavoured to join in the converſation, and my mother ſeemed pleaſed that I did. I felt ſatisfied that I was in ſome degree conquering ſelf, that overbearing tyrant, who in ſuch various ſhapes controls our beſt reſolves. I will frame my mind, if poſſible, to my brother's wiſhes—he ſhall have ſomething to be proud of in his Louiſa.

Superiority of mind, you ſay, is the only thing worth valuing ourſelves upon, as it ſecures the eſteem of thoſe who really think. "The admiration of fools is almoſt a diſgrace to a woman of ſenſe:" is not this one of your maxims? or have I only collected the idea from the general tenor of your inſtructions? I recollect how we have laughed at the pretty affectations and attractive no-meanings, which we have ſeen ſo ſucceſsfully diſplayed to captivate the herd, and which *you uſed to* call beauty-behaviour; ſo diſ-

guſting to ſenſible men. But yet, my dear friend, I feel ſomething within me, that ſays a little general attraction cannot be very unpleaſant. Have not I ſometimes ſeen you rather indulgent to what the French call *la coquetterie de l'eſprit?* Is that quite inadmiſſible? You ſee I lay open all my weakneſſes and follies as uſual; otherwiſe how could you aſſiſt me in correcting them? For do not ſuppoſe, that diſtance is to relieve you from the taſk you have ſo long performed.—Ah! that dreadful word diſtance! how it clouds over every proſpect, every idea of enjoyment! I will not now continue—I ſhould relapſe.

Friday.—This Colonel!—I cannot but feel gratified to be thus diſtinguiſhed by his notice of me. A man of his age, ſenſe, and conſequence—a man who might be ſo much ſpoilt by the preference with which he has ever been treated by our ſex! to be ſo flatteringly attentive to a plain unfaſhioned girl, ſo inferior in all reſpects to the women he has paſſed his life among! But he loves you as his ſon, my Henry, and I am all that is left

of you. I am pleaſed with the cauſe of his partiality, and feel grateful for us both.

There is a dignity of mind in him that I admire. He thinks himſelf ill-uſed in the affair of the miſſion he had been promiſed, and which in fact he ſeems every way entitled to, and admirably qualified for. The laſt time he went to pay his court at V——, it was ſuggeſted to him, that a menial favourite might be of ſervice in the buſineſs, if he would take the trouble to pay ſome attentions there. No—he knew how to live upon a ſlender income, but not how to ſubmit to a meanneſs to increaſe it. He had now the ſatisfaction of thinking them in the wrong: he ſhould in the other caſe have the mortification to feel himſelf ſo.

The good Dean twirled his watch-key with redoubled velocity, in token of approbation; and whiſtling for Folly, fell into a game of romps with the dog, more noiſy than uſual, to teſtify his ſatisfaction, till my mother called for the card-table, and propoſed a *reverſis* to keep him quiet.—Is it not a vexatious thing, Henry, that with ſo much goodneſs, joined to ſuch extenſive knowledge, *he ſhould* indulge himſelf in ſuch a

ſet of nonſenſical tricks as would provoke the laughter even of a ſchool-boy?

Saturday.—Kind-hearted man!—the Dean came flying with tears of pleaſure in his eyes for the ſatisfaction he had to impart. A traveller, juſt arrived, had returned from Lyons with the ſame poſtillion, that had driven our beloved Henry thither, and who had ſeen him converſing at the inn-door with all the gayety and joyous animation that ever ſurround him, and which only the laſt painful days had in ſome degree damped.

And am I ſtill ſo ſelfiſh? An involuntary pang compreſſed my heart at this intelligence. "And could my brother be ſo ſoon relieved from all the regrets he has left us to?" was the mean reflection that ſuggeſted itſelf: but it was only inſtantaneous: thankfulneſs ſtreamed from my eyes, as well as from my mother's, that our only hope was not only well, but happy; and his mind at full liberty for him to follow his new purſuits, without even loſing the advantage to be reaped from the various objects, that will offer themſelves to his obſervation as he goes

along. Thoſe who are left muſt feel moſt and longeſt.

The good Dean, having whiſtled his joy up and down the room at a full trot for about ten minutes, without hearing a word of any thing that was ſaid upon the ſubject, ſnatched up his hat and ran off—full of ſome other kind office, I have not the leaſt doubt.

Saturday night.—Our ſpirits being conſiderably improved by the event of the morning, we agreed to join a fiſhing party upon the lake in the afternoon. Colonel Malcolm was of it—ſeveral others of your friends—De Salm, Wurmſer, Rhinberg, Madame d'Urtiſe—my mother was the matron of the party. Their kind ſolicitude both for her and me was ſtrongly marked, and did credit to their hearts.

The Colonel did not ſeem well; he was grave and abſent, till an incident rouzed him.

His Newfoundland dog made a ſudden ſpring into the water, and ſeemed to have laid hold of ſomething, which he was with difficulty tugging to ſhore. We made towards him, and found it to be a man. Two

of the boatmen inſtantly jumped in to the aſſiſtance of the dog, and the poor creature was reſcued: he proved to be a ſoldier, whom the Colonel had enliſted at the time encouragement was given to his raiſing a regiment. Upon the proſpect of a peace the recruits were diſcharged; and he had endeavoured to ſoften the hardſhip of turning them adrift, by giving them a trifle to carry them home. This poor fellow had enliſted as the readieſt means of raiſing a little ſum, which he had inſtantly remitted to relieve his aged mother from the unforeſeen diſtreſs ſhe had been thrown into by the loſs of her little farming ſtock of goats and pigs, which formed her chief ſupport. He had hoped by good behaviour to get rank, which would ſoon have enabled him to remit her ſomething weekly out of his pay: he beſides loved the army; and his unexpected diſcharge diſappointed both his ambition and his filial affection. Having in vain endeavoured to find employment, he had at length determined to return, and work for his mother: but not having wherewith to pay for a night's lodging, his method was to lie

down and ſleep by the road-ſide, when weary, and purſue his journey by night as well as by day. He had in the laſt night loſt his way, and had been wandering along the borders of the lake all day, till finding himſelf ſleepy, he had lain down under a tree near the water-ſide: he was awakened by an attempt made at drawing the knapſack, which he uſed as a pillow, from under his head: a ſcuffle enſued, in which the thief contrived to tumble him into the water, and make off with the booty.

Colonel Malcolm ſhewed extreme kindneſs of heart in his concern for the poor fellow; ſo, indeed, did we all. His pockets had been emptied before the knapſack was attempted.

We had him carried to a cottage and put to bed, giving proper directions for the care to be taken of him; and Malcolm left word where he might come to him whenever he was able; for he was almoſt dead when he was taken out of the water; and it was a conſiderable time before this account could be obtained from him.

He has an uncommon appearance of in*telligence and* honeſty; and Colonel Mal-

colm kindly intends taking him into his ſervice, to be trained up under his old ſervant La Grange, who is almoſt diſabled from age and infirmity.

Monday.—A walk taken this morning has affected my ſpirits: it was your favourite one. That fantaſtic root of the old elm that forms two ſeats, where you and I have ſo often reſted and talked over future proſpects together, called up all my feelings.—Oh, my Henry! ſhall we ever ſit there again?—I would have avoided the place—I do very well when no particular incident recals my *loſs.*

I felt uneaſy at having been ſo long without enquiring after our old cottager—I ſeemed neglectful of my duty, now that your abſence had made him over wholly to my care—I dreaded it too! I knew how his ſimple ſorrow at having loſt his kind benefactor would call up mine: however, I muſt have encountered it ſome time or other, and the morning was uncommonly fine; ſo I ſummoned up my reſolution and went.

The ſpring is very forward, and the ſun ſhone *bright: but,* ah! how does the un-

preſſion of external objects vary with the diſpoſition of the mind!—how often have we agreed in preferring this intereſting ſeaſon to that ſo celebrated by the painters!—the *dawn* of hope, to its *decline*—the enjoyment of the heart, diſcovering a new pleaſure each day, and a promiſe for the next, to the mere gratification of the eye, vaniſhing before an inſtant's reflection.—Well, Henry! the brilliancy of this morning—the proſpect of opening nature, which has ſo frequently imparted gay delight—was quite oppreſſive to me: the joyous animation that glowed around was ſo diſſonant to my thoughts, that I could almoſt have conſtrued it into an inſult upon my grieving heart.

Poor old Simon was gone to the neighbouring village to ſell his cabbages: the little girl told me he thought they ſhould do very well now.

I was prevailed upon to take the longer way home, and that brought me to the ſpot which has more particularly diſtreſſed me—the little bird, too, which we uſed to feed, made its appearance. I was not provided *with crumbs:* I thought it ſeemed to reproach

me with neglect, and mourn for you—its note was not ſo ſprightly as uſual.

Is all this too minute?—too trifling for you, my deareſt brother? I ſhould not think it ſo, if addreſſed by you to me. Real feeling will ſometimes be excited by trifles more powerfully than by important cauſes. But I do not mean to continue in this ſtrain.

Wedneſday, May the 1ſt.—I could not write yeſterday: a little event had agitated and hurried my ſpirits; and now I am ſure I have acted wrong, and am very uneaſy. But let me lead to it.

The Colonel called in the morning, and entreated we would walk: it would do us good.

Madame D'Urtiſe was with us, and ſeemed inclined to be of the party. Our morning was, at any rate, broken in upon by their viſits; and this, you know, neither my mother nor I like, ſo we thought we might as well go.

My mother and Madame D'Urtiſe walked on: I had loitered behind, ſearching for plants. The Colonel ſtaid with me; and, when they were out of hearing, heſitatingly

ſaid, "Could you excuſe a liberty ſuggeſted by friendſhip, Louiſa?"

I looked ſurprized, not knowing what he meant; but inſtantly anſwered, "that I could not be offended at any thing that proceeded from ſo obliging a motive."

"Intereſting candour!" ſaid he. "You know no guile, Louiſa, and therefore apprehend none: but it is not by me that you ſhall ever find your confidence abuſed. Here is a paper," (taking a letter out of his pocket) "in which I have ventured to offer you advice, dictated by the ſincereſt friendſhip. I dread incurring your diſpleaſure by it; and yet I cannot reſiſt the ſtrong impulſe."

And he offered it to me with a trembling hand. I heſitated in my turn, I know not why—at his tremor, I believe; for ſurely I was not unwilling to hear advice, nor ungrateful for the kind ſentiment that ſuggeſted it. I took the letter, however, thanking him for his goodneſs, very awkwardly, I dare ſay, and with much confuſion put it into my pocket, as I haſtened to overtake my mother.

The inſtant I got home, I hurried into my *own room.* And why not into my mother's?

you aſk. I know not, Henry: ſhe is ſometimes ſevere. I feared ſhe might be angry with the Colonel, who means me ſo well. I feared, too, he might deem it a breach of confidence: in ſhort, I ſtopped not to conſider it, as I ought to have done, perhaps; but flew to read the friendly paper. And here I tranſcribe it—

"Be not ſurprized, my amiable child, at the liberty I take, nor miſconſtrue my motive.—Honeſt zeal for your welfare inſpires me. The long attachment I have had for your family gives every part of it a claim upon my ſolicitude. I am willing to think I have *no* other inducement, though you are well qualified to inſpire the tendereſt concern on your own account. Pleaſing in your perſon—elegant in your manners—and accompliſhed in your mind, you can never fail to create in all who approach you the warmeſt intereſt: but few will have the generoſity, like the friend who now addreſſes you, to endeavour to promote your welfare at the hazard of incurring your diſpleaſure. You are young and innocent, Louiſa; you have a very ſuſceptible mind, and a ſtrong deſire of pleaſing; and in *this lies your danger*. You are ſurrounded

by young men, many of whom are in no way formed to judge of your merit: but they can all diſcover your wiſh for admiration, and all will be ready to bring your deſire of pleaſing home to themſelves. Men's vanity will ever encourage the coquetry of women: for a diſpoſition to coquetry you have, which however innocent, and unconſcious, you may be of it at preſent, may ſoon degenerate into that unfeeling play upon the paſſions of men, which only calls forth from them a diſplay of ſentiments that do not originate in the heart. I never yet beheld a being, who ſeemed ſo little aware of her own attractions as yourſelf. At the ſame time that you are perfectly open to the gratifications of vanity, you court aſſiduity as if you were not entitled to it; and ſo gratefully acknowledge the ſlighteſt attention, that you lead men to ſuppoſe you are ready to give more conſequence to them than they look for: this has already acquired you the denomination of the *artleſs coquette*.

" You have a childiſh, winning playfulneſs to thoſe who are upon any footing of intimacy with you, which has not yet been miſtaken, becauſe it is attended with ſuch *perfect* frankneſs and ſingleneſs of heart: but

it will ſoon ceaſe to be conſidered with ſuch indulgence, and will draw much cenſure and malignity of obſervation upon you; or it will make you the dupe of ſome deſigning villain, who will take advantage of your unſuſpicious openneſs.

"In ſhort, Louiſa, you are upon the brink of a precipice, which I tremble to behold. There are thoſe fluttering about you, who could make a ſport of deſtroying your peace of mind, for the gratification of their own vanity, without ever beſtowing a thought upon the conſequences.

"Your mother has too good a heart, and too little knowledge of the world, to ſuſpect that in others which ſhe would be incapable of herſelf; ſhe does not ſee your danger: ſhe has ſtored your mind with every kind of knowledge, but that which is moſt material to you—the *knowledge of mankind*; that ſhe has not herſelf. Your brother, who could beſt have guarded you, is taken away.

"With me, then, (who know men and women but too well) it reſts to ſave you; if, as I believe and hope, you wiſh to be ſaved, and can bear with the blunt, unvarniſhed, but well-*meaning* truths of a ſoldier, who has

no excuſe to plead for the liberty he takes but the warmth of his heart and honeſt zeal for your welfare.

" I ſhall be wretched until I know whether you take my advice in the light in which it is meant. Wretched, indeed! if it offend you.—Oh, Louiſa! you know not—you cannot do juſtice to my anxiety for your welfare."

Need I deſcribe to my brother the agitation this unlooked-for letter produced? I could not at firſt diſentangle my thoughts—they were all confuſion. I think, however, that gratitude was my firſt diſtinct ſentiment; but ſhame, vexation, ſurprize, to find myſelf accuſed of coquetry!—a diſpoſition I hold in ſuch perfect contempt!—to find myſelf nicknamed! They are very good, however, to acquit me of wicked intentions—artleſs, indeed!—Silly, ignorant, they might rather have ſaid. Good heavens! that a deſire only to pleaſe and to be pleaſed ſhould bear ſuch cruel miſconſtruction!

But even the Colonel thinks I am in danger of becoming a deſigning coquette—that was not a generous thought! But he ſhall *ſee that my eyes* only wanted opening. I

hope I can follow the right road when it is pointed out to me, at leaſt.

Upon farther conſideration, however, my Henry, I think it was lucky I did not go to my mother with the letter: you ſee, ſhe would have been offended with him; and yet, I know not how, I feel as if I ought to have done ſo immediately—now it is, at any rate, too late.

As ſoon as I was ſufficiently compoſed, I wrote the anſwer, of which I encloſe you the copy.

Pray, read it here.

LOUISA, TO COLONEL MALCOLM.

" Surprized, indeed, I am at the contents of your letter, my worthy friend; but, believe me, gratitude was the ſtrongeſt emotion of my mind in its peruſal.

" Little did I imagine the interpretation, which my behaviour was liable to. You have, indeed, gilded the pill; yet I hope to prove to you, that flattery was unneceſſary, and that you did not quite do juſtice to my heart in ſuppoſing it could ever be led on to bad *intentions*. I ſhrink from the very thought; but I tremble at the cenſure I

might have incurred, before I ſhould have become aware of the impropriety of my own conduct, had it not been for your friendly hand extended to ſave me.

"With eyes overflowing with gratitude I thank you. But, my good Sir, you are not aware of the taſk you have brought upon yourſelf: I muſt now tell you I look to you for protection, for admonition, when you ſee me going wrong. Allow me to ſay it will in future be your fault when I err; for you will, I truſt, ever find, that to be led right is the moſt ardent wiſh of your much obliged, &c."

He came in the evening—appeared agitated, and ſeemed to examine my looks for the effect his letter had produced. Unjuſt Malcolm! to doubt for an inſtant of my taking it in its proper light. I truſt he ſaw nothing but the trueſt gratitude in my eyes, for he ſeemed to become more compoſed.

He excuſed himſelf from making up my mother's table: and ſaid he could not ſtay.

As ſoon as they were ſat down, he approached the frame I was working at, and ſaid in a tremulous voice, "Louiſa! can you forgive me?" Upon which I put my anſwer

into his hand, and in five minutes he diſappeared.

Henry! 'tis well that the uprightneſs of my intentions acquits me, or I could not like this concealment from my mother: but what can *I* do?

May the 2d.—The Colonel ſought an opportunity this afternoon of putting another note into my hand. I feared I had again gone wrong, and was anxious for the hour of retiring to read it.

He was in unuſual ſpirits, and looked peculiarly dignified. He muſt have been ſtrik*ingly* handſome in his youth. My mother ſays he was deemed quite irreſiſtible among the French ladies, when ſhe firſt knew him. I wonder he ſhould never have been tempted to marry! but ſhe ſays ſhe believes the women he has moſtly been connected with were not calculated to give him a very favourable opinion of the ſex.

How much the more flattering his diſtinction of your Louiſa, my dear brother!

I tranſcribe his ſecond note. You will ſee how naturally the friendly, kind expreſſions

it contains, muſt reſtore me to conceit with myſelf.

COLONEL MALCOLM, TO LOUISA.

"How ſhall I expreſs the ſatisfaction your note gives me, my charming young friend? It raiſes you above your ſex. I had already traced the ſource of every amiable quality in your mind, and deemed your underſtanding ſuperior to that of moſt women; but could I have expected ſuch docility?—ſuch ingenuous frankneſs in acknowledging error?—ſuch gentleneſs in defending what I might, perhaps, be too ſevere in prejudging? Yes, my amiable pupil, I accept the truſt repoſed in me: I will watch your unwary ſteps, and guard you from the pernicious inſects that ſwarm about you.

"But why, Louiſa, do you term that flattery, which the juſteſt eſtimation of your value alone drew from me?—You have no diſguiſe; you certainly do not diſclaim the charms of your perſon merely to gratify your vanity by hearing them enumerated: I therefore think it material, that you ſhould know your own claims to admiration, that you may

not conceive yourſelf ſo exceſſively obliged to every fop who pays it to you.

" I will not ſay, Louiſa, that you are critically handſome; but you have a thouſand faſcinations, that leave regularity of feature far behind. The intelligence of your countenance—the ſenſibility that beams from your eyes—the ſweetneſs of your ſmile—the uncommon delicacy of your complexion, joined to that glow of health and finely proportioned form, which muſt ſtrike all that ſee you—theſe will always diſtinguiſh you in every eye; and to thoſe who have a heart as well as eyes, muſt make you dangerous in the extreme. Alas! I feel but too ſtrongly the truth of what I ſay; but I will not recede from what I have undertaken. I have not been uſed to fly from danger, Louiſa. Excuſe this appearance of boaſting—perhaps I never met with that I ought to fly from before.

" But I ſhall be well repaid for any ſufferings I may bring upon myſelf, if I am the fortunate means of enſuring your happineſs."

How friendly! how affectionate, my deareſt

brother!—how partially does his friendſhip paint your Louiſa! He wiſhes to impreſs me with a higher idea of myſelf than truth quite warrants, that I may conſider any attention paid me, more as my due, than as an obligation conferred. I have heard him ſay, that a conſciouſneſs of her merit is often a woman's beſt preſervative.

Perhaps, too, he ſees me as he deſcribes—partiality will frequently miſlead. How truly flattering is his to me! Of all the men I know, Colonel Malcolm is the laſt I ſhould have expected to have found ſo deeply intereſted about me. You yourſelf, my Henry, could hardly expreſs more zealous friendſhip. But yet he cannot fill up the chaſm your abſence makes. Oh! who can be ſo true a friend as a brother? Were you here, you would aſſiſt and direct me.

I cannot help fearing, I know not what, from this preclusion of my mother. Alas! alas! every thing reminds me of your loſs, and nothing can replace it!

When theſe gloomy thoughts ariſe, I quit my pen—I will not indulge them.

When, my beloved friend, ſhall I know how you bear your ſeparation from your

Louiſa? Your heart will ſometimes feel a void even in your happieſt moments. You may meet with friends of more ſenſe and more experience; but you will not eaſily replace the companion of your earlier years, who made all your joys and all your griefs her own.

Thurſday, the 3d.—A little adventure this afternoon has ſerved to convince me what real grounds there are for Malcolm's fears and admonitions.

Madame D'Urtiſe called to know whether I would join a party ſhe had made to go to Gregory's farm; to which I readily agreed.

Madame D'Urtiſe and I were the only women: among the men was De Salm: he paid me ſome fulſome, unmeaning compliments as we went along, which I did not much attend to; but when we got to the farm, ſeveral romping ſchemes were ſuggeſted while tea was preparing, which I declined entering into. Madame D'Urtiſe, with more giddineſs than ever I had obſerved in her, declared that I was very prudiſh and nonſenſical, and if I would not go and

ſwing, ſhe would; and off ſhe ran with Wurmſer and Rhinberg, without ſtaying for an anſwer.

I had ſlightly turned my foot, juſt as we had reached the farm, and feeling my ancle a little weak, I choſe to abide by her ridicule rather than attempt to follow her. De Salm begged leave to keep me company, and we ſtrolled about the orchard, ſearching for plants.

I had taken Gregory's little girl of ſeven years old by the hand, under pretence of ſupporting me: in fact, I did not like the appearance of a *tête-a-tête* with De Salm, after what Malcolm had ſaid to put me upon my guard. He ſoon ſatisfied me I had judged right in not chooſing to remain alone with him; for his diſcourſe became very unreſervedly, and, I thought, offenſively tender. He ſeemed certain of flattering and pleaſing me by extravagant encomiums, and bold avowals of paſſion.

I was diſguſted. Colonel Malcolm's letter ruſhed with full conviction into my mind. This, thought I, is one of thoſe fops, who would wiſh to take advantage of my unſuſpicious frankneſs! (You recollect, Henry,

that he is paying his ſerious addreſſes to Miſs Vanneſch, and his propoſals are agreed to by her parents.) With an air of as cold dignity, therefore, as I knew how to aſſume, I ſaid, "I am ſorry, Sir, if I have given you reaſon to ſuppoſe, that ſuch diſcourſe could be acceptable to me. I blame myſelf for the miſconſtructions I may have given riſe to; but as I forbear reſenting the mortifying freedom you have taken, I truſt your conduct, in return, will be ſuch as to prove you did not mean to offend me; and, perhaps, you will be liberal enough in future not always to impute to levity and coquetry the innocent gayety, that may ariſe from an overflow of natural ſpirits, and conſcious rectitude. You have, on my part, inculcated a leſſon of reſerve, which I ſhall endeavour to profit by."

He ſeemed ſinking into the earth: he could only ſtammer out, "I beg a thouſand pardons—I did not mean to offend."

"I will not ſuppoſe you did," ſaid I; "and provided you never recal this ſcene to my mind, I will endeavour to obliterate it from my memory."

He begged my hand in token of forgiveneſs; which I held out to him, and he reſpectfully kiſſed it.

Juſt at this inſtant Madame D'Urtiſe, with her riotous attendants, returned. I haſtily withdrew my hand, with a look of confuſion, I am certain, from a conſciouſneſs of the appearance it bore. De Salm could not recover his ſpirits or preſence of mind: they looked upon each other, and at us, with evident meaning. I felt inexpreſſibly awkward; but knew not what to ſay.—Friendly obſervations upon the benefit of reſt to a ſprained ancle were not ſpared; and Madame D'Urtiſe condoled with De Salm upon Miſs Vanneſch's abſence from the party, which ſhe perceived affected his ſpirits. In ſhort, I felt vexed and piqued, as you may imagine; but it muſt take its chance. Madame D'Urtiſe is not a woman to believe, or indeed underſtand, the explanation I could give—ſhe is thoughtleſs, indelicate, boiſterous.

Friday, the 4th.—I did not ſuppoſe the *little incident of* yeſterday would be ſuffered to

fall to the ground. Some friends dined with us to-day, Malcolm among the reſt; he was cold, reſerved, grave.

After dinner he approached the window, where I was drinking my coffee, and ſaid, "I have a thouſand excuſes to make to you, Miſs Riverſdale, for my officious interference; could I have been at all aware of its fruitleſſneſs, I ſhould have ſpared myſelf the mortification, and you the trouble of advice, ſo very unacceptable as mine muſt have appeared." My heart ſwelled indignant at being thus ſuſpected of duplicity, and, colouring deeply, I was going to clear myſelf, when the Dean came buſtling to us, "Hey-day, Colonel, what's this? You look as if you were taking my office upon you; what, are you catechiſing or confeſſing Miſs Riverſdale? She is not over ready with her anſwers, I ſee by her bluſhes. Nay, child, never fear him, I'll ſtand by you, and ſuffer no one to lecture you but your ghoſtly father.—Well, what was this accident of the ſprain? it does not appear as if it would prevent your dancing, if an agreeable partner offered, this evening—Hey, Louiſa!"—

"The ſprain was nothing, Sir," ſaid I, extremely vexed, but ſtruggling to conceal it.

"No," ſaid the Colonel, ſignificantly, (who had ſtood biting his lips all this while) "ſo I underſtood, or I ſhould have made inquiries this morning."

The Dean went on without attending to him. "Well, and what did Madam Thingumby, (you know he never recollects a name) think of the rural beauties of the farm?—I ſhould not ſuſpect her of much taſte for retirement."

"She ſeemed to enjoy rural ſports, Sir; for ſhe was much pleaſed with the ſwing, and valued herſelf upon the height ſhe had gone, and the ſteadineſs of her head in bearing it."

"Aye, the only proof of ſteadineſs it will give, I'll warrant," appealing with a laugh to Malcolm. "Are not you of my opinion, Colonel?"

"I do not wiſh to offend Miſs Riverſdale by cenſuring *her friends*," ſaid the Colonel, "I believe," addreſſing me, "you did not vie with Madame D'Urtiſe in putting your head to the ſame trial?"—"*I was employed*," replied I, "in ſearching

the borders of the brook for a new plant, which I had been reading the deſcription of."

"I ſhould doubt your finding it," ſaid the Colonel, ſneeringly, "the pain of your accident would probably call off your attention to ſome object *more upon a level with you.*"

I was ſtung to the quick, and knew not what to anſwer, when, as I fortunately caught my mother's eye, ſhe beckoned me to her, and gave me a note ſhe had juſt received, with directions what to ſay in return. This was a ſeaſonable relief; I took it to the writing-table, and did not give Colonel Malcolm any further opportunity of renewing the diſagreeable ſubject: I was too much piqued even to wiſh to clear myſelf.

To mend the matter, De Salm dropped in, but behaved with the moſt diſtant and reſpectful attention. The Colonel's eye was never off him during his ſtay.

Saturday, the 5th.—My mother inquired of me this morning, what had been the matter between the Colonel and me. She had obſerved a cold, conſtrained civility in him during the *whole day*, and viſible uneaſineſs.

I told her, that I apprehended the little incident the evening before had been miſrepreſented to him; and as he had with a truly paternal intereſt taken occaſion to put me upon my guard againſt the butterflies, as he calls them, which I am ſurrounded by, he was probably vexed that I had ſeemed to pay no more attention to his advice; and I had no opportunity of clearing myſelf.

This relieved my mind from a part of the uneaſineſs it has been labouring under, my Henry, in the idea of concealment from my mother: the mentioning it in this way has obviated the difficulty of betraying Colonel Malcolm to her reſentment.

"Malcolm has ever been a true friend to our family," ſhe ſaid: "He is an upright honourable man, and I am grateful to him for the intereſt he takes in you, and have no fear of his friendly ſolicitude leading you into any miſtaken or conceited notions of yourſelf. It is evident that he has diſcovered the qualities of your heart and mind through the plainneſs of your perſon, and wiſhes to cultivate that ſtrict attention to propriety of conduct in you, which will raiſe your value in *the eyes of* every man of ſenſe".

She ſaid yeſterday, upon my relating to her what had paſſed at the farm, "You ſee how completely coquetry will ſerve as a ſubſtitute for beauty. You are young, you are a woman, and you wiſh to attract; that was ſufficient for De Salm to attempt making a fool of you; beauty often obtains no more. Why then ſhould women ſet ſuch a value upon external charms, when coquetry alone will do juſt as well to attract the men, if that be the deſired object? but you are bleſſed with an underſtanding, my Louiſa, which I truſt to for ſetting coquetry in a contemptible light, and beauty below your conſideration."

No news of the Colonel to-day!—I feel uneaſy under his miſapprehenſion of me, and yet methinks he might be a little doubtful of appearances, which make ſo much againſt me, and wiſh at leaſt for an explanation. It is not kind to give me up all at once!—Surely one who had ſhown ſo great a readineſs to be led right, might have expected a little indulgence, if ſhe miſtook her way for once!—It was worth a ſecond trial. But I offended him by making no attempt at a *vindication.*

Oh my Henry! your departure has been the ſignal for anxiety, to aſſail me from every quarter. Had I not loſt you, nothing of this kind would have befallen me. You even ſtepped between me and difficulties, my guide! my guard! my kind protector!

May the 6th.—An opportunity offers to forward this voluminous packet to you. Shall I continue to write in this ſtyle?—Will you always find leiſure to follow your Louiſa through all thoſe minute intricacies of which female exiſtence is compoſed? Ah, Henry! I ſcarce know how to hope or expect it; and yet, were I debarred of your participation—of your advice, I ſhould ſeem to loſe all that ever made life delightful to me—all that can gild my future proſpects.

Adieu, my beloved brother! my moſt valued friend, adieu!—Ah, that dreadful word! it wrings the heart of your

LOUISA.

LADY RIVERSDALE TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.

A FRIEND'S offered conveyance leads me *to throw upon* paper ſome of the thoughts

at have filled my heart ſince my ſeparation om its beſt treaſure. I have not, my dear on, ſuffered myſelf to give way to narrow grief; thoſe tears which flow only for my own loſs will not long find their way to your mother's eyes. You have every proſpect that my fondeſt wiſhes could ſuggeſt—the field to honours and to fortune lies wide before you, and you ſet out with principles and virtues for your guide, which will enſure fame and happineſs to yourſelf, and make you an example to the world.

Theſe are the proud expectations, which *take* poſſeſſion of my mind when it dwells upon my Henry, and which the dangers of the voyage, or apprehenſion from change of climate do not damp: for I put my truſt in that Being, who has ever been my refuge and my ſupport, and who never deſerts thoſe who confide in him. If he ſhould ſee fit to darken the proſpect, that opens ſo bright before me, he will endue me with ſtrength of mind to bear it.

Do not, my ſon, attend to theſe weak drops, that have blotted my paper—they would fall —but they are the laſt you will give me cauſ *to ſhed.*

I have been perfectly well ſince you left me, and called upon for more than common exertions for the ſake of your ſiſter. She aimed at a ſteadineſs beyond her power; but the cheerfulneſs ſhe aſſumed in my preſence was conſtantly belied by the ſwollen eyes of the morning. I endeavoured to ſurround her with kind friends, who have made her the conſtant object of their ſolicitude; and I think ſhe is recovering ſome degree of tranquillity. But to her your loſs is almoſt irreparable; you were to her what I can never be, the companion, the friend of every hour: and the fortunate circumſtance of your being ten years older gave you the advantage of ſome experience and knowledge of the world, which added weight and authority to your opinion in her eyes.

I am certain, both from obſervation and experience, that a mother's being the confidential friend of her daughter is a mere romantic ſpeculation, never yet realized. That awe, which is neceſſary to enforce obedience before the powers of reaſon come into full play, will ever ſtand in the way of the unreſerved frankneſs, which produces a mutual acknowledgment of little foibles, and is the ſtrong

ment of youthful friendſhip. The difference of age, beſides, and the frequent neceſſity of withholding many objects from too early an inveſtigation, muſt create a reſerve in the mother. The conſtant neceſſity of acting the part of a monitor too, the impoſſibility of treating ſuch errors with indulgence as might endanger the future peace of her child; all theſe are inſurmountable bars to that unlimited and mutual openneſs of heart, which belongs to friendſhip. I truſt Louiſa will ever reſort to me as her moſt experienced guide, and never take any material ſtep without conſulting me; but further I cannot expect. She is at the dangerous age now, which makes me tremble—the ſupplying your place by a friend of her own years would increaſe every alarm, and is what both you and I have ever endeavoured to guard her againſt.

A ſiſter would have been her happieſt reſource; but that ſhe is not bleſſed with—though what have I to fear, that I ſhould teaſe myſelf and you with alarms?—Is ſhe not uncommonly guarded by the rectitude of her own mind?—She has been taught to think, to inveſtigate, and to judge for herſelf. *Perfectly* unconſcious of her perſonal

charms, ſhe is devoid of all conceit, forms no claim to admiration, and by her gentle artleſs conceſſions to what ſhe conſiders as ſuperior attractions in others, ſhe conciliates the affections of her own ſex, whoſe rivalſhip or enmity is ever more to be dreaded than any miſchief meant by your's: againſt this we are guarded, becauſe the attack is expected; but female miſchief works in the dark.

And here, my dear ſon, I cannot forbear arrogating ſome merit to myſelf, for the infinite pains I have ever taken to give her an unfavourable impreſſion of her own perſon, contrary to the practice of moſt parents, who indulge themſelves in the admiration and praiſe of their children's beauty, till they make them conceited, arrogant, and inſufferable: and the beauty they may in reality be poſſeſſed of is ſo counterbalanced by the faults ariſing out of it, that I could never wiſh to purchaſe it at ſo high a price.

Louiſa, you ſee, on the contrary, with the moſt faſcinating exterior, turns all her thought upon the improvement of her mind and diſpoſition. She neither paſſes thoſe hours at her looking-glaſs which may be

employed with ſo much more advantage, nor does ſhe beſtow upon ribbons, flowers, and idle fancies the allowance entruſted to her management. She dreſſes in the plaineſt manner, and, her taſte being naturally elegant, even this gives her a ſtyle of beauty peculiar to herſelf. Her ſimple muſlin gown, and bandeau tied acroſs her hair, are ſo characteriſtic of her artleſs unaſſuming mind, that I cannot expreſs the pride I take in contemplating this happy reſult of my care, which I doubly glory in, as the ſtrong deſire to pleaſe, which nature has implanted in her breaſt, would infallibly degenerate into coquetry, if ſhe were aware of her own charms.

Malcolm, who ſeems to transfer to every part of the family the friendſhip he had for your father, has undertaken to give her advice, which no one can do better. His experience in the world has taught him to judge of men; and his age makes the intimacy perfectly ſafe on both ſides: in ſhort, he is the very friend I would have choſen for her among all I know; though I think him at times even cynical. Why always believe *the worſt of* people? it is embitter

ing all the comforts of life: I would never ſuppoſe a man capable of deceit until he ſhowed me he was, or I had reaſon to ſuſpect that he had ſome ſelfiſh end in view.

I find ſeveral of your friends write to you by this conveyance; I therefore confine my letter to the objects that more immediately dwell upon my mind—my ſon—my daughter—and ſuch a ſon!—and ſuch a daughter!—Was ever mother ſo truly bleſſed in her proſpects?

I am mortified when ſuppoſed to want conſolation for your abſence. Could I have wiſhed to confine ſuch talents as yours to the narrow ſphere we here move in?—They were given for the univerſe, and to have indulged even a wiſh to monopolize them would have marked me as unworthy of ſtyling myſelf, what I take ſuch pride in being, your truly

Affectionate Mother,

CAROLINE RIVERSDALE.

THE JOURNAL CONTINUED.

May the 7th.—Colonel Malcolm came this evening, but appeared cold, conſtrained;—the ſight of him, however, was a great relief to me; I hoped to find an opportunity of

explaining what has been ſo provokingly miſunderſtood.

My mother's table was made up without us. Wurmſer, who had cut out, went to the harpſichord, to pleaſe himſelf, under the pretence of pleaſing us.

I kept at my frame; and the Colonel moving towards it, careleſsly ſaid, "Wurmſer hopes to attract you to the inſtrument; ſhall we not be indulged with a ſong?"

"I am by no means harmoniouſly inclined," ſaid I; "my mind has been much out of tune ſince you touched it ſo harſhly the other day. Unkind, Colonel Malcolm! *is this* the friendſhip you promiſed me?" and I felt my eyes fill with tears.

Juſt at this inſtant the door opened, and in came Madame D'Urtiſe.

Never could ſhe have come more inopportunely: ſhe had brought her work, and was come to ſit the evening.

I am but a bad hypocrite, I believe; I looked cool; ſhe did not much ſeem to attend to it. She addreſſed herſelf chiefly to the Colonel.

Her eye had been very much inflamed by an inſect *flying into* it, (ſhe told him) ſhe was

not quite ſure ſhe had got rid of it yet, and inſiſted upon his looking whether he could perceive it.

I could not help thinking this bold; and I fancy, by his anſwer that he thought ſo too.

He ſaid, rather bluntly, "An old ſoldier can ſtand fire; but if you hope to decreaſe the inflammation by communicating it, apply to Wurmſer, he may be leſs upon his guard."

Should you not ſuppoſe this a ſufficient rebuke? She did not, however, ſeem to feel it.

Wurmſer flew from the harpſichord: he only wiſhed to be attended to in ſome way or other. He proteſted he was ready to encounter any danger for her ſake. She turned her large blue eyes languiſhingly upon him.

He ſaw thouſands of Cupids in them, big with miſchief to all mankind; but could not, for his ſoul, diſcover any thing elſe.

She turned away; it was not at him, I believe, that her batteries were directed. She rattled on—ſhe had expected to meet Malcolm the evening before at ſome place—repeated the converſation that had paſſed—ca-

ricatured ſome of the company; ſhe has a quick perception of the ridiculous in others, though it never happens to ſtrike her in herſelf; ſhe inſiſted upon talking her broken Engliſh, although we all ſpoke French with perfect eaſe, laughed loud; in ſhort, ſhe diſplayed all her attractions.

Wurmſer was in extacies—Colonel Malcolm quite impatient. He told her, ſhe had interrupted Wurmſer in a very fine ſonata, and ſhe ought to make him and us amends by joining in a duet.

He meant to get rid of her by theſe means, but it would not do; ſhe would not ſtir unleſs I would accompany her; it was impoſſible to be off; I went to the harpſichord.

Juſt as we were going to begin, ſhe kindly recollected that ſhe had not ſeen me ſince my accident, but had concluded it would have no bad conſequences; it was very odd ſhe had not obſerved it at the time it happened; if I had done it on purpoſe it could not have been better managed, nor have had more effects. Poor De Salm, ſhe ſaid, was the victim of his *humanity*, however, in ſtaying to take care of me; for Miſs Vanneſch had quarrelled with him, and profeſſed her

deteſtation of general feeling: her next lover muſt confine all his ſenſibility to her.

It was impoſſible not to look vexed at all this; and, perceiving it, ſhe turned to Malcolm, "Is not this little friend of ours the prettieſt mixture of coquetry and prudery that ever was put together? Why, for heaven's ſake, child," to me, "ſhould you wiſh to veil over a propenſity ſo very natural as the deſire of general admiration?—Find me the woman that is exempt from it, and you may emulate her ſuperiority; but till then, do not add hypocriſy to coquetry; it will gain no credit, and is extremely inconvenient. How can you help being prettier than Miſs Vanneſch, for inſtance? You might indeed have delayed your triumph a little longer, had not that unlucky ſprain offered De Salm an opportunity, he might not otherwiſe ſo readily have met with, of evincing his partiality to you; and, by the way, I think you are bound to make him amends for the ſcrape your graces have got him into; it would be the greateſt want of generoſity, to defeat his hopes in one quarter, and then caſt him out in the other; would it not, Co-

ıel? Is ſhe not bound to compenſate his ſs?"

All this in French; ſhe could not have ɐeen half ſo miſchievous in Engliſh.

The Colonel forced a ſmile, and made no anſwer.

Wurmſer took it up for him, and entered completely into all her opinions, paying high compliments to the ſincerity with which ſhe confeſſed the failings of her ſex: "But," he added, "as the Engliſh poet ſays," (for you know he is a great reader of Engliſh poets.)

"'Tis to their weakneſs half their charms we owe."

This led her off to a ſhow of erudition, which happily changed the ſubject; whilſt poor I ſat turning the leaves of the muſic-book backwards and forwards, as if ſeeking for ſomething that had made its eſcape from between them, and looking completely ſilly, I am ſure.

At length, however, my mother's ſaying, "I thought you were going to give us a little muſic," recalled all our attention to what had carried us to that end of the room; and Madame D'Urtiſe had the ſatis-

faction of triumphing over me in the duet, as ſhe had done in every thing elſe.

I believe you never heard her ſing; ſhe has a fine voice, has been well taught, and is perfectly fearleſs. I could not, you may be ſure, compoſe my ſpirits, ſo as to do myſelf any credit at all; and ſhe purſued her victory in one ſong after another, till ſupper was upon table; when the Colonel, finding that ſhe ſtaid, went away.

This ſeemed to be a conſiderable diſappointment to her; ſhe inſtantly became ſilent, and all Wurmſer's witticiſms fell to the ground. I might now have had my revenge, had I been maliciouſly inclined; but I was hurt, worn, and exhauſted with the vexations of the evening, and glad to be quiet.

Supper paſſed heavily, and we all ſeemed very ready to ſeparate.

May the 8th.—I tranſcribe a note which Colonel Malcolm put into my hand this evening.

COLONEL MALCOLM TO LOUISA.

"THE impoſſibility of ever getting a moment's converſation with you, ſurrounded

as you are, obliges me to have recourſe to this method of entreating you to explain what you meant by the expreſſion you made uſe of to me laſt night. '*Unkind Malcolm*,' you ſaid, '*is this the friendſhip you promiſed me?*' and your look penetrated my inmoſt ſoul.

"Louiſa, is my friendſhip then ſtill valuable to you?—have you not thrown me off? I am ſtrongly agitated. I know not what to hope, what to think. That ſcene at the farmer's—your unwillingneſs to enter into an explanation upon it—your cold averted looks when I but touch'd upon the ſubject. I thought I underſtood it all, and my ſoul has been upon the rack. I ſaw you becoming a willing dupe, and knew not how to ſave you. I was certain that the liberty I had already taken had made me odious in your eyes.

"But now you have revived my hopes, my wiſhes: I am confuſed; I know not what I would ſay; but, oh Louiſa! deign to relieve me from the miſery you have occaſioned.

"Write me an anſwer, I conjure you, for there is no dependence upon any opportunity

of ſpeaking; and ſatisfy me whether it is ſtill poſſible you can wiſh me to be the tender, the ſincere friend you had accepted of, and which, I too much fear, fate has decreed me to be, in ſpite of you and myſelf."

I had gone up into my room with this, and inſtantly wrote the following anſwer.

"Indeed, my good friend, you have greatly miſtaken me, if you judged there was any thing like unwillingneſs in me to enter into the explanation you wiſhed for; I have felt very uneaſy in the want of it: but I was wounded at being ſuſpected of duplicity; that is a leſſon I have to learn, as yet I have never had occaſion for it, and if ever I have, I truſt I ſhall ſcorn it.

"What paſſed at the farmer's has been miſrepreſented; the *accident*, though trifling, was *real*; every thing elſe that has been related, *fictitious*.

"De Salm took upon him to obtrude unacceptable ſentiments in a manner which I deemed inſulting; I made him ſenſible of his folly, in a way that, he thought, entitled me to his gratitude; and he had aſked my hand, in token of forgiveneſs and friendſhip, when the riotous party returned to us.

"Let this ſuffice for the preſent; I will give you the minute particulars the firſt opportunity that offers of converſing together. It is only material to me now to ſatisfy you, that ſo far from deviating from your advice, I was to the utmoſt of my power ſhaping my conduct to it, and wiſhed for nothing more earneſtly than an opportunity of telling you I had done ſo, and proving the full ſenſe I have of your uncommon friendſhip, and the unfeigned gratitude of a heart which has beat moſt uneaſily under the ſenſe of your miſconception of its integrity."

9th.—I could not find an opportunity to give him this yeſterday evening; but he came to breakfaſt this morning, when I gave it him. He took his leave with an air of anxious impatience.

He came early this afternoon, with a very different aſpect from what he has worn for ſome days. I was at work, and he inſtantly ſlid the following note among the ſilks that were lying upon my frame.

"You have reſtored me to life, Louiſa; for the wretched exiſtence I ſhould drag on,

If robbed of your confidence and friendſhip, would not deſerve that name. I was unjuſt, and entreat your forgiveneſs. I judged you by the reſt of womankind, but you are different from any I have ever met with—candid, honeſt, unaffected, docile—all that I could wiſh and ought to fear to find you; an angel in mind, as in perſon. Louiſa, I have not been uſed to eſteem your ſex; but you compel every ſentiment to unite in your favour. What is to become of me? What have I to hope or expect? I have not the reſolution to inveſtigate my danger; and, indeed, I fear caution would come too late."

I am happy this explanation has at length taken place. And are you aware, my deareſt brother, how flattering the idea that I ſhould impreſs him with an opinion of my ſex which he has not yet had? But how, indeed, ſhould he think well of women? Thrown into a line of life, where the beſt, I believe, do not abound—young and handſome himſelf, and very open to the impreſſion of beauty, their charms were only an introduction to the knowledge of their frailty; and people muſt judge from their own experience, if *they judge* at all. How delighted ſhall I be

to retrieve the character of my ſex in his eyes!—but why does he talk of danger?—does he think me capable of ſporting with his feelings? Ah no, Colonel Malcolm!—as far as the moſt affectionate attention can contribute to your ſatisfaction, it ſhall never be wanting.

10*th*.—We have had a long and pleaſing converſation this morning. I have perfectly ſatisfied Colonel Malcolm in every particular, as to what had paſſed. He ſaid a thouſand kind, affectionate, flattering things; he is to warn me, and adviſe me upon all occaſions; I am to conſult him, and to confide in him.

He has not been happy through life—in the midſt of faſhion, of the gratification of his vanity and of his paſſions, he felt an aching void, from the want of meeting with ſuch a mind as mine (he was pleaſed to ſay), and his now having diſcovered it might only be a ſource of freſh unhappineſs; for how could he hope that, young and pleaſing as I was, I ſhould not prefer the ſociety and converſation of thoſe nearer to my own age, who muſt naturally all be contending for mine?

and what right had he to murmur if I did?

I aſſured him he quite miſtook me; that I had ever ſought the ſociety of friends above my own years, becauſe I found inſtruction mixed with pleaſure in their converſation—that my brother had accuſtomed me to think ſolidly, although he had always carefully cautioned me againſt the affectation of appearing wiſer than my companions; but that I took very little delight in the noiſy unmeaning joy of very young people. He ſaid I was an angel.

I find Madame D'Urtiſe has taken great pains to miſrepreſent the ſtory of De Salm; not deſignedly perhaps—I may do her injuſtice—ſhe is talkative and unthinking—ſhe has certainly made miſchief between De Salm and Miſs Vanneſch.

I ſomehow feel inclined to judge unfavourably of her; I know not why—I am tempted to think ſhe has deſigns upon the Colonel.

I am interrupted—a letter from my Henry.

SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE TO LOUISA.

Lyons, 26th April.

I will not attempt to expreſs the pangs I felt at parting from my amiable ſiſter—from my heart's Louiſa! who will, I truſt, ere this can reach her, be reſtored to the calm control of that uncommon ſhare of ſenſe and reaſon, which nature has implanted in her breaſt, and which I would not for the world again diſturb; and indeed I ſhould not know where to find words, adequate to my feelings, if I wiſhed it.

I endeavoured to follow my mother's advice, and, to diſſipate the melancholy forebodings which ſtole on my mind, in ſpite of every effort, to fix my attention on the new ſcenes, new objects, and new characters, which ſurround me.

I picked up a French officer at the ſecond *poſte* (who was travelling the ſame way, and waiting for the firſt *cóche* that might paſs), in hopes that his converſation would force my thoughts out of the painful bent, to which they perpetually recurred. Unmeaning talk, however, goes but a little way towards

drawing the mind out of itſelf. His endleſs volubility, in a very ſhort time, came to waſte itſelf upon my ear with no more effect than would be produced by the ticking of a clock; fortunately he laid it all to the account of Engliſh taciturnity, and of courſe took no offence; nor did he ſeem to conſider it as the leaſt check. He certainly pleaſed himſelf by talking on; and as he dealt more in declamation than in interrogation, we proceeded with great mutual complacency.

As we approached the laſt *poſte* to this city, however, he found means to rouſe me. There, ſaid he, pointing to a very ſumptuous *château* we were paſſing by, that is the *château Boiſroſe!* the ſound was electric! my very ſoul vibrated to it. Whether he perceived me change colour I know not; but he added, "it is inhabited by an angel—*c'eſt une créature céleſte, Monſieur!*" * ſaid he. "You are acquainted with Madame de Sainval, Sir?" ſaid I. He had only had the honour of ſeeing her once, *de loin, au ſpectacle* †, at

* She is a heavenly creature, Sir.

† At a diſtance, at the play-houſe.

Lyons, he told me; but that was quite ſufficient to ſatisfy him, that it was impoſſible to ſay too much either of her perſon or mind. I ſmiled at the precipitancy with which he had ſettled the point, from his diſtant view of her at a play-houſe; it was ſingular that he ſhould, inſtantly, and by chance, have ſtruck upon what it had coſt me ſuch infinite pains to guard againſt the ſtrong conviction of.

This little circumſtance drew me irreſiſtibly towards him. I would not, however, indulge in the ſubject we had begun upon; but I obſerved to him, that, from his being ſo very clear in his judgment upon phyſiognomy, I gueſſed him to be a diſciple of Lavater.

"*Ah Monſieur! de cœur et d'ame!*" * exclaimed he. I replied, laughing, that it was probably from friendly conſiderations for Lavater that he left *head* out of the queſtion, as that ſometimes required argumentative conviction, with which the *heart* and *ſoul* might diſpenſe.

"*Ah! Monſieur plaiſante!* † and has, perhaps, not read the book," he ſaid.

* With my whole heart and ſoul.

† Ah! *you joke.*

I told him I had looked into ſome parts of it, which had to me appeared rather problematical.

He would undertake to convince me in five minutes.—Did I recollect that fine paſſage, where Lavater exclaims with enthuſiaſm, "Oh! princes, and potentates of the earth, ſecure to yourſelves, at any rate, miniſters with acquiline noſes*!"

Recollecting ſomething nearly to that purpoſe, I acknowledged it with a ſmile.

"Well then, Sir, in ſupport of this," added he, "when he lays before you a profile of Cæſar, and another of Sully, with exactly ſuch noſes as he has been deſcribing, can

* This quotation is not accurate, either from the French or the Engliſh tranſlations of Lavater. But in the 11th fragment of the ſecond volume, ſpeaking of the great King of Pruſſia, he ſays, "Let a phyſiognomiſt, blindfolded, only be permitted to draw his finger lightly from the ſummit of the forehead to the extremity of the noſe, and he muſt exclaim, This man is born to aſtoniſh the univerſe! This man was deſtined by nature to the throne!" And in fragment the 5th, of the 3d volume, "This noſe would do honour to a miniſter of ſtate or a prince!" This, perhaps, comes near enough to juſtify a Frenchman's quotation.

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there remain the ſhadow of a doubt of their being the infallible indications of a mind qualified to direct an empire?"

"As far as Cæſar and Sully go, certainly not," I replied; "and for ought I know, this may be the very reaſon why I have never been able to give my hearty concurrence to Lord N——'s meaſures. It never ſtruck me in this light before, but it is clearly his not having the right ſort of noſe."

I might *railler* as much as I pleaſed upon the ſubject, he aſſured me he was very ſerious; but he was aware, *que les Meſſieurs Anglais ne ſe laiſſoient pas facilement convaincre* *.

I imagine my companion will gain credit in your eyes, my Louiſa, by his enthuſiaſtic fervor in defending your friend Lavater's opinions.

I did not mean to have ſtopped long enough here to write to you, but a letter I found awaiting me has made a change in my plan; it is from our friend B. and informs me, that copies of eſſential papers relating to our

* That Engliſh gentlemen are not eaſily convinced.

troubleſome buſineſs, together with a rough draught of the deed and inſtrument, which it will be neceſſary for him to ſign, had been ſent to him at Paris; but that he could not await my arrival, as he is under the neceſſity of going immediately to Bourbon to attend his aunt, who is ill. In conſequence of this I am determined to take that road to Paris, although it will lengthen my journey, and cauſe a conſiderable delay; but I know that our meeting will expedite the buſineſs, and may prevent a much greater loſs of time in London; and I had rather give up the advantage of going by the firſt ſhips, than ſubject my dear mother and you to the inconvenience of leaving it unfiniſhed. Upon this head I write more at length to herſelf *.

My new friend has taken charge of my amuſements during my ſtay here, which will be of two or three days, to await the arrival of the *cóche*, and intercept John's progreſs to Paris, as I ſhall now want him with me.

I ſhall not enter into any particular detail of the opulence, elegance, and induſtry, diſplayed in the manufactures of this place, as

* *This letter to* Lady Riverſdale is not found.

I have nothing to ſay, of which you are not already informed.

Monſieur Duffon inſiſted upon conducting me to the play laſt night. I recollected whom he had ſeen there, and was willing to give myſelf credit for a prudent reluctance in expoſing myſelf to ſuch a meeting. I objected, but I believe it was faintly; for his perſuaſions got the better, and I went.

I fear it was with a latent ſpark of hope in my breaſt, that I might be forced into a preſence, which reaſon ſo ſtrongly urges me to avoid; for I felt exceſſively diſappointed, upon caſting my eyes round the boxes, to ſee not one face that I had any particular motive either for looking at or avoiding. I became diſſatisfied with the performance, and would gladly have withdrawn myſelf from my companion; but that was impoſſible.

You ſee, Louiſa, I encourage you to give me an account of all your thoughts, and even weakneſſes (if any ſuch could exiſt in my ſiſter's mind) by the frankneſs with which I lay open mine.

Write to me often, and be minute, my beloved friend!—the delay in the ſatisfaction *of hearing from* you was the only circum-

ſtance that gave me a momentary heſitation about lengthening my journey to Paris. But alas! when I think of the immeaſurable diſtance that will ſoon ſeparate us!—when I think that the time, the moment, when your Henry's advice might be of uſe—his protection wanted—muſt be long, long elapſed, before even the letters can reach him . . . . .

Excuſe this deſpondence of the inſtant—I cannot dwell upon the ſubject.——

Yet when I reflect upon the end propoſed in this long voyage!—upon the advantages that will ultimately accrue to my revered parent, and my adored Louiſa, from my acceptance of the ſituation ſo honourably obtained for me, I condemn myſelf for my unmanly, my unavailing regrets. My imagination anticipates the time, when my exertions ſhall have reſtored thoſe, who are dearer to me than life, to the ſituation they are entitled to fill in their own country; where I may at length return to them bleſſed with the means to diffuſe happineſs around me, and enjoy with my mother and my ſiſter the reward of my toils.

Meanwhile I am deeply ſenſible of the

difference in our ſituations, and how much more arduous my Louiſa's trial is than mine in our ſeparation. The identity of the ſcenes around you will perpetually aſſociate with the idea of Henry. While the variety of objects, the ambitious purſuits in which I am engaging, muſt ſerve in ſome degree to divert my attention from poignant reflection. We are by no means upon a level; yet at this moment I perhaps might vie even with my Louiſa in painful ſenſibility.

"Where'er I go, whatever realms I ſee,
My heart, untravel'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my *ſiſter* turns, with ceaſeleſs pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain."

Never before did I feel the full force of theſe beautiful lines. Certainly the ſimilarity of ſituation ſtrengthens their impreſſion on a heart filled with the ſame ſweet and cordial affection. Adieu, adieu, my friend, my ſiſter! Guardian angels ever protect you!

LOUISA IN ANSWER.

Geneva, 11th May.

THE very ſight of my beloved brother's hand-*writing* was almoſt too much for me:

judge, then, how overpowering the affectionate contents of your letter muſt have proved! But it has been very long in coming. I did not complain, becauſe I was ſure you could not be neglectful: but do not ever again, deareſt Henry, truſt letters to a private hand; the poſt is a ſo much ſurer and ſpeedier conveyance.

Ungrateful Louiſa! to begin with finding fault, whilſt the moſt inſignificant ſentence, that can catch the eye in this faithful tranſcript of fraternal affection, is more than ſufficient to repay the anxious expectation.

Oh! that I could recall an expreſſion in the pacquet you will find at Paris *! I cannot bear you ſhould think me narrow-minded. I did feel a momentary pang at fancying myſelf ſo ſoon forgotten; and therefore I uttered it: but recollecting, that

"The ſelfiſh heart deſerves the pain it feels,"

I inſtantly checked myſelf; and now I weep that my brother ſhould have ſuffered ſo much and ſo long from our ſeparation.

* *See page 9.* "And could my brother, &c."

Explain to me, my dear friend, theſe ſeeming contradictions in a mind, which I take ſome pains to reduce to conſiſtency!

I trace the uneaſineſs of your's, through every attempt at cheerfulneſs in your letter. I ſee too—and I grieve to ſee it—how Madame De Sainval ſtill hangs about your heart.

Explain to me alſo, Henry, why it is, that with ſo ſtrong a ſenſe of what is right, and ſo determined a reſolution to act up to it, the conflict ſhould be ſo frequently renewed, and our beſt reſolves ſo conſtantly in danger of being ſhaken. Had you weakly given way in the firſt moments—had you ever ſuffered a ray of hope to enter your breaſt—I could have underſtood it: but you were inſtantly aware of your danger, and fled, even before the object of it could form the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion of the effect of her charms; and yet the dangerous idea for ever haunts you!

I truſt to my fair countrywomen for expelling this troubleſome intruder from your boſom. I entreat you not to fall in love at Paris—I have ſet my heart upon your fixing your affections *in England*, though the moſt

I know of Engliſhwomen is from report; for thoſe we ſee here are in general ſo foreigniſed, we cannot judge fairly of them: but from the idea I have pictured in my own imagination, I could by no means be ſatisfied to have you chooſe a wife of any other country.

And, by the by, I ſtrongly ſuſpect, that the partiality you have conceived for the French originates with this ſame little unbidden gueſt, who has taken ſuch poſſeſſion of your mind, and pervades your thoughts in every ſhape, unperceived even by yourſelf.

I am much entertained with your French officer, though rather diſturbed that you ſhould expect me to like his defence of my admired Lavater. From ſuch a *defender* Heaven defend *me!*—it puts me in mind of Soame Jenyns's defence of Chriſtianity: only that I believe the officer has the advantage in point of ſincerity; for *he*, at leaſt, *meant* well to his cauſe.

But how is it, my dear brother, that I, who am always ſo certain I muſt be wrong when I differ in opinion from you, ſhould *in the* caſe of Lavater continue obſtinate?

I think it muſt proceed from ſomething like an internal evidence, ariſing in ſupport of his doctrine: for I am ready to ſubſcribe to your idea that, in the true ſpirit of a ſyſtem-monger, he every where carries his ſyſtem too far: at the ſame time I cannot help thinking, that if you were as impartial upon this head as you are in general, you would allow there is much of ingenuity, obſervation, and truth, in his work.

I really believe you will not truſt me with your fair opinion upon the ſubject, leſt, under the ſanction of it, I might give too much way to fanciful ideas in phyſiognomy, and take unfounded prejudices for or againſt people at firſt ſight.

My mother has written to you, along with my pacquet, to Paris, where this may now alſo get before you. She delays anſwering your's till ſhe hears the reſult of your interview with B——, at Bourbon; but bids me ſay ſhe is much pleaſed with your determination of going there.

It may not turn out unuſeful in another reſpect; as your report, in regard to the accommodations at ſome of thoſe French

watering-places, may influence her choice, if Tiſſot ſhould perſiſt in wiſhing her to make trial of any of them. She continues very materially better, however, and flatters herſelf there may be no occaſion for any thing more than following up his preſcriptions regularly: and, indeed, I begin to hope ſo too.

Obſerve, Henry, that I ſhall always anſwer your letters as I am doing now, independantly of my journal, that I may not break in upon the narrative, which has on a ſudden become more intereſting than I expected.

I am anxious for your opinion in regard to Colonel Malcolm; indeed I am anxious for it in every thing, and do not at all direct myſelf well without it, as you will perceive. Oh, my beſt friend! were I to give way to my regrets, they would be endleſs. I expected to miſs your counſels—to miſs your participation in my little diſtreſſes and in my occupations: but I miſs you in my very pleaſures, my Henry!—nothing ſeems to me to anſwer to that name without you. In ſhort, I ſay with Montaigne, "*J' étois ſi*

accoutumée à être deuxième partout, que je ne ſuis plus qu'à moitié nulle part *."

But I cannot bear to be for ever harping upon ſo painful a ſtring: there is often more true affection ſhown in ſuppreſſing, than in uttering, all that the heart would ſuggeſt. Your's will ever give me credit for what I do *not* ſay, whilſt every action of my life tends to prove how truly I am, in the fulleſt ſenſe of the words, your affectionate, obliged, and moſt grateful

LOUISA.

THE JOURNAL CONTINUED.

May the 16th.—An excurſion of three days to Lauſanne has interrupted my journal. A ſudden indiſpoſition of my grandmother's had alarmed my aunt, and ſhe ſent over an expreſs for us. Colonel Malcolm had ſome buſineſs there, and offered to attend us. The good Dean thought his ſervices might be acceptable to the dear old woman, and offered his company likewiſe, of which we thankfully availed ourſelves.

* I was ſo accuſtomed to feel myſelf *ſecond* every where, that I now ſeem to be but *half* in any place.

She was, however, much better by the time we got there, and expreſſed great ſatisfaction in the ſight of us. The calm reſignation there is about her, joined to the purity of her mind and ſimplicity of her manners, impreſs one with the idea of a ſaint.

She and the Dean paſſed ſeveral hours together in converſation and prayer. I would gladly have been admitted; but ſhe ſaid the ſcene was too ſolemn for my years; ſhe feared its making too painful an impreſſion upon my youthful mind, which was already quite ſerious enough for my age: ſhe ſaid, ſhe would not have her Louiſa become a recluſe.

She has fixed me down in her own opinion for having too ſerious a turn, ever ſince I expreſſed my admiration ſo warmly of Young's Night Thoughts.

Yet I ſee no more reaſon, my dear brother, for ſuppoſing one is to be gloomy for liking them, than for having a ſtrong ſenſe of one's religious duties; which no one can ſurpaſs her in, and I never ſaw at her age a more cheerful mind. Young was himſelf, I am told, far from a gloomy man. He raiſes

our hopes and expectations from this world to that where change ſhall be no more: and is it deſtroying our enjoyments here, to place them in their true light of inſtability? Is he not fully juſtified in the doctrine, that if this world be our all, it is nothing, becauſe we have no permanent hold upon any one bleſſing? But if we look upon it as the entrance to immortality, every happineſs we ſnatch as we go has a double zeſt; and we can loſe them without repining, becauſe we have higher objects in view.

Without *repining*, did I ſay?—Ah, my Henry! where were all theſe moral convictions when I parted from you? Alas! alas! how little can all our arguments, all our philoſophy, guard us againſt the ſtrong impulſe of the moment!—We reaſon at a diſtance, and imagine ourſelves ſteeled; but when the hour of trial comes, nature reigns triumphant, and proves the fallacy of our proud theories.

Yet I will ſay, that a *chriſtian* philoſopher, (and, indeed, we have always agreed that there never was another who could make good the name) ſooner recovers the balance of his ſoul, and is reſtored to peace, and

that confidence in the Supreme Ruler of the univerſe, from which I have found ſuch ineſtimable benefit in this my firſt trial. And ſo, having dubbed myſelf a chriſtian philoſopher, as you perceive, I have brought my philoſophy back to Geneva this evening, for your improvement, it ſhould ſeem.

I did not quite intend, when I ſat down, to get into ſuch a moral diſſertation; but my pen ſometimes takes its own way, you know; and, moreover, you wiſh it ſhould.

Colonel Malcolm's whole attention is directed to me in a very marked manner; and, highly as we have ever eſteemed him, I cannot but feel greatly flattered with it, as you may ſuppoſe.

We endeavoured to perſuade my aunt to move hither with my grandmother, which ſhe did not combat ſo ſtrongly as ſhe has formerly done; and we have hopes it may be brought about. Her motives for remaining at Lauſanne have decreaſed in force by the death of her friend; and we hope that our having found a houſe here which will hold us all, (you remember Madame De ——'s) will clinch the buſineſs, ſo we ſhall loſe no time in ſecuring it.

I muſt not omit to mention, that the Dean's acquaintance with the great luminary of literature, that ſhines ſo benignly upon Lauſanne, gave us an opportunity of ſeeing him. He had invited ſome company to a collation, and politely deſired the Dean to prevail upon his party to partake of it. Whether the Dean might have hinted at our curioſity to ſee him, and that a wiſh to impreſs us with peculiar admiration added at all to the degree of parade that ſtruck us in him, I cannot ſay. His converſation certainly abounds in entertaining anecdote, to which he ſeemed to call the attention of the company by the tap of his ſnuff-box: his ſlow didactic manner of ſpeaking may probably ariſe from the habit of conſidering over his phraſes before he ſubmits them to public criticiſm. I have ſeen ſo few writers of eminence, that I can form no comparative judgment; but I ſhould imagine an author muſt always be in ſome degree ſtudying to keep his converſation upon a level with his literary fame, and therefore not ſo likely to fall into the eaſy colloquial ſtyle of elegant company. I was, however, highly gratified

in the viſit, and much pleaſed upon the whole: and he has obligingly promiſed to improve the acquaintance in his next excurſion hither.

17*th*. This morning has produced the following note from Colonel Malcolm:

"LOUISA! too amiable Louiſa! I muſt ceaſe to ſee—I muſt ceaſe to hear you!—What have I brought upon myſelf!—Your ſweetneſs—your gentle, affectionate attentions, are deſtruction—fatal, indeed, to my peace, has been the charge I have undertaken!

"Yet you *did* ſay, you preferred the ſociety of thoſe whoſe years were beyond your own. Could it be poſſible for you to give a permanent preference to ſuch ſociety, I might not be wholly hopeleſs: and the moſt diſtant gleam breaking in upon me would relieve me from inexpreſſible torture.

"If you have nothing kind to ſay, be harſh, and forbid me your preſence—that may give me ſtrength to fly you——

"Freſh openings have been made to me *in regard to* the miſſion; but I can think of

nothing—I can attend to nothing, independant of you.

" To purſue the proſpect held out would take me from you—and I cannot go——

" Had I empires, Louiſa, I would lay them at your feet—but I have only an honeſt heart, which now can have but one object in view. Give me the ſlighteſt encouragement, (for, Louiſa, you cannot deceive) and I will ſtruggle through any difficulties——

" But if I muſt form no hopes, it little matters what becomes of the unfortunate

" MALCOLM."

This is my anſwer:

" I AM too ſincerely grieved for the pain I give you, my worthy friend, to affect either to doubt or miſunderſtand you. It is confidence in you, and not in myſelf, that ſatisfies me of your ſincerity.

" I am equally honoured and flattered by your ſentiments: but it will be extremely difficult to reconcile them to prudence either on your part or mine.

" To my mother, therefore, I refer you: if ſhe approve, you ſhall not find Louiſa

backward, where gratitude and the moſt affectionate eſteem point the way."

I hope, Henry, you will not think this is going too far—it will now reſt with my mother's opinion. ——

Another note! encloſed in a book he had offered to lend me. Now I know not what to do!

COLONEL MALCOLM TO LOUISA.

"YOUR letter agitates me beyond expreſſion. You give an opening to my hopes, but to cruſh them again inſtantly by referring me to Lady Riverſdale—what can I ſay to her, that will in any ſhape ſatisfy the cold, prudential views of maternity? She is good, but not indulgent—ſhe cannot allow for ſentiments ſhe has never underſtood; and what have I to offer at this moment but uncertain proſpects and an honeſt heart? Do not miſunderſtand the purport of my note, my lovely child: I do not wiſh to tie you down to any thing—I claim no promiſe—it is I only who ſhall be bound—to devote my life to you, if you give me a ſmile of approbation. I ſhall inſtantly be rouſed to take ſuch ſteps as will bring my long-dubious fate

to a criſis—if a fortunate one, with what tranſport ſhall I then fall at your mother's feet, and ſolicit the bleſſing which can alone give a value to my exiſtence!

"If I fail—I ſhall not long be troubleſome to you in any ſhape: but do not *now*—do not, for Heaven's ſake, reſt my hopes upon your mother's ſanction!"

What can I ſay? What can I do, Henry? Would it not be cruelty to perſiſt in the reference to my mother for the preſent?—What, indeed, is there to refer to her, as he ſo generouſly declares he does not wiſh to bind me? The gratitude his diſintereſtedneſs impreſſes upon my heart, I can have no doubt of her fully concurring in; therefore, as he juſtly obſerves, what is there for the preſent to refer to her about? Very ſhort, indeed, muſt this heart fall of all that her precepts and example have tended to inculcate, if it could withhold the tribute of affectionate eſteem ſo juſtly due. Unfeeling muſt I be, if I could bear the thought of cauſing unhappineſs to one who ſo eminently diſtinguiſhes me by his preference. Never, Colonel Malcolm!—never, my worthy, re-

vered friend! will the highly-honoured Louiſa withold her affectionate exertion to promote your happineſs: and ſhould my mother approve, as I cannot doubt ſhe will when he comes to have it in his power to explain his wiſhes to her, what a happy proſpect will mine be!—For what ſignifies the difference of age, my dear brother?

I do not like young men: they are inconſtant, preſumptuous, opinionated, ignorant. In him I ſhall be ſure of an experienced guide, an inſtructive companion, a faithful friend. His want of fortune—for, ſhould his proſpects even anſwer to his moſt ſanguine expectations, it will but be a bare competency—his want of fortune is more gratifying to me, than if he were poſſeſſed of the empires he talks of. I might then be ſuſpected of intereſted views: now no motive can be aſſigned but the right one—a ſolid wiſh for rational happineſs.

I may even, perhaps, by ſome be blamed, and deemed imprudent for not attending more to pecuniary conſiderations. Mean, ſordid conſiderations! how I deſpiſe them!—*as if happineſs* were to be purchaſed!

I cannot form a doubt of the ſincerity of Colonel Malcolm's proteſtations: for what could tempt a man to deceive, where no ambitious or intereſted end is in view, you know? On the contrary, he will, perhaps, be blamed as much and more than I can be, for forming the connection. Generous, diſintereſted Malcolm! you do not bind me!—but my heart does, to repay, in the only way I am able, the miſery you lay to my charge.

Conſidering it thus impartially, I am quite determined to accede to his requeſt of withholding the communication from my mother for the preſent: ſhe certainly, however well ſhe might wiſh to do it, could not give her ſanction to ſo precarious an engagement. Cold, unfeeling prudence, would force her to diſapprove, againſt her better judgment and kinder affections. It is certainly quite right to delay it, till he has really ſome poſitive propoſal to make: meanwhile, however, each look and each action ſhall ſhow my valued friend, that every wiſh of my heart is his.

18*th.* Colonel Malcolm eaſily perceived by my manner, that I aſſented to the requeſt with which he ended his letter; and he ſeemed to acquire a new being.

I had agreed to go to Madame De——'s aſſembly. He met me there. It turned out to be a dance. You know I am not at any time paſſionately fond of dancing; and I availed myſelf of a ſlight head-ache, as an excuſe for ſitting out, which I knew would give him an opportunity of converſing with me at leiſure.

You will readily conjecture what our diſcourſe turned upon—the moſt unbounded profeſſions of attachment on his part; every affectionate and grateful return on mine. He is immediately to ſet out for Vienna, and ſee what the reſult of the new overtures made to him will be.

In the courſe of our converſation he paid ſome compliments to my perſon, which ſurprized me; and I ſmilingly ſaid, "I will not accuſe you of thinking meanly of my underſtanding, in ſuppoſing it can be gratified by this kind of flattery; I am willing to believe your partiality leads you to think what you

ſay; but ſurely you and my mother ſee with very different eyes."

"I do not believe that we do," replied he; "but ſhe has laid down a maxim to herſelf, which ſhe has often contended with me for the propriety of—*that young perſons ought to be kept ignorant of their own attractions, as the beſt means of ſecuring that timid, unaſſuming behaviour, which is their greateſt ornament.*"

"And has my mother ſo poor an opinion of me as to ſuppoſe, that I might not be truſted with the conſciouſneſs of ſo ſlight an advantage? That head muſt be weak indeed, which could be turned by the poſſeſſion of ſo ſecondary a qualification!—I cannot tell you how much I feel mortified and let down by the idea:" and I believe my countenance evinced the truth of my words; for he was affected, and exclaimed, "Oh, Louiſa! what a characteriſtic trait of your ſuperior mind is this! How few—how very few women could ſay the ſame, and gain a moment's belief!"

I endeavoured to take up the defence of my own ſex upon this as well as ſome other

points; but am ſorry to ſay I did not ſeem to gain much ground with him: his opinion of women in general is very depreciating.

[Here there is a break of about three weeks in the journal, for which the Editor can only account by a pacquet's being loſt, as Louiſa makes no mention of any reaſon for it. The following letter, which probably reached Lady Riverſdale in this interval, as no anſwer any where appears to it, is here inſerted to fill up the *hiatus*.]

SIR HENRY TO LADY RIVERSDALE.

Eaux de Bourbon, 5th May.

[*The beginning of this letter entirely relates to the law-papers, bonds, &c. in the hands of Mr. B——, whom Henry had gone out of his way to meet at Bourbon. As it is merely dry detail, it appears to the Editor more conformable to the novel-like appearance, that is endeavoured to be thrown over this correſpondence, to ſtate briefly, that the law-ſuit, in which the family were involved, originated in the ſudden death of Sir William Riverſdale, in the Eaſt Indies, without a will, and the diſhoneſty of the agents in remitting*

his fortune: and Sir Henry, in one of the ſubſequent letters, appears to have obtained the appointment thither chiefly with the view of being able to manage the matter better upon the ſpot.]

He then continues:

—— The deviation I have made has not in itſelf proved at all unpleaſant; except ſo far as it has thrown the proſpect of receiving accounts of my beloved mother and ſiſter to a greater diſtance. My ſoul hungers and thirſts for intelligence of you both; which I might have very certainly received at Lyons, whence I wrote, could the motives for this change of plan have been foreſeen. The idea, that ſome of the watering-places I have viſited might at a future period be uſeful to my deareſt mother, if her health continued in its preſent fluctuating ſtate, has given them a conſiderable degree of intereſt in my eyes.

My road firſt led to the little city of Luxeuil, at the extremity of which there are warm ſprings. A building, conſtructed with ſome degree of elegance, encloſes the baths.

with an arcade, and a walk of limes ſurrounds it. The baths are filled by ſprings of different degrees of temperature, and are in general very neat; the water perfectly clear; and bathing can ſcarcely be more luxurious, than it is at this place. I am not ſure, however, that it might be reckoned entirely ſo by thoſe, who want a great deal of attendance: I do not, you know; and certainly none was preſſed upon me. Would Monſieur take the key? or ſhould he (the guide) lock the door on the outſide whilſt Monſieur went in?

I took the key without heſitation; perfectly convinced, that if he had heard of a dance, or a party of any kind, or had only been aſked to play at the dulleſt of all games, *domino*, which is a favourite recreation here, every idea of the ſolitary bather would have been obliterated, and I might have been impriſoned in the building all night.

Plombières is a kind of mountain village, which has an agreeable wildneſs in its appearance, from being ſituated between two high hills: the vallies have a little wood, and make the pleaſanteſt walks in the environs: of courſe, there is an *allée* for the company.

Two ſous is the price for bathing in the public baſon, which is alſo tepid, and in the middle of the ſtreet, and moreover, open; ſurrounded, however, by niches for the delicate, where you may bathe more privately for eight ſous: and for the benefit of thoſe who may be equally delicate and ſociable, tubs are placed near the great baſon, with a curtain drawn round them, ſo that they may bathe privately, and yet enjoy the pleaſure of converſation, which is what a Frenchman is ever moſt unwilling to give up. I was fortunately there *à la belle heure* *, and not a little diverted with the confuſion and *charivari* of their bawling to each other.

At Bains I began almoſt to repent of having taken Plombières in my way; for I found that Bourbon ſeemed to recede from me as I advanced.

Of the great want of preciſion in French informants, a traveller ought to be aware. There certainly was no reaſon why Madame De V—— ſhould tell me at Luxeuil, that Plombières was not much out of my way, and that there was a very good road

* At the faſhionable hour.

thence to Bains; both of which are perfectly contrary to fact. But they never hesitate to give a decisive answer; and, perhaps, never draw a distinct line between what they do and what they do not know.

This is very inconvenient, at least to an Englishman, and would probably be so to themselves, if they considered convenience as any thing: but of all the civilized people on earth, none surely ever regarded so little, what we call comfort and accommodation, as they do.

As I was leaving Plombières, in one of the French post-chaises, the Viscomte De Remours proposed to me to take him in third, as there was only myself and my servant in the chaise; and by giving him leave to pay for the imaginary horse *, which would consequently be required, it would save him something without adding to my expence.

* The *poste* was very arbitrary in France, and obliged a traveller to take what number of horses it judged the weight of the carriage and number of persons it contained to require: and it was very usual to pay for *one* horse more than was actually given, which was a sort of compromise, that saved something, and is what the Viscomte here alludes to.——*The Editor.*

Having a few looſe parcels of my own, and no very particular admiration for him, I did not conſider the arrangement as deſirable: he had, however, been very civil, and I thought it would be churliſh to refuſe; ſo I agreed to his propoſal.

"Et mes deux chiens ne vous incommoderont pas?" ſaid he; "j'en prendrai un, ſur mes genoux, et quand l'autre ſera fatigué de courir, il ſe tiendra fort tranquilement à mes pieds *.

When I had aſſented to this likewiſe, he called to the *fille d'auberge* to fetch his *vieille chatouille* †, which he had a particular affection for, and would take no room at all, as it would ſtand under his legs; and his *ſac de nuit* ‡ ſhould go behind him; and his *portefeuille* || of drawings would ſtand edgeways before; and, perhaps, I ſhould have no objection to ſetting my feet upon

* And my two dogs will be no inconvenience to you? One of them I can take upon my lap; and when the other is tired of running, he will lie very quietly at my feet.

† A ſort of travelling ſtrong box.

‡ Bundle of night things.

|| Portfolio.

his *neceſſaire* *, as it was very flat. As to his *vache* †, it would faſten upon the top of mine, and his trunk and hat-box behind; and the books, which he never travelled without, we could ſtow them behind us, or between us, or any where.

All this was doubtleſs practicable, and, as the propoſals accumulated, very diverting; but it was by no means convenient; ſo I made a propoſal in my turn, that I would purchaſe a *birouche* ‡ for my ſervant and the baggage, and, inſtead of his imaginary horſe, we would club the road expence of it between us.

I obſerved he looked a little ſurprized, but he made no kind of objection, and ſo it was ſettled. But, to my infinite amuſement, I heard him, as he alighted from the chaiſe at Bains, where an acquaintance inſtantly accoſted him, narrate my very great ſingularity in chooſing to put myſelf to ſo unneceſſary an expenſe: "*Mais ces Anglais aiment leurs aiſes à un point inimaginable* ||," ſaid he.

* Travelling dreſſing-box.

† Imperial.

‡ A ſort of booby-hutch.

|| But thoſe Engliſh gentlemen have an inconceivable partiality for convenience.

his habit, however, of bearing ſmall diſhips has its advantages, for it would able them to bear greater, patiently; whereas we Engliſh *my lords* are perhaps made very helpleſs, and very nerveleſs, by the highly finiſhed luxury of our houſes, tables, carriages, and attendants.

I began at length to deſpair of reaching Bourbon, for I was obliged to go back to Luxeuil to get to Bains, and thence found it nine leagues inſtead of four, which I had been told it was; and theſe nine proved a journey of two days, the roads were ſo execrable. It is not deep ruts that you meet with in theſe croſs-roads, but there is a cauſeway thrown up, with large ſtones toſſed into it, which may occaſionally overſet the carriage; but of this they think nothing, ſo long as there is no hill. It quite accounts for Madame de Sevigne's overturn in the roads, which, ſhe had been aſſured, were "*comme dans cette chambre.*"

The laſt three leagues took us five hours, and ſo doubtful were the poſtillions of our track, that, but for following a waggon, we ſhould never have kept it at all. We however at length reached the inn, in company with

half a dozen *voituriers;* and the woman of the houſe, not underſtanding what we could mean by chooſing to be ſeparate from theſe gentlemen (for I ſhould have told you, that at Luxeuil I had picked up Mr. and Mrs. W.) we hired a lantern, and with ſome difficulty Mr. W. and I, between us, contrived to help Mrs. W. through the dirt to another houſe, where we were juſt ſuffered to ſtay.

The ſmall farmers and labourers are generally aſſembled in villages, altogether as dirty as the dirtieſt hogſtye in England; but I by no means think, that the poor are worſe fed than ours; and in ſociety they have greatly the advantage of us; there is ſuch an interchange of civility amongſt the loweſt ranks, as muſt in time amount to kindneſs. We will hope, that the Engliſh have more of generoſity, truth, and ſolid good qualities; but theſe, together with their underſtanding, ſeem to be loſt in beer and blackguardiſm. Inſtead of going to the alehouſe to *drink*, the French meet to *talk* to one another; the knowledge of each individual is by theſe means brought into the common ſtock, and by diſcourſing upon ſuch matters of fact,

or of opinion, as come before them, their underſtandings are enlarged and poliſhed. Practice, which improves every thing, muſt in the greateſt degree improve converſation; and this is the reaſon, probably, why the French language excels every other in familiar dialogue. I have on numberleſs occaſions obſerved, that men, women, and even children, ſpeak with a ſort of intelligence, upon general topics, much ſurpaſſing what we ſhould meet with in a common Engliſh farmer.

I loſt no time in ſeeing B. as you may ſuppoſe, &c.

[*The remainder of the letter returns to the ſubject of buſineſs, with which it began.*]

THE JOURNAL CONTINUED.

June the 7th.—The Dean brought a friend's ſon with him this evening, a young Engliſh nobleman, juſt come from Italy—extremely fond of muſick.

Tea was no ſooner over than the Dean led me to the harpſichord, ſaying, "come, my lord, we'll ſhow you what can be done, without going to Italy for it." A little daunted by this ſpeech, I ſang with more than uſual

timidity. Lord Grantin, however, civilly profeſſed himſelf pleaſed, and encouraged me with *bravas!* and *pulitas!* innumerable. He had brought ſome Italian operas with him, which he ſent for, and his violoncello at the ſame time, upon which he performs admirably, and we ſpent a very pleaſant muſical evening.

He compared my taſte to Aprile's, and my expreſſion to Marcheſi's—was aſtoniſhed at the facility with which I ſung at ſight—and, in ſhort, was profuſe of compliments, interlarded with a variety of Italian exclamations and phraſes, which ſeemed to me more intended to ſet himſelf off, than to flatter me.

He is certainly an elegant young man in his appearance, but with rather too ſtrong a daſh of the coxcomb.

Colonel Malcolm was not in ſpirits—he is not very fond of muſick—he played at Reverſis with my mother, but ſeemed perfectly abſent—and was croſs with the good little Dean, who did not, however, much trouble his head about it. I believe he was diſappointed at my being ſo entirely engroſſed for the evening. I could have wiſhed to have

devoted part of it to the card-table, on his account, and once indeed, upon ſeeing Lady Riverſdale look a little worn, propoſed to relieve her, by cutting in, but was overruled.

After Lord Grantin was gone, we praiſed his muſical talents and handſome perſon. Malcolm ſaid he thought him very conceited, and there it ended.

June the 8th.—Lord Grantin came again this evening, and was very eager for more muſic. My mother ſeems much pleaſed with him; the Dean extols his claſſical knowledge, high birth (he is ſon to the Marquis of Egmore), and great fortune—and the Colonel looks extremely uneaſy under it all.

I feel diſtreſſed—I would not wiſh to be diſtant or uncivil to any friend of the Dean's; at the ſame time there is a forwardneſs in Lord Grantin, that I do not at all like. He ſeems to conceive himſelf entitled to flatter by the moſt trifling attentions, which he accompanies with an air of condeſcenſion—ſaying civil things, at the ſame time, in a careleſs ſupercilious manner, as if he ſcarce knew whether he ſaid them or no, which

altogether appears to me extremely offenſive. Wiſhing to convince Colonel Malcolm that I thought ſo, I took two or three opportunities of ſhowing it, in a ſtyle of raillery which I do not often indulge in, but which Lord Grantin irreſiſtibly called forth by his ſelf-ſufficiency.

He is good-humoured too.

9*th*.—Madame D'Urtiſe certainly has deſigns upon Colonel Malcolm, Henry: ſhe laſt night attempted to play off Lord Grantin upon him, in a manner that ſtruck every body the more forcibly for his Lordſhip's perfect inſenſibility to her attacks; he concluding, probably, that his handſome, well-dreſſed figure, entitles him to the attention of all womankind.

The ſcene was diverting enough to the lookers-on.

She in the firſt place obliged Colonel Malcolm, much againſt his inclination, to ſit down to trictrac with her. She then told Lord Grantin, that, if he would look over her, ſhe would inſtruct him in the rudiments of the game.

Lord Grantin threw himſelf indolently into a chair next her, and began humming a tune to himſelf.

Her pretty hands and fine eyes now diſplayed all their attractions; and could not have failed of producing ſome effect, but for the counteracting power of the looking-glaſs, which, happening to be immediately oppoſite, had rivetted his Lordſhip's eyes to a ſtill more faſcinating object; whilſt the Colonel's attention was wholly turned to the card-table, where I was ſupplying my mother's place, who had retired into her own room with the head-ache.

Madame D'Urtiſe, in her broken Engliſh, held forth upon the various modes of playing every caſt of the dice, which gave her pupil an opportunity of ſhowing his white teeth, by an occaſional ſmile of aſſent, when ſhe, by a louder repetition of what ſhe had before ſaid, obliged him to turn his eyes from himſelf upon her.

At length, quite out of patience, ſhe exclaimed, "My God! you are ſo much diſtracted, it is perfectly uſeleſs what I do."

Upon which Lord Grantin, burſting into a loud laugh, repeated, "Diſtracted! No,

per Bacco! I am attending very particularly to you; and it is as entertaining as any thing I ever ſaw in my life: go on, *per carita!* it is extremely pleaſant, I aſſure you."

"Vat you call pleaſant?" angrily, and miſtaking it for *plaiſant* *. "I ſee nothing pleaſant, but de object dat fix your attention in de glaſs.—I will inform you of de game—I fatigue my lung for you oblige, and you find pleaſant to let me do, and den laugh at me for my pain—Ah! it very Engliſh indeed!"

Lord Grantin, who did not mean to offend her—for he appears really good-humoured with all his coxcombry—now ſet about ſoftening her, and ſaid, "My dear Madame D'Urtiſe, *mi compatiſco la prego* †! I beg you a thouſand pardons; but if you had the ſmalleſt idea how this little animation of features becomes you, you would forgive me for incurring a momentary diſpleaſure, to gratify myſelf in the contemplation of ſuch

* Laughable.

† Take compaſſion of me, I entreat you.

an improvement to your beauty; and then he ſang,

" Contemplando ſiſſo ſiſſo
Quel bel viſo e quel bel ſen *!"

" Well, I will avow, you know to give de turn to de ting; you have profit ſome little in your voyage; you can put a little ſtrange varniſh over your—what do you call? —your *mauvais ton.*"

" Savageneſs, you mean! *ſicuro*, we are all ſavages in England, till we find ſomething to ſoften and humanize us—now, if you would prevail upon your fair friend there to undertake me, *capperi!* I ſhould become quite a different being, and by ſo much a fitter object to play off your charms upon."

Madame D'Urtiſe, who expected he was going to put himſelf under her tuition, was not much better pleaſed with the concluſion of his ſpeech, than with the beginning of the converſation, and tartly replied, " I believe you may truſt your own perſuaſion vid Miſs Riverſdale; I do not tink me quite ſo ſu-

* Gazing on that beautiful face, that beautiful boſom.—From a little Venetian ballad.

perannuate yet, for to play de role of confidente."

Colonel Malcolm, by this time completely out of humour with his companions, felt an additional ſting in the concluſion of the dialogue, and ſharply taking up Madame D'Urtiſe, ſaid, "If we had all the ſenſe to act the parts that became us, we ſhould certainly be gainers by it: as to myſelf, concluding I am only qualified to make a figure at trictrac, I am anxious to proceed with the game."

This was uttered with ſo much aſperity, that it ſeemed to ſtrike Madame D'Urtiſe ſhe had fully ſucceeded in giving him the alarm, and ſhe now turned all her attention to quelling the ſtorm ſhe flattered herſelf with having raiſed, and threw in a thouſand little amiable hints to the Colonel, tending to ſatisfy him, that ſhe had not beſtowed a moment's ſerious thought upon Lord Grantin.

But he continued very grave, anſwered only in monoſyllables, and the inſtant the game was over, threw himſelf into an elbow-chair at the farther end of the room, and fell into a profound reverie.

Madame D'Urtiſe came and whiſpered me, that ſhe had not the ſmalleſt idea of giving Malcolm ſuch ſerious uneaſineſs, or ſhe would not have gone ſo far.

I ſaid, I apprehended ſhe miſtook him, for that I did not think he ſeemed to harbour the ſlighteſt diſpleaſure at her.

She was not, however, inclined to believe me; and when Lord Grantin, upon finding her party at an end, propoſed accompanying her in a ſong; ſhe anſwered, "I do not find myſelf in diſpoſition for muſic juſt now;" and looked towards Colonel Malcolm, as if expecting to pleaſe him by the refuſal.

He did not, however, I believe, hear any part of what paſſed.

I was hurt for him; and going up to him the moment I roſe from the card-table, ſaid, "If my mother had been well enough to ſit up to-night, I ſhould have wiſhed you to ſtay, in hopes this noiſy ſet would go; but, as it is, we muſt part: however, I hope we ſhall ſee you to breakfaſt to-morrow morning—when do you ſet out for Vienna?"

He ſtarted—"Do you wiſh me gone, Louiſa?"

"Indeed, I do not," ſaid I, ſurpriſed at the alarm that took poſſeſſion of his features; "Can you be ſo unjuſt as to think ſo, when you might much more naturally attribute the queſtion to a far different motive?"

He appeared ſoothed, and ſaid he had not yet fixed his day, but would ſee me in the morning.

10*th*. Colonel Malcolm came this morning to inquire after my mother, and was ſcarcely well ſeated, when a note was brought to him. Upon reading it, he changed colour, and looked much perplexed; in five minutes he roſe and wiſhed us a good morning; and we have ſeen nothing more of him the whole day.

I feel very anxious, indeed, to know what has happened—ſomething diſtreſſing, I am ſure.

In the evening came Lord Grantin.

"I had flattered myſelf with the honour of going down a couple of dances with you on Tueſday evening, madam," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to me; "but I no ſooner entered the ball-room than, *ſubito*, you were gone."

"If I may judge of your lordſhip's wiſh for that honour, by your eagerneſs to claim it, I ſhall have no great fear, that the diſappointment would ſit very heavy. I think it was near twelve before I went away."

"You would however give ſome credit to the wiſh, if you knew the averſion I naturally have to dancing, and how I dread its confounded effects—ſhaking oneſelf into a diſguſting heat—bringing all the powder and pomatum in ſtreaks down one's face, and making one ſuch a curſed figure—*per bacco!* nothing but your inſpiring one with an inclination to dance after you for life could have ſuggeſted the horrid idea of encountering ſuch inevitable devaſtation."

"Upon my word, my lord, I think the object would fall ſo infinitely ſhort of the expenſe of powder, pomatum, and ſpirits, it would put you to, that it appears to me a very fortunate circumſtance I went out of the way of involving you in ſo much diſtreſs."

He ſmiled indolently, and, toſſing himſelf into a chair, with a half yawn, ſaid, "I ſhould have been there ſooner, but there was no breaking away from Marlow's excellent port

—it was ſo long ſince I had taſted a drop, and he put it about ſo briſkly—nothing leſs could have detained me; for, independently of my hope to engage you myſelf, I really had a particular deſire to ſee you dance—there is ſo much of the *bel tondo* * of the Venus de Medicis in your form, that I expect ſomething peculiarly claſſical in your movements. I figure to myſelf all the *deſinvoltura* of one of the Herculaneum figures; and ſhould you fall ſhort of my expectations—*maſſè!* I ſhould not be ſorry to diſcover ſomething in which you fail, that I might have wherewithal to oppoſe your faſcinations: for, upon my honour, I begin ſeriouſly to fear, that I am in danger of finding myſelf over head and ears in love with you."—

This was uttered with ſuch an intolerable ſelf-ſufficiency, that I could not reſiſt the opening it gave me—"I fancy, my lord, I can enſure you againſt that danger."

"*E come? bella tirannia mia* †?"

"By the help of my rival," ſmiling.

"Your rival! *e chi ſarà mai queſta* §?

* Beautiful roundneſs of make.

† And how? my fair enſlaver!

§ And who may that be?

You do not mean Madame D'Urtiſe? She is old enough to be your mother. No, no, though ſhe does take a little more pains to ſet herſelf off than you do, ſhe'll never rival you upon my ſoul."—

"I did not mean Madame D'Urtiſe, my lord."

"Devil take me, then, if I can gueſs who you do mean."

"If your lordſhip will juſt raiſe your eyes, you will ſee."

He did—and, being directly oppoſite to the looking glaſs, caught his own figure, and, for a moment, looked confounded: but, recovering himſelf, with a laugh, in which the Dean very heartily joined, he ſaid, "*Coſpetto di Bacco!* this was an unexpected cut—there is a *morbidezza** in Miſs Riverſdale's looks, that would tempt the devil himſelf to truſt her; and then, all at once, *ſans dire gare* †, her wit takes one by ſurpriſe, and abſolutely cuts like a razor."

"Not, perhaps, ſo much of the razor in my wit, as of a yielding quality in the matter it is applied to."

* Quiet ſoftneſs.

† *Without giving* warning.

"Nay, now I proteſt you are hard upon Lord Grantin," ſaid the Dean, "and this is a very unfair return for all the civil things you have drawn from him; Is it not, Lady Riverſdale?"

"Why, I don't know," replied my mother, "Louiſa is not apt to give way to her wit, unleſs ſhe feels herſelf treated like a fool; and ſhe was very well aware Lord Grantin's flattery admitted of no other interpretation."

"And ſo ſhe fairly turned the tables upon him, hey;" ſaid the Dean, laughing heartily at his own joke, and jingling his money in his pocket, as uſual. "I vow, Doctor," ſaid my mother, "you are the more ſevere of the two," ſmiling.

"Faith, I do not know what has provoked this general attack upon me," ſaid Lord Grantin, "for, I proteſt, I had no thoughts of making a fool of any body; and, upon my ſoul, it is rather an odd ſort of a light to take civil things in: it does not exactly occur to me, juſt now, that mine were ever quite ſo much thrown away before."

"Then, I truſt you'll reſerve them in future for thoſe, who underſtand their value better," *I replied*: "and now," ſmiling, "let the

harpſichord reconcile our differences; we always agree perfectly there, you know"—in ſaying which, I open'd a muſic-book, and he took his violoncello, and loſt ſight of flattery and nonſenſe for the remainder of the evening.

It is a great pity he ſhould have been ſo ſpoil'd, which I ſuppoſe his fine perſon has laid him open to. *Un bel Ingleſe*, they ſay, is quite irreſiſtible among the Italian ladies. He has probably found affectation and impertinence more ſucceſsful than ſenſe and modeſty, which the Dean aſſerts him to have been poſſeſſed of before he went abroad. What a contraſt, Henry, between him and Colonel Malcolm! how manly, open, and unaffected are the Colonel's manners! every way authoriſed to think as well of himſelf, and as ill of women, as his lordſhip, he treats them with attention and reſpect for his own ſake. Sometimes a little ſoldier-like bluntneſs will provoke him, to utter a plain truth, when hard puſhed, as by Madame D'Urtiſe's levity, for inſtance: but I think, it was more to put her in mind of what ſhe owed to herſelf, than with any view to expoſe her.

Lord Grantin's opinion is, that women are

formed for man's amuſement, "children of a larger growth"—and very delightful creatures they are, when exceſſively attached, and properly ſubdued: but then they muſt keep within their own ſphere, and not expect to obtrude upon a man's *more ſerious thoughts*. (I ſuppoſe he means, when employed in the ſtable, the kennel, or pronouncing ſentence upon the merits of a bottle of port.) I overheard him maintaining this doctrine to Wurmſer this evening, juſt before our little altercation, which perhaps made me the leſs willing to ſpare him. Wurmſer, you know, is the moſt humble ſlave of womankind; on which account Lord Grantin holds him very cheap.

He was not aware, that I was attending to him, or I ſhould not perhaps have been let quite ſo much into the ſecret.

The Dean ſays, "all that is nothing but a little affectation and nonſenſe, which he has pick'd up in his travels, and will wear off; particularly, if he could attach himſelf to a ſenſible woman: and, as he is naturally exceſſively good humoured, and well informed, he will do extremely well in time."

I imagine that, by *well informed*, the Dean

means, that he has brought away a competent ſhare of Greek and Latin from Eton—for as to any general knowledge, if he have it, his modeſty is greater than I had given him credit for, in never betraying the ſmalleſt ſign of it. Some ſkill in muſic, and judgment in pictures, together with a ſmattering of French and Italian, are all that he particularly ſeems to value himſelf upon.

'Tis true, my dear brother, that I am hard to pleaſe in manners and converſation—I have ſet up a ſtandard of perfection to myſelf, which few will ever attain; you have ſpoilt me equally by your opinions and your example.

What can have kept away Colonel Malcolm this evening? he certainly had ſomething to ſay explanatory of his laſt night's gravity—he is uneaſy—ſurely this vain coxcomb does not give him any anxiety.—O, that he would come and let me diſpel it! If Louiſa had power to relieve all his cares, never ſhould an uneaſy thought have a moment's poſſeſſion of his mind.

HENRY TO LOUISA.

Paris, May.*

What a feaſt awaited my arrival here, my Louiſa! and how eminently do you ſtand forth, in what is deemed the peculiar characteriſtic of female writing, the unaffected diſplay of the workings of a ſuſceptible heart.—What man can cope with a woman of ſenſe and feeling, in tender deſcription? Aſſuredly, my regret at our ſeparation is not leſs poignant than yours; and yet were I to attempt a ſimilar manner, I ſhould but incur the application of La Fontaine's advice:

> "Ne forçons pas notre talent:
> Jamais un lourdaut, quoi qu'il faſſe,
> Ne ſauroit paſſer pour galant." †

Yes, Louiſa, continue in the ſame ſtyle by all means—what buſineſs can interfere with your anxious brother's wiſh to follow you, as you well expreſs it, "through all thoſe minute intricacies of which female exiſtence is compoſed;" and watch, as you unfold

* The date blotted ſo as not to be aſcertained.

† Fable de l'Ane et du petit Chien.
Let us not attempt to force nature:
An awkward fellow, do what he will,
Can never paſs for a fine gentleman.

them, thoſe delicate traits of your own character, and that nice diſcrimination of the characters of others, which might be loſt on a ſuperficial obſerver?

Your journal, beſides, affords me the heart-felt conviction, that your own good ſenſe, your quick perceptions, your feeling of what is juſt and right, will direct you with propriety in every delicate circumſtance of life; at the ſame time that the ingenuous and attractive ſweetneſs of your diſpoſition will be your beſt protection, in the abſence of your ſtern monitor; for ſuch, I am ſure, I have often thought myſelf. Baſe, indeed, muſt be his heart, who could practiſe deceit, or harbour a thought to Louiſa's prejudice; and yet, my beloved girl, ſuch hearts do exiſt, and can ſometimes lurk under ſuch fair appearances, that Colonel Malcolm's cautions are by no means to be ſlighted; although I truſt you may not ſtand quite ſo ſeriouſly in need of them, as he ſeems to apprehend.

You certainly have reaſon, to think yourſelf obliged to him for his ſolicitude—but not altogether to the extent your grateful heart ſeems to feel. Your inexperience in theſe *matters leads* you, to impute more diſ-

nterefted motives to the Colonel, than his conduct, perhaps, arifes from *.

I cannot help fmiling, to fee you defcribe his paffion by all its genuine fymptoms, without the leaft fufpicion of the caufe.—Why, Louifa, all this tender anxiety in him—this jealous diftruft? never, furely, from pure, calm, difintereſted friendſhip. No, no, it flows from a more perturbed ſource. In ſhort, Malcolm loves you, Louiſa, and is ready to lay the myrtle wreaths, which he has ſo long worn, though now a little faded, at your feet. Myrtle, you know, is ſacred to the Goddeſs of Love, as it flouriſhes through all ſeaſons; and the Colonel ſtrikingly illuſtrates the propriety of the emblem. I feel impatient for the reſult of his delicate diſtreſs.

But do not miſtake me, Louiſa—I entertain the higheſt eſteem for Malcolm; and, putting you out of the queſtion, wiſh him all poſſible ſucceſs. I am perfectly aware of the noble pride, ſpirit, and independence of character, which have diſtinguiſhed him through every ſcene of life—I know too his

* This letter only takes in the contents of Louiſa's *firſt paquet* ending 6th May.

very defects in ſome meaſure ariſe out of his great qualities; impracticable, violent, haughty; he brooks no control, not even that of his own reaſon. I have ſeen him in the character of a lover too, ſuſpicious, jealous almoſt to madneſs. What an additional ſcope would the contraſt in your ages and diſpoſitions give to this propenſity! forty-five, to gay ſeventeen! Louiſa, were I not ſo ſeriouſly and deeply intereſted for one of the parties, I could indulge ſome very fantaſtic ideas, which, however, may find their place another time.

I ſhorten my letter to you, my dear, that I may alſo write to my mother by this poſt. My journey from Bourbon to Paris afforded no adventures whatever; but I was ſtruck, as I proceeded northward, with the change from the manners, dreſs, and livelineſs of the peaſantry of the ſouthern provinces. The gayety and even gaudineſs of attire among the lower ranks of females, the pleaſing levity of manners, and familiarity of addreſs, gradually decayed away, as we receded from the vivifying influence of the ſun, and in ſome parts nearly border upon the ſober ſadneſs *of Dutch phlegm*, or Engliſh ſullenneſs.

The grandeur of ſome parts of Paris, I own, ſurpaſſes all my expectations—but, amidſt all the ſuperb models of architecture, and exquiſite pieces of art, I turn to contemplate, with a ſort of enthuſiaſtic delight, the ſtatue of the good and heroic Henry, on the Pont Neuf:* you remember, Louiſa, how we were charmed in reading Sully's Memoirs, and with what eagerneſs we followed up his life by Perefixe. Every action ſeemed to ruſh freſh again upon my mind; and, recollecting his beneficent wiſh †, I applied to him the ſublime ſaying of the Duke of Ormond on the death of his ſon ‡, and exclaimed with tranſport, "I would not give the *ſtatue* of this *king* for all the *living* kings in Europe."

The *coup d'œil* of the opera is ſtrikingly magnificent—the eye, indeed, it has juſtly been obſerved, is gratified at the expenſe of the ear; and Rouſſeau's ſentiments on French muſic and French ſinging, which we uſed to

* Now alas no more!

† *Que chaque payſan puiſſe avoir ſa poule au pot le dimanche!*

‡ The Duke of Ormond ſaid, he would not give *his dead ſon for* all the living ſons in the world.

fancy exaggerated, appear to me fully juſtified. Yes, thought I, when the choruſſes began, "*ils croyent faire de la muſique, et ne font que du bruit**"—how painfully did it alſo bring to my mind, by contraſt, thoſe ſweet notes of my Louiſa, that I have dwelt upon with ſuch delight, and which now . . . , but this was not what I meant to fall into.

The brilliancy and eaſe of French manners (partial as I have always been to this gay and lively nation) ſurprize and quite enchant me. Surely they are the moſt ſocial and refined people in Europe. The letters of introduction I have brought give me the peculiar advantage of being introduced into the beſt ſocieties. I do not wonder, that ſo many young men are captivated by the Circean ſcenes, which muſt ſo naturally dazzle the fancy, and impreſs the heart that is not ſteeled againſt them. Alas, Louiſa, that I could feel mine more open to the danger—I might then boaſt ſome merit in reſiſtance.

Farewel, farewel, my more than ſiſter, my deareſt, beſt friend.

Ever wholly your HENRY †.

* They think this muſic, but it is only noiſe.

† *Louiſa's anſwer* to this is not found.

SIR HENRY TO LADY RIVERSDALE.

The letter juſt received from the deareſt and moſt revered of parents gives me great, though not unexpected conſolation. I am too well acquainted with the true dignity of mind, and elevation of character, which have always diſtinguiſhed you, not to have expected that calm reſignation and fortitude, which breathe through every part of your letter. Reſt aſſured, that I will forget neither your precepts nor example; and that you ſhall never have any reaſon, to bluſh for the conduct of your ſon. Never will he ſwerve from the path of honor and integrity, in purſuit of fortune.—Fortified by the principles my noble mother has inſtilled into my mind, to reſiſt the profligate impunity of the climes to which I am deſtined, I truſt I ſhall ever ſay with Brutus,

> "I had rather coin my heart,
> And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
> From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh
> By any indirection."

I leave you with confidence, my beloved mother, to the affectionate care and tender *ſolicitude of* Louiſa: in any gloomy moment,

that might at times ſteal unawares upon you, ſhe will be your reſource and comfort. You appreciate her character with ſuch maternal fondneſs, tempered by ſuch impartial judgment, that I haye very little to ſay upon the ſubject.

But excuſe me, my indulgent parent, if I venture to point out ſome things in regard to Colonel Malcolm, which ſeem to have eſcaped the quickneſs of your obſervation. I am fully aware of his generous attachment, and his diſintereſted friendſhip for our family—yet, in regard to Louiſa, there is ſo much ardour mingled in his zeal, that I am very apprehenſive he is actuated by a more tender motive; and this idea gives me extreme uneaſineſs on account of my ſiſter, who may be entangled in difficulties ſhe does not foreſee. She conceives herſelf ſo highly obliged by Malcolm's eſteem, and the diſtinctions he ſhows her, that I perceive her ready to become the victim of her gratitude, and to fancy, that ſhe can never repay him ſufficiently, but with her heart; particularly as her unconſciouſneſs of her perſonal attractions will induce her, to place it all to *the account* of homage paid to her

underſtanding, upon which ſhe does not hold it vanity to pride herſelf. Deareſt madam, you are perfectly acquainted with the peculiarities, not to call them by a harſher name, of the Colonel's temper, which give ſtill greater force to the objection, that muſt ever be made to ſo great a diſparity of years; and, I am perfectly ſure, will not ſuffer your caution to be lulled into ſecurity, by the partiality of your friendſhip for him.

I acknowledge myſelf ſo tremblingly apprehenſive on Louiſa's account, that this muſt apologiſe for my venturing even a ſuggeſtion to you upon ſo delicate a ſubject. —I ſhall be to the laſt degree impatient for further accounts.

My time being limited here, is fully employed in various ways, and greatly to my ſatisfaction—my mornings devoted to uſeful purſuits, my evenings to amuſement, of which Paris offers an inexhauſtible variety.

I have been made acquainted with ſeveral literary characters; among the reſt with Duclos, author of *Les Moeurs*, who has ſupplied me with an anecdote and an original letter of Rouſſeau's, which, as I think characteriſtic, I hope will amuſe you. Duclos

being upon terms of intimacy with him, had undertaken to introduce a ſenſible young Engliſh traveller, who had a great curioſity to ſee him. But whilſt they were engaged in converſation with his old woman, who was promiſing to endeavour to obtain them admittance, Rouſſeau happened to peep through a cranny, and perceiving a very faſhionable pair of buckles upon the ſtranger's feet, called out, that he was particularly engaged, and could not poſſibly ſee any body.

In about an hour afterwards, Duclos received the following note from him: *

" Je ne dirai point à Monſieur Duclos, que
" je ſouffre, que je ſuis hors d état de le re-
" cevoir, et qu'il y a de la cruautè à troubler
" le repos d'un malade; je ſais que ces rai-
" ſons ne touchent guères les gens qui ſe
" portent bien: mais je prendrai la libertè de
" lui dire, que puiſque, ſans nous conſulter,
" nous avons, chacun de notre cotè, diſpoſè
" de ma journèe, je crois, comme ſpeciale-
" ment chargè de moi, me devoir la pre-
" ference. Je ſuis d'ailleurs faché pour mon

* I will not plead to M. Duclos my indiſpoſition, my inability to receive him, or that it is cruel to diſ-

" ami, Monſieur Duclos, qu'il aît ſongé à
" m'amener par ſurpriſe, de jeunes gens à
" grands airs et à belles boucles, auxquels je
" ne puis guères convenir, que par le plaiſir
" qu'ils auroient de me gêner, et qui pour
" eux ne me conviennent point du tout. Or

turb the repoſe of a ſick man, becauſe theſe reaſons carry little weight to perſons in health; but I ſhall take the liberty of obſerving to him, that ſince each of us had, without previous conſultation, made a different allotment of my time for this morning, I conceive that as the more particularly reſponſible perſon, I owe *myſelf* the preference. I am beſides concerned for my friend M. Duclos, that he ſhould have thought of introducing to me, by ſurpriſe, young men of high pretenſions, and ſhewy buckles, whom I can no otherwiſe ſuit, but as it might entertain them to be a conſtraint upon me, and who, on their part, cannot ſuit me at all; and it appears to me beſides, that when any one ſeizes upon a man's time, it ſhould, at leaſt, be with the certainty of employing it to his mind. I entreat M. Duclos to be perſuaded, that, in regard to himſelf, I ſhall always take great pleaſure in his ſociety, when my health permits; but in ſuch a caſe as this, I requeſt to be forewarned, and even conſulted upon the company that he *wiſhes* me to ſee; becauſe to ſecure its anſwering, it would be requiſite that I ſhould *wiſh* it likewiſe. I greet him in all friendſhip.

ROUSSEAU.

" il me ſemble que quand on veut s'emparer
" du loiſir d'un homme, il faudroit auſſi
" ſavoir un peu ſi cet emploi ſera de ſon
" goût. Je prie Monſieur Duclos d' être
" perſuadè, que quant à ce qui le regarde,
" je profiterai toujours avec empreſſement de
" ſa ſocieté, quand ma ſantè me le permettra;
" mais en pareil cas, je demande à être pre-
" venu, et même conſultè ſur la compagnie
" qu'il voudra que je voye: car pour bien
" faire, il faut que je le veuille auſſi. Je
" le ſalue de tout mon coeur.

" ROUSSEAU."

Duclos would not however give up the point, and wrote to ſay, that his friend was by no means ſo fine as his buckles, and had a high veneration for Rouſſeau, which created a particular deſire to have ſome muſic copied by him, to treaſure up as a relick.

Upon this he graciouſly appointed a morning, and his reception was very courteous and obliging.

Duclos has given me a little ſong of Rouſſeau's compoſition, in which he has ſhewn how ſweet a melody may be made from three

notes only. I ſhall ſend it to Louiſa the firſt opportunity.*

Adieu my ever honoured Madam. I ſhall certainly receive another packet from Geneva, before I leave Paris—the anxiety with which I look for it I need not repeat.

Ever your moſt affectionate and devoted ſon,

H. R.

THE JOURNAL CONTINUED.

11*th.* The Dean came before any body this evening. "Have you ſeen any thing of Colonel Malcolm theſe two days?" ſaid he.

"No—he was fetched from hence in a hurry, yeſterday morning," anſwered my mother, "and we have neither ſeen nor heard of him ſince."

"Why then you muſt know a friend of his is arrived from Scotland, with a ſiſter who has been dying for love of him theſe ten years; and being at laſt given over by her phyſicians, her brother has brought her

* This ſong has ſince found its way into the world, and therefore is not worth publiſhing here, as the Editor intended, before he was informed of the circumſtance.

hither upon pretence of change of air; but, in fact, to try whether Malcolm can be brought to take compaſſion on her."

"Lord bleſs me! my good friend," ſaid my mother, "where could you pick up ſuch an unlikely ſtory?"

"Nay, I know no more about the matter," replied he, "than what Madam Thingumby goes trumpetting all over Geneva. She ſays, that the brother has an immenſe fortune, and would ſettle any part of it upon his ſiſter, to make her eaſy and happy—but to be ſure there's no knowing how to depend much upon what ſhe ſays; for it's my opinion ſhe's not without views upon the Colonel herſelf."

Can you form an idea, my dear brother, of what was paſſing in my mind during this diſcourſe? I'm ſure I know not how to deſcribe what I felt—and yet, I think, compaſſion for this unhappy woman was the predominant ſenſation. I pictured to myſelf her faded form—her ſupplicating eyes, raiſed upon me—ſeeming to aſk, whether I could bear the idea of robbing her of the only bleſſing ſhe valued in this life—and I thought, at the moment, I would ſcarce purchaſe Heaven,

at the expenſe of entailing miſery upon a fellow creature. O, Malcolm! let not Louiſa ſtand in the way of what you ought to do.

I worked myſelf up in theſe feelings, 'till my eyes filled; and, wiſhing to diſperſe the tears unperceived, by playing with Follette, I called her from the Dean, who had, as uſual, taken poſſeſſion of her; but he followed his play-fellow, and began patting her juſt as I had bent down my head over her; by which means ſome drops, that had forced their paſſage in ſpite of me, fell upon his hand.

He ſtarted, and looking full at me, exclaimed, "Louiſa! bleſs my ſoul, what's this?"—which inſtantly rivetted my mother's eyes upon me likewiſe. I was ready to ſink—however, collecting as much preſence of mind as I could command, I ſaid, "Are you ſurpriſed, Sir, that I ſhould commiſerate the fate of an unfortunate woman, who is paying ſo dear for her good opinion of a man we all highly eſteem?"

"No, no—I am very well uſed to your ſenſibility; but only I thought it rather ſeemed greater than the occaſion called for—that was all."

My mother kept her eye fixed upon me, but ſaid nothing.

Rhinberg's dropping in, gave a turn to the converſation, which relieved me.

Soon after, I received a note from Madam D'Urtiſe; ſhe particularly wiſhed to ſee me, and alone; could I go to her? for ſhe was never ſure of getting me to herſelf at our houſe, beſides, many vexations concurred to make her unhappy, and ſhe did not like to be ſeen.

I had not ſpirits to encounter her turbulent diſtreſſes, and ſent word I was ſo particularly engaged at home, it was not in my power to go to her; but I would ſee her in the morning.

In about half an hour ſhe came in perfect undreſs, and her hat drawn down over her eyes, to conceal their redneſs—ſhe had been crying.

My heart ſmote me for having declined flying immediately to her relief.

She came running up to me. "How could you be ſo unfeeling as to put me off 'till to-morrow morning?" exclaimed ſhe—"Good Heavens! you have no conception

of the horrors and agitation I am in; I want comfort more than I can expreſs; and no friend but yourſelf to have recourſe to. I entreat you would let me ſpeak to you in your own room."

I immediately led the way thither. As we went along, "Ah! may you never know the diſtreſſes I am ſinking under," continued ſhe.

As ſhe entered the room, a cap, which Flora was altering, caught her eye, and inſtantly taking hold of it and running to the glaſs to try it on, "Ah! my dear friend," ſaid ſhe, "here too I want your advice, for a fatality hangs over me in every thing at this moment; you never knew ſuch an unlucky creature. You muſt know, that I had ordered a cargo of the moſt expenſive millinery from Paris—little thinking, indeed, of the cloud that was ready to burſt over my head, and diſqualify me for receiving any pleaſure from it, ere ever it could arrive."

"What cloud?" interrupted I, hoping to draw her thoughts back from the millinery, to what ſhe really had to impart.

"Ah ſuch a cloud, indeed," replied ſhe, "as muſt obſcure all my proſpects for ever!

but only let me juſt relate to you firſt the diſappointment I experienced upon opening my *cartons* *, for they arrived but three days ago—one day only before that which has blaſted all my hopes.

" Well, but dear Madame D'Urtiſe, talk to me firſt of your blaſted hopes, and we ſhall have time for the *cartons* afterwards." again interrupting her, quite impatient, though dreading to hear what might in the end perhaps be more materially intereſting to my own concerns than hers.

" Ah, my dear," replied ſhe, " when once I enter upon that dreadful tale—it will diſtreſs me ſo, I ſhall never be able to return to any other ſubject; let me therefore diſcuſs this unhappineſs firſt, that I may have the benefit of your clear judgment upon it, before my other diſtreſſes occupy your ſympathizing mind, ſo as to diſable you from turning your thoughts to what *you* may deem leſs *important*—and ſo it certainly is, in the main, although it has proved ſufficiently ſo to me, to loſe me three nights reſt;

* Band-boxes.

and you ſhall hear whether it is without cauſe—only conceive to yourſelf," continued ſhe, "what I felt, when, upon opening my *cartons*, I found, that, by the negligence of the packing, every one of my things was cruſhed and ſpoilt—and the ſweeteſt—moſt elegant *chiffons*, that ever came from Mademoiſelle Bertin's hands, I'll anſwer for it; and how ſhe could be ſo negligent of me, in particular, is what I cannot conceive, conſidering the friendly footing ſhe and I were upon when I was at Paris, and the lucky taſteful hints ſhe has been obliged to me for, when ſhe has occaſionally come to *faire un travail** with me; which, indeed, ſhe has often told me the Queen always admired beyond any others—and ſhe is ſuch a grateful good creature, and never gave herſelf any airs with me whatever †—In ſhort, however it might

* Mademoiſelle Bertin uſed to pay that compliment to her particular favorites. What ſhe meant by it was going to invent ſome new faſhion in their preſence, and conſulting them upon it; ſhe frequently was admitted to the Queen for this purpoſe.

† It has been told of Mademoiſelle B. that ſhe has received Engliſh women of quality lying upon her ſofa, and if they were not particularly calculated to ſet off *her taſte, has* ſcarcely condeſcended to receive their *orders.*

happen, you will not wonder, that it ſhould have thrown me into an agony of tears, from vexation."

I felt a little reconciled to myſelf, for not having been in ſuch haſte to partake in her ſorrows.

"You, perhaps, my dear," ſaid ſhe, not perceiving me much moved, "might have borne ſuch a misfortune with more philoſophy; but who can emulate your fortitude? I acknowledge I was ready to ſink under it; however I called you to mind, and what you would probably have ſaid to me upon the occaſion; and ſo exerted myſelf to conſider what remained to be done; but, like a fool as I was, not having you to guide me, I certainly took the very ſtep I ought moſt carefully to have avoided; but the truth is, I never think of caution, 'till reaſon is given me to repent of my imprudence—ſo I carried the things to my millener, to tiff them up, and reſtore thoſe that were recoverable—making her ſwear at the ſame time (ſo far I did endeavour to guard againſt conſequences) that ſhe would neither copy nor ſhow them; and how do you think the vile woman has

contrived to baffle my precaution? ſhe has not, to be ſure, copied any one cap, in ſuch a manner as that I could lay my finger upon it and ſay, here you have broken your oath; but ſhe has dilated the ideas through a dozen caps, and even had the preſumption to improve upon them, ſo provokingly, that mine will now appear only an inferior kind of thing—and yet what redreſs can I have, you know?"

"I really cannot ſuggeſt any; but you have this comfort, that, as you ſay, ſomething more diſtreſſing has ſince happened, it will in ſome degree deaden your feelings to this."

If you think I was ill-tempered, Henry, in thus recalling her thoughts to her real misfortunes, ſuppoſing ſhe had any, I have no excuſe to offer, but the ſtate of irritability I had been thrown into, and which ſhe was ſo tormentingly prolonging.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed ſhe, "that is no comfort at all, for I have ſenſibility enough for half a hundred misfortunes at a time, and ſhould feel them all equally; but you do not know the worſt yet; for I had the intolerable *mortification* the very next night, at

Madame ——'s ball, to ſee three or four of them all eclipſing mine; particularly Madame de Thor's—I really thought I ſhould have dropped when I came up to her, for I could almoſt better have borne it upon any one elſe; but I have ſuch an antipathy to her, becauſe you know ſhe affects to hold beauty cheap, and yet takes more pains to ſet her's off than any body—however, I had the gratification of a little piece of revenge; for I conquered myſelf ſufficiently to ſpeak to her as if nothing had happened, and took particular care never to raiſe my eye above her face; ſo that I do flatter myſelf, ſhe has the mortification of thinking her cap quite loſt upon me."

"Well, then, I truſt the ſucceſs of this piece of revenge, which I am ſure I ſhould never have had the ingenuity to ſuggeſt, will relieve your mind ſufficiently upon that ſubject, to enable it to turn to what we have retired hither to diſcuſs."

"Ah! true, my dear friend," cried ſhe, "I really beg you a thouſand pardons for detaining you ſo long; but participation, you know, is the firſt claim of friendſhip; and

here, you will feel for me indeed—learn then, that Colonel Malcolm, for whom I have conceived the moſt unfortunate attachment, which I fear, indeed, has been but too viſible to all the world, notwithſtanding all my care to conceal it—the cruel Malcolm is juſt upon the point of marrying a lady, who is come on purpoſe from Scotland, in a dying ſtate, to move his compaſſion, and nothing elſe, they ſay, can ſave her; and I am ſure if it takes place, it will only change the name of the victim; for nothing can ſave me from breaking my heart. Oh, Oh, Oh!" ſobbed ſhe, in an agony of tears, which did indeed lay a little more claim to my participation than before.

"But how—how do you know this?" heſitatingly and tremblingly I aſked.

"Oh! I had it all from an acquaintance of Mrs. Freeman's, who is her particular friend, and is to give a ball and ſupper upon the occaſion, and I ſhall not be invited—and it will be one of the fineſt things that has been ſeen here for years—and altogether, I declare I am almoſt diſtracted, and know not what to think, or how to act. For

pity's ſake, Louiſa, adviſe me, you who are prudence and judgment itſelf."

She had now, indeed, called up my own feelings ſo completely, that I had neither judgment nor advice at her ſervice; and having already been conſiderably and variouſly agitated, inſtead of making any anſwer, I burſt into tears.

"Oh Heavens! my ſweet friend," exclaimed ſhe, "how my unhappineſs diſtreſſes you! I could kill myſelf for painting it in ſuch ſtrong colours—but do be comforted.—Indeed I will endeavour to ſupport myſelf under it all; and if you can but put me upon a method of getting an invitation for Mrs. Freeman's ball, I ſhould then ſee the bride and bridegroom, and that firſt ſhock would be over, and I dare ſay I ſhould do very well."

Having ſtopped for my anſwer, but not receiving any (for I really was ſo out of patience with her nonſenſe, that I had no more inclination than power to give one), ſhe went on.

"Do you think if I were to apply to Lord Grantin?—He, you know, is related to Mrs. Freeman—and then a new thought has

juſt occurred to me too—how to give a *relief** to my cap, by my diamond *panache* †, which would give it an advantage over Madame de Thor's, that, I own, I ſhould greatly enjoy—and do not attribute it to any rancour or malice in my diſpoſition, my dear friend, if I acknowledge, that I ſhould feel ſome ſlight degree of ſatisfaction in drawing, though but for a moment, the eyes of Malcolm from his happy bride, and giving him a tranſient regret, that he had ſlighted a perſon, which, by all accounts, is not abſolutely inferior to her's."

"Excuſe me," ſaid I, "I really feel unwell, and not able, at this moment, to ſuggeſt any thing, that could be of uſe to you—if you will have the goodneſs to go back to the company, I will follow you in a quarter of an hour, and perhaps, by to-morrow, may have it in my power to diſcuſs the ſubject more to your ſatisfaction."

"My dear friend—I ſcarcely know how to forgive myſelf for what I have done; but if you knew the relief I experience from having unburthened my heart to you, you would not grudge the pain I have put you to. I think now I ſhall be able to bear my

* A ſet off. † Plume.

part in your mother's circle—but Lord! I am ſuch a horrid figure—if any body more ſhould be come in; for indeed my ſpirits have been ſo cruelly depreſſed, I have not been able to ſtir from my *chaiſe-longue* all day, except juſt an hour or two in the morning, that I made Wurmſer drive me in my *caléche*, and a call upon the milliner to reproach her with her treachery, and ſee what reparation I could obtain—and then I brought home Marlow and Wurmſer to dinner, that I might not be left to my own miſerable reflections—but all would not do, till I ſaw you, my amiable friend, who always ſhed comfort around you"—and with that, embracing me, ſhe tripped off, with all the alacrity of the moſt perfect thoughtleſſneſs.

You are aware, that our converſation was French, though I give it you in Engliſh, that language being ſo much more natural between you and me. Abiding by it, unleſs where idiomatic and characteriſtic expreſſions oblige me to have recourſe to the French, indulges the fancy (by which I ſometimes can almoſt deceive myſelf) of ſtill converſing with you.

Far—far indeed, was I from partaking in

the benefit Madame d'Urtiſe had found from this converſation. I do not think I am ſelfiſh, nor yet very ungenerous, my dear brother—but have I not ſome reaſon, to deem Colonel Malcolm unkind, in letting all this reach me through others? does he think ſo meanly of me, as to ſuppoſe I would not be the firſt to relinquiſh any claim I might have formed upon him, when brought into competition with that of a woman, ſo entitled by her ſufferings and long attachment, to have the preference?—

I dare ſay ſhe is extremely amiable, by her connection with Mrs. Freeman, who is goodneſs itſelf. Ought he not, think you, to have placed ſome dependence upon my principles and diſintereſtedneſs? Indeed, Malcolm, you might have opened yourſelf candidly upon the ſubject—I ſhould have been the firſt, to urge you to act the grateful honourable part by her, to which ſhe is entitled—enough for me to know you happy, and have ſecured your eſteem.

She has beſides a fortune to offer him, my dear brother—is nearer to his own age; turned of thirty, I think the Dean ſaid; and every way better qualified to enſure his felicity.

Indeed he might have truſted to my generoſity for ſeeing it in this light—but this cold, ſilent, mode of withdrawing himſelf, from one he had ſo highly flattered, humbles me to the duſt.

I could not recover my ſpirits ſufficiently, to return into the drawing-room, and took my chance of the concluſions my mother might draw from my ſending in word, that I had the headach, and was gone to bed; fully determined, the very firſt opening ſhe gives me, to ſtand the brunt of her diſpleaſure, by laying open the whole to her—there can now be no motive for concealment—the diſcloſure can no longer injure Colonel Malcolm's views; and I feel double wretchedneſs in the duplicity I am guilty of to her.

I ſat down to relieve my mind, in ſome degree, by communication and appeal to you; but, alas! my Henry, here ends the benefit—for the length of time, that muſt elapſe, ere I can receive any return, precludes the advantage of acting in conſequence of it. This is not one of the lighteſt regrets I experience in our ſeparation.

12*th*.—Poor fooliſh Madame d'Urtiſe, I find, talked over the diſtreſs ſhe had occaſioned to me, and lamented the cauſe ſhe had given for it in ſuch a variety of ſhapes, that ſhe at length left no one of the company uninformed of every confidential particular ſhe had imparted to me.

Lady Riverſdale did not, however, quite ſee my uneaſineſs with Madame D'Urtiſe's eyes. She had been ſtartled by the agitation the Dean had called up; and this increaſed her ſuſpicions: ſhe has this morning queſtioned me upon the ſubject, and I have frankly confeſſed all, that has paſſed between Colonel Malcolm and me; accounting as well as I could, without ſhowing the letters, for my inducements to keep the knowledge of it from her until a future period.

She was greatly ſurpriſed, and much hurt—it was the laſt thing ſhe ſhould have expected either from Colonel Malcolm or me.

I endeavoured to excuſe him; but made no attempt to juſtify myſelf—on the contrary, I candidly acknowledged myſelf ſenſible, from the firſt moment, of my error in the concealment, from the miſery it occaſioned—but I felt bound to Colonel Mal-

colm—

" In preference to your mother?" interrupted ſhe angrily.

" Oh no, madam, I did not think the two intereſts came into competition."

She ſaid, it was fortunate for me, that this unexpected circumſtance had intervened; and ſhe truſted, that his preſent treatment of me, in not ſo much as taking the trouble to account for his conduct, would convince me how completely, and ſhe muſt add, deſervedly, I was lowered in his eſteem, by the facility with which I had ſuffered myſelf, to be led away from my duty to my mother.

O Henry! I felt this deeply—very deeply indeed; the more ſo, for acknowledging the juſtice of the obſervation. I certainly deſerved her diſpleaſure, but was not this a little—a very little too harſh a return for the frank acknowledgment I was making, eſpecially as I was ſo ſeverely reproaching myſelf. I ſhall perhaps give you a bad impreſſion of my diſpoſition; but truth compels me to ſay, I almoſt at that moment repented of my repentance.

Chide me, my brother—you have found me open to correction.

"*I kiſſed the rod,*" however, and made no attempt to reply.

A little ſoftened, perhaps by my extremely mortified air, ſhe afterwards added, that ſhe approved of the generoſity of my ſentiments in regard to Lady Mary Melvile, that, it ſeems, is the name of Colonel Malcolm's friend, and ſaid, ſhe was very thankful for the turn this buſineſs had taken; and hoped the painful leſſon would remain long imprinted on my mind, and ſave me from ſimilar difficulties in future; that I ſhould always find her ready, to give me the aſſiſtance of her very beſt advice—for that I muſt be ſenſible my advantage was her firſt object. She lamented your abſence, both for her own ſake and mine.

O, my beſt friend, how truly did my heart go along with her there! you would indeed have been my ſafeguard—from you I cannot bear to conceal even a fault; your gentle remonſtrances even encourage acknowledgement—but notwithſtanding my moſt ardent affection for my mother, and the ſtrongeſt ſenſe of the duty I owe her, there is a ſomething in her, which for ever repels my confidence.

A very ſingular note, this inſtant received by my mother from the Colonel, renews all my agitations. I tranſcribe it.

" Dear Madam—Though I have long " been accuſtomed, to meet with the moſt " indulgent reception in your houſe, I do " not know how to take the liberty of intro- " ducing my friends, Mr. Melvile, and his " ſiſter Lady Mary Melvile, without firſt " aſking your permiſſion. They are very de- " ſirous of waiting upon your Ladyſhip and " Miſs Riverſdale to tea this afternoon, if it " will be agreeable to you to receive them.

" Ever, &c."

My mother returned for anſwer, certainly.

How ceremonious!—and what may it all mean?—in what light am I to appear to them?—how ſhall I behave to Colonel Malcolm himſelf?—if I am reſerved—diſtant, he may conclude me jealous, envious—if I receive him as uſual, ſhe may deem me forward, coquettiſh.—I cannot tell you how I dread this interview, nor what I think of the ſtrange mode, in which it is brought about.

Friday evening.—It is over, my dear brother; and now I am more perplexed than ever.

They came at tea time; I had placed myſelf at my frame, to break the ſtiffneſs and embarraſſment of having nothing to do. Colonel Malcolm introduced them with all his natural eaſe and good breeding.

I was much ſtruck with her figure; there is ſomething very peculiarly intereſting in it —tall, thin, pale, and even ſickly in her appearance; yet great elegance and agreeableneſs, and quite the air of a woman of faſhion—ſhe ſeemed affected at the ſight of me, but ſtruggling for compoſure.

The brother's behaviour was at firſt conſtrained and ſtiff; but that wore off. He has evidently been much leſs converſant in the faſhionable world than his ſiſter. Being a younger brother, he went out to India to make his fortune. He has been extremely ſucceſsful, and repurchaſed the family eſtate, which Lord Mount-Melvile's extravagance had obliged him to ſell; but he has not long been returned, and ſeems very much to want poliſhing.

Colonel Malcolm ſhowed unreſtrained pleaſure at ſeeing me, and paid me all his uſual attentions, although he ſtudiouſly at *times alſo* devoted himſelf to Lady Mary.

I cannot tell how I acquitted myſelf—my mother ſays pretty well; but I fear there was a good deal of hurry and flutter about me.

She appeared to fix her whole attention upon me; admired my work—took notice of the drawings that hung over the harpſichord—was ſure, from the taſte and maſterly finiſhing of them, they were my doing, for ſhe underſtood I excelled in every thing I undertook—and then ſhe ſighed.

Why ſhould ſhe ſigh? it is not, I thought, the want of ſuch trivial accompliſhments, that will diminiſh your value in ſuch a heart as Colonel Malcolm's!

She would make me ſing—I wiſhed to have been excuſed; but the Colonel joined in the requeſt, and I went to the harpſichord. She looked out that beautiful air of Sacchini's, *Se ti perdo, amato bene*, and deſired to hear it. She was very grave, and ſeemed affected by it, but beſtowed great encomiums upon my performance.

Her eye fell upon the harp—did I alſo play upon that?

A very little, I ſaid; it was my brother's

favorite inſtrument; but I had not had the courage to touch it ſince his departure.

I was, indeed, all that ſhe had heard of me—and ſhe ſighed again—

She apologiſed for the lowneſs of her ſpirits; her health had been ſo indifferent for many years paſt, and the ſight of ſtrangers always diſtreſſed her—but the wiſh to be acquainted with Lady and Miſs Riverſdale had overcome her reluctance. She hoped to enjoy the favor of ſeeing us ſometimes . . . before ſhe left Geneva . . . . and ſhe faltered.

We ſaid every thing we could think of in return—and then ſhe took her leave, and Colonel Malcolm attended her home.

I felt relieved when ſhe was gone, and yet oppreſſed—diſſatisfied—there is ſomething extremely unaccountable in Colonel Malcolm's behaviour. Some little delicacy—ſome ſlight apology ſurely I might have looked for—but no—he has paſſed a ſponge over his memory, and Louiſa, with every thing relaitve to her, is perfectly obliterated.

I fear, as my mother too juſtly obſerved, I have not ſecured his eſteem—I cannot bear that thought.

I ſlipped away to come and give you this account, but I am ſent for.

It was to Lord Grantin—my mother had juſt ſat down to ombre with the Dean and de Salm.

Lord Grantin hoped he found me in better humour than the evening before—I might ſee by his ſunk eyes what devaſtation my cruelty had occaſioned; he had never cloſed them ſince ſeven in the morning—I ſmiled.

"You think nothing of that," ſaid he, "*Giuro al cielo* no woman ever could boaſt of as much before; and you little imagine what you may drive me to."

I had not yet rallied my ſpirits, and looked at a loſs, I believe, for nonſenſe to anſwer him with; when my mother, laughingly, came to my aſſiſtance.

"You do not mean to alarm my daughter with a piſtol, or a plunge into the lake, I hope, my Lord!"

"Why no, not exactly that—but there is a ſtep, that I ſhould conſider as almoſt equally deſperate, of which the firſt idea never entered my brain, till I beheld Miſs Riverſdale."

This was too obvious not to call for an anſwer; and I ſaid with quickneſs, "truſt me, my Lord, for warding off the danger"—

"*Ah mio bel teſoro!* what methods could you poſſibly deviſe?—veil over your beauties?—*frenar quel canto che'incanta—quelle grazie che innamorano?* *—

"No" endeavouring to laugh, "that would be too ſevere upon the reſt of mankind, you know—but you recollect the little circumſtance, that ſaved Harlequin, when he had arranged every thing for his marriage."—"Ah *Capiſco, Capiſco!*" † interrupted he laughing, "the lady happening to withhold her conſent—very well faith; and a very fair hint to check my indiſcretion for bringing on the ſubject in public—well, I ſhall ſtruggle for liberty a little longer; but ſhould I be worſted in the attempt, as I much fear I may, I will certainly take a more private opportunity of laying my title and fortune at your feet."

"And, now your Lordſhip has given me ſuch fair warning, it will certainly be my

* Withhold thoſe bewitching ſtrains—veil thoſe enamouring graces.

† I underſtand, I underſtand.

own fault, if ever I put you to that trouble."

"Trouble! *bel idol mio*, what could I think a trouble, that ſhould give me a chance of obtaining your favour?" making an attempt to kiſs my hand, which I drew back. He requeſted, that I would indulge him with a little muſic. I begged to be excuſed, feeling myſelf really unwell; and ſoon after withdrew to my own room and my beſt friend—But, ah my Henry, that your preſence were not ſo ideal! ſtill, however, the pleaſing taſk of imparting every thought and every difficulty ſeems to aſſociate you in all that is going on.

My mother kept Lord Grantin to ſupper —I wonder why ſhe would!

13*th*.—Colonel Malcolm has been here, my dear brother; how have I wrong'd him!—

I was alone in the drawing room, when he came in.—"How fortunate is this, Louiſa! I have much to ſay to you," taking my hand, and raiſing it to his lips, when I involuntarily withdrew it; it *was* involuntarily; for I had upon hearing his voice at the door, determined to aſſert my own dignity, by being above any appearance of reſentment; but this inſtantly betrayed me.

"Good God!" exclaimed he, "what do you mean?—is an abſence of three days ſufficient, to make ſuch a change in my reception? O how miſerably have I paſſed them, ſeparated from you."

"I did not mean to make any change, Colonel, but what the circumſtances ſeemed to require."

"What circumſtances, Louiſa?—What has happened—tell me, for Heaven's ſake! I am on the rack!—What! has this fribbling Lord"——

"Nay now, Colonel Malcolm," interrupting him, "indeed you aſtoniſh *me!*—is this a trial of my temper?—am I not ſufficiently humbled by the ſilent neglect, with which you have treated me ever ſince Lady Mary Melvile's arrival? believe me, I did not deſerve ſo low a place in your eſteem, as that you ſhould have denied me your confidence—believe me, I ſhould have been the firſt, to have urged you to forget even the exiſtence of Louiſa, if it were requiſite to the recovery of that valuable woman's peace."

He fell at my feet. "Angelic girl! and have buſy officious tongues been tormenting *you with this* intelligence, and endeavouring

to injure me in your opinion? You do not yet know me, if you believe it poſſible, that I ſhould for a moment have deviated from the attachment I have vowed to you. I ſhould have hoped you would have truſted to no information relative to Lady Mary Melvile, but from my own lips."

"Colonel Malcolm! you vouchſafed me none."

"It was not aware, that any reports had gotten abroad upon the ſubject, which could alarm you; and I wiſhed to keep it altogether from you, until I could ſay, what I now may —that Lady Mary Melvile wiſhes me to be your's."

"Wiſhes you to be mine!" repeated I, almoſt breathleſs with ſurprize—"you muſt not—cannot"—

"Hear me out, Louiſa!" interrupting me, "and then pronounce my doom. It is ſeveral years ſince I became acquainted with Lady Mary, at Nice, whither ſhe had attended her dying mother. I was at that time under the influence of an attachment, which, though a very different one from that which now fills my heart, left me no thoughts to beſtow upon any other object than her, who had

encountered obloquy for my ſake, and whoſe health had ſuffered from the unhappineſs and mortifications ſhe had experienced."—

"And what—and what is become of her?" interrupted I eagerly—terrified leſt I was alſo to be a ſource of miſery to another unfortunate being.

"She is dead"—ſaid he, in a tone that proved the recollection to be very painful to him.

He ſtopped for a moment.

"I only mentioned her," ſaid he, "to clear myſelf from any ſuſpicion of having been acceſſary to the fatal liking, that took poſſeſſion of Lady Mary's breaſt. I paid no other attentions, than thoſe which civility required, and had no idea of the partiality ſhe had conceived. Lady Mount Melvile died on her way back to Scotland, and Lady Mary went to live with her elder brother. I heard nothing more of them, till Mr. Melvile's return from India—we had formerly been acquainted, during his ſhort reſidence at Vienna, when he was upon his youthful travels; but I had entirely loſt ſight of him, and was greatly ſurpriſed, about two years ago, to receive a letter, recalling our former *intimacy*, and expreſſing a ſtrong wiſh to ſee *me in Scotland*. He alſo hinted, that his

ſiſter, whoſe health had ſuffered much ſince I had ſeen her at Nice, joined in the invitation. It did not, at that time, in any ſhape ſuit me to leave Vienna; and I returned a letter of friendly thanks, declining the invitation, and expreſſing my regret, that ſo amiable a woman, to whom every one muſt wiſh well, that had the honour of her acquaintance, ſhould experience ſo cruel a drawback upon all comfort as the want of health. I received a ſecond letter, in which Mr. Melvile entered more particularly into his ſiſter's ſituation, giving me to underſtand, with a good deal of circumlocution, that the recovery of her health depended more upon me, than I was, perhaps, aware of—that he himſelf having no thoughts of marrying, and his ſiſter having ever been the object of his tendereſt concern, he could not make a more ſatisfactory uſe of his fortune, than in ſecuring her happineſs; and that, if I would give up all foreign purſuits, and go and ſettle in my own country, he would enable her to offer ſuch an eſtabliſhment, with her hand, as would enſure comfort, if not affluence to us. I was much hurt and diſtreſſed by this letter; never having conceived the leaſt partiality

for Lady Mary, and not at that time even imagining, that matrimony could ever be the object of my wiſhes. I wrote a civil letter, gratefully acknowledging, but at the ſame time declining the honour intended me—and there it reſted. I concluded they were offended; and, as I could do nothing in mitigation, truſted to time for affording me ſome opportunity of ſhowing Mr. Melvile, that I had a true ſenſe of his generoſity, when Lady Mary ſhould have turned her thoughts to ſome man better qualified to make her happy. You know, Louiſa, how my ſoul has ſince been taken poſſeſſion of, and every wiſh and every thought bound up in you. You will not, therefore, wonder at the diſorder, into which I was thrown by the note delivered to me, in your preſence, from Mr. Melvile the other day. It was quite impoſſible for me then to ſpeak to you upon the ſubject. Your mother was preſent: beſides, I could only have awakened your anxiety for an unhappy woman. Melvile's note was barely this:"—

He pulled it out of his pocket. Theſe were, as near as I recollect, the contents.—

"I am juſt arrived at Geneva, and think "*that nothing*, that has paſſed between us, my

" dear friend, is any ways likely to have " decreaſed our eſteem for each other; I, " therefore, hope to ſee you immediately; " altho' I warn you, that the ſight of the " ſuffering angel I have with me may give " a ſevere ſhock to your feelings."

" You know," continued Colonel Malcolm, " I inſtantly went. I will not diſtreſs you, Louiſa, by deſcribing how greatly I was ſhocked, to ſee the lively, blooming, animated Lady Mary, reduced to the miſerable ſtate you yeſterday beheld.—She endeavoured to riſe from her couch when I entered, but fell back again, and had nearly fainted. I went up, and, taking her hand, reſpectfully kiſſed it; but knew not what to ſay. The manner in which I approached her ſeemed to ſpread a faint gleam of ſatisfaction over her wan cheek; but ſhe did not attempt to ſpeak. " Well, Colonel!" ſaid Melvile, taking me by the hand, and leading me to the window, " you ſee, we truſt to not being wholly forgotten by you." " Forgotten—my worthy friend!" replied I, " no, when gratitude loſes its hold upon my heart, I hope it will break its ſtrings."—" Why, that's honourably ſaid, Malcolm!" returned he—

" but why ſhould your gratitude ſtop ſhort of deeds? If a thing's worth being grateful for, it is worth accepting, I ſuppoſe; and why the devil ſhould you"—Here Lady Mary, who ſeemed to be rouſed by the fear of what her brother might ſay, interrupted him with—" my dear brother, is it fair to take Colonel Malcolm wholly to yourſelf? I wiſh for an opportunity of apologiſing to him for the weakneſs of my preſent behaviour—I have been very unwell lately, Sir," continued ſhe, " and every thing that recals painful ſcenes overſets me.—I have not ſeen you ſince my melancholy attendance upon my dear mother; and the ſight of you brought ſome painful circumſtances ſo freſh into my mind, that it was almoſt too much for me; indeed, our preſent journey has the ſame object in view for me, we then had for her; and, for my good brother's ſake, I earneſtly wiſh it may prove more ſucceſsful." I immediately drew my chair near, and entered into the idea ſhe had wiſhed to impreſs me with. We talked over former ſcenes and acquaintances, and ſhe evidently became eaſier. At length, Mrs. Freeman came in, upon which I aroſe to take *my leave.* Lady Mary ſaid, " ſhall we ſee you

again in the evening?" "Aſſuredly," I anſwered. Mr. Melvile was deſirous of my ſtaying to dinner; but I declined it, as I really wanted ſome time for reflection, and to determine upon my mode of conduct in this painful buſineſs. It was plain I ſhould be urged by him; it was plain alſo, from the little kind of diſſimulation ſhe had had recourſe to, in attributing her agitation to the recollections of her mother, leſt I might ſet it down to a different account, that ſhe poſſeſſed a dignified delicacy of mind, to which he was a ſtranger. I reſolved, therefore, to be perfectly candid and open as to my own concerns, and explain to her my views, wiſhes, and hopes, in regard to my beloved Louiſa, as to an old friend, entitled to my confidence; and ſeem perfectly blind to any appearances that might, in ſpite of her caution, break forth, of her too high opinion of me."

"Amiable!—unhappy Lady Mary!" ſaid I, ſobbing, unable to repreſs my feelings, and yet grieved at interrupting him, leſt we might be broke in upon before he could finiſh his narrative.

"My charming Louiſa! how your generous ſenſibility endears you to me!—I

went in the evening, fixed in my determination, but no ways at my eaſe as to the manner of introducing it; from the fear of wounding her delicacy, if ſhe ſhould in any degree ſuſpect its being done with a view of convincing her ſhe had nothing to expect. I could not bring myſelf to come to you, Louiſa, till the diſtreſſing buſineſs was ſettled. I knew the pain I ſhould give to your tender heart; and feared, moreover, that your generoſity might have led you to dictate a conduct to me, which I had not power ſufficient over myſelf to purſue."

O, my dear Mother! thought I, exultingly, I am not ſo ſunk in the Colonel's eſteem, as you believed me.—This was balm to my mind; but I would not again interrupt him.

"In ſhort, I went," continued he, "and found her alone—ſhe was viſibly better than in the morning, though her eyes were red, and there was much appearance of remaining agitation about her. I ſtood ſilent for a moment, and, leaning againſt the ſole of the window, was conſidering in what manner to introduce the ſubject, when, to my infinite *relief*, ſhe herſelf began it; and now, Louiſa

I wiſh I may be able to do juſtice to words, which did at once ſuch honour to her heart and underſtanding.

"I am much aſhamed," Colonel Malcolm, ſaid ſhe, "of the ſhallow artifice I had recourſe to this morning, to divert your obſervation from what muſt ſo obviouſly have attracted it. I am not accuſtomed to diſſemble my ſentiments; but my brother, whoſe kind heart ſometimes miſguides his judgment, forced me to endeavour, at that moment, to ward off an attack ſo diſtreſſing both to you and myſelf. The delicacy, with which you inſtantly concurred in my ſubterfuge, ſhews me that I have no miſconſtructions to apprehend from you; and I am now going to ſpeak with a frankneſs, which will, I truſt, entitle me both to your eſteem and confidence."—Here we were moſt provokingly interrupted by the return of her brother from the play, which he had grown tired of, and inſiſted upon Marlow's leaving with him, to come and make up a rubber for his ſiſter, knowing he could depend upon me for a fourth, he ſaid. This made it impoſſible for me to break away; but ſhe took an

opportunity to ſay, "let me ſee you in the morning." I went as early as I thought ſhe was likely to be dreſſed; and after breakfaſt her brother, having agreed to ride with Marlow, left us: upon which ſhe immediately reſumed the ſubject we had been interrupted in, and entreating that I would patiently hear all ſhe had to ſay, before I attempted any kind of anſwer, ſhe, as nearly as I can recollect, went on thus.—

"Of my brother's two letters to you I was perfectly ignorant, till long after your anſwer to the ſecond; when, upon my rejecting an offer of marriage, which my friends had deemed eligible, my brother, to convince me I had nothing to look forward to, ſhewed them to me. I hope you will not think me guilty of affectation when I ſay, that I would rather have laid down my life, than they ſhould have been written. However—the miſchief was done, and nothing remained, but to endeavour to get over the mortification, and feel all the gratitude due to the kind intentions, that had ſuggeſted my brother's miſtaken proceeding: ſtill I could not bring myſelf to think of the marriage propoſed in the *light that* was wiſhed; and at length I ob-

tained to be left at liberty upon the ſubject. My health has gradually continued to decline; and, in compliance with my brother's anxious wiſhes, I conſented to try the effects of change of air.

"George inſiſted upon taking charge of me himſelf, and propoſed Geneva as the immediate object, without acquainting me that *you* were here: and it was not till we reached Lyons, that he appriſed me of what I was going to encounter—for fear, he ſaid, that coming unawares upon me, it might put an end to me at once. I urged every argument I could think of, to convince him of the impropriety of the ſtep he was making me take, and the ſtrange appearance it would have in your eyes: but he has not been much accuſtomed to give way; nor does he quite enter into the delicacy and punctilios of our ſex. In the idea that he was forcing me to my good, he has been as peremptory and as headſtrong in his own opinion, as the moſt deſpotic parent. Here then I am come—and here, in defiance of every effort on my part, his firſt ſtep has been to ſummon you to us.

"But now, Colonel Malcolm, in conſequence of the frankneſs with which I have

entered upon this painful ſubject, I expect to be farther believed, when I give you my word of honour, that, ſo far from entering into my brother's views, were it even poſſible, which, from particular circumſtances, I know it is not, that this faded form ſhould work upon your compaſſion, and inſpire you with feelings, which my brighter days could not call forth, I ſhould be ſo far from thankfully accepting the bleſſing, which for many years I conſidered as alone worth living for, that no earthly power would now bring me to conſent, to giving you my hand; and that, not from any mean or little motive of mortified ſelf-love, or wounded pride, but becauſe I feel it is too late. I could only involve you in miſery, that would double mine, and give a ſting to death, which a long continuance of ſufferings has robbed it of, and taught me to look forward to as my friend."

Here Colonel Malcolm's voice faultered, and tears forced their way—which redoubled mine. After a ſhort pauſe he went on.

" She was ſtrongly affected—I kiſſed her hand; but could find no utterance.—She ſoon recovered, however, and reſuming the ſubject, in a tone of more compoſure ſaid,

"This explanation I owed to myſelf, after the ſtrange light in which I have been placed to you. What I have farther to ſay relates to yourſelf, Colonel Malcolm, for whoſe welfare and happineſs I may (after the declaration I have juſt made) avow myſelf tenderly ſolicitous. Mrs. Freeman yeſterday informed me, that it is believed in Geneva you are attached to a very young perſon, without any fortune; and that it is thought, if you obtain an appointment you have in view, ſhe would not be adverſe to marrying you. You will not, I truſt, ſuſpect me of jealouſy, when I ſay, that the idea of her youth alarms me for your future proſpects: yet, Mrs. Freeman tells me ſhe is a moſt amiable creature, with a ſolidity of mind and underſtanding greatly beyond her years. I would wiſh—do not deem me impertinently intruſive—I would wiſh to be acquainted with her, to be ſatisfied, that your proſpect is what my anxious affections would have ſtrove to have made it, had it been my happy lot. . . . ." Here ſhe ſeemed to check herſelf—and ſtopped.—Louiſa, your increaſed emotion ſhows me, that you can form a juſt conception of what paſſed in my ſoul during the whole of this extra-

ordinary diſcourſe, and you will not wiſh me to withhold the affectionate reverence, the warm gratitude, with which ſhe has filled my boſom.—You and ſhe ſtand alone among women!"

"Withhold it, Colonel Malcolm!—Good God!—ſhort indeed would you fall of the opinion I have formed of you, if you did not adore ſuch goodneſs.—Exalted woman! ſhe—ſhe alone could have made you happy!—What am I to her?—I cannot bear the thought of robbing her of you.—O, Colonel Malcolm!—do not, do not let me be the means of confirming her wretchedneſs!" My emotion increaſed almoſt to agony.

He ſeized upon both my hands, as I claſped them together, and kiſsed them with tranſport.

At that inſtant my mother opened the door—ſhe ſtarted back in aſtoniſhment—Malcolm was confounded—and I had not the power of utterance.

She ſeemed heſitating for a moment—but came forward.—"Is not Louiſa well? Colonel Malcolm," aſked ſhe drily.

"I have been telling her a tale, that has

worked, I fear, too ſtrongly upon her feelings," replied he, a little recovering himſelf.

"It is entitled to work upon my feelings, indeed," ſaid I, ſcarce able to articulate; "Tell it to my mother, Colonel Malcolm, and ſhe will join me in urging you, to turn all your thoughts to Lady Mary, who is alone worthy of you."

The Colonel looked amazed—I had wholly forgotten at that moment, that he was ignorant of the diſcloſure I had made to my mother. Lady Mary had taken poſſeſſion of all my faculties.

"And does Lady Riverſdale then know?" ſaid he.

"Yes, Colonel," interrupted my mother, "Louiſa is too little accuſtomed to diſſimulation, to be able to carry it on long: ſhe has not been a ſufficient time under your tuition, to perſiſt in deceiving her mother."

"Madam!" ſaid he, firing at this reproach.

I interrupted him, fearing the conſequences of his warmth. "Do not, Colonel, be ſurpriſed, that my mother ſhould feel hurt at the concealment we have been guilty of towards her.—I have not yet had it in my power to explain, that we only meant to

ſpare her anxiety for the preſent; but by no means to ſet aſide her authority, whenever an actual deciſion came to be called for: and I was led into the unavoidable neceſſity of making an earlier diſcovery to her by the effect, that the news of your intended marriage with Lady Mary had upon me, and the conviction, that it precluded all motives for concealment."

Softened by the idea, that love for him had betrayed us, and probably recollecting too, that it was of ſome moment not to irritate my mother, who certainly had reaſon to be diſpleaſed with him, he ſtruggled to check himſelf, and ſaid, "I hope I ſhall one day be able to make amends for any conduct your Ladyſhip may now think reprehenſible: and believe me, Madam, Louiſa's duty to you is one of her firſt charms in my eyes."

My mother, who was prepoſſeſſed with the notion of his engagement to Lady Mary, now ſoftened a little likewiſe, and gave him her hand in token of reconciliation, which he reſpectfully kiſſed.

I then requeſted him, to repeat to my mother the ſcene he had been relating to me,

adding, "I will go in the mean while, and endeavour to compoſe myſelf in ſome degree, that I may not be wholly unfitted for returning Lady Mary's viſit this afternoon." And I left them.

Company came in to dinner, before Colonel Malcolm went away.—I excuſed myſelf from going down.

This has taken me a long time writing, my Henry, and thrown me out of the regularity of my dates; but do not ſuppoſe, that I let *twenty-four hours paſs without committing ſomething to paper.*

Lady Mary received us in the moſt obliging manner. I approached her with awe and compunction. Mr. Melvile was again cold and formal, and ſeemed to watch every look of the Colonel's. I do not know, whether his ſiſter has imparted to him her determination, as my mother's unexpected entrance prevented Colonel Malcolm from concluding the account of what had paſſed.

Mrs. Freeman came in, and brought Lord Grantin with her. After making a ſlight bow to Lady Mary and Mr. Melvile, he walked ſtraight up to me, drew his chair

next me, and ſeemed not to perceive there was any body elſe in the room.

I ſaw Colonel Malcolm look uneaſy: I obſerved too, that Lady Mary's eye was almoſt conſtantly directed towards me, and once or twice I took an opportunity of riſing, and changing my ſeat; but he immediately followed me. His diſcourſe turned entirely upon the different merits of Millico, Marcheſe, Rubinelli, &c.; comparing my ſinging with ſome of the peculiar excellencies of each, and interlarding the whole with whatever Italian exclamations and expreſſions occurred to him.

I was much vexed at this perſecution; yet could not help occaſionally attending to him, muſic being an intereſting ſubject to me, and the only one he ſeems thoroughly to underſtand: and, never having heard any of the ſingers he mentioned, I certainly had ſome curioſity to be informed about them.

Mr. Melvile put his ſiſter in mind of calling for a card-table.

Mr. Melvile, though he has been many years out of his own country, has preſerved his Scotch dialect in all its primitive purity.

"Malcolm likes a rubber at whiſt," ſays he, "and they young folk are varry weel entertained wi their muſical converſation, ſae we need nae faſh aboot them."

Whether he meant this provokingly, or that it aroſe merely from ignorance of the world, I will not decide; but I am clearly of opinion, that an Eaſt Indian poliſh upon a Scotch ground does not produce a very happy effect; and yet I would wiſh to like him for his affection to his ſiſter.

She underſtood, that I often ſung without an inſtrument, and was in hopes, that our muſical diſſertation would have ended in a ſong, which ſhe thought a much better thing than the card-table.

Could I ſing any of the barcarolle's?* Lord Grantin aſked: no other Italian ſong was bearable without accompaniment.

Lady Mary ſaid, ſhe had been told, that I ſung Engliſh and Scotch ſongs.

"*Caſpetta! che cattivo guſto!*† could any body endure Engliſh muſic, that had ever heard any other? The Scotch, indeed, if

* The watermen's ſongs.

† The deuce! what a bad taſte!

it were not for the barbariſms of the language, might occaſionally have ſome little merit, as it had originated with an Italian."

Colonel Malcolm, who had thus far been completely ſilent, with a little daſh of ſullenneſs, now broke forth, with no very pleaſant aſpect, and ſaid, "Perhaps Lady Mary may be as well pleaſed, to have an opportunity of judging for herſelf, as to have the law laid down to her ſo peremptorily. As to me, I am no great critic in muſic; but I own, that a little ſenſe joined to it is not, in my opinion, any great drawback; though that is, perhaps, your Lordſhip's particular objection."

"No, faith! I have no objection to ſenſe at all, when it comes good-humouredly and apropos, like Miſs Riverſdale's," replied Lord Grantin; "But do you ſuppoſe, Sir, there is no ſenſe in Italian? Metaſtaſio, let me tell you"—

"For God's ſake," interupted the Colonel, "do not let us proceed to a diſſertation upon Italian literature, of which I underſtand as little as of their muſic: all I mean is this, that I have ſeen very few things

come out of Italy, that in any ſhape ſuited my taſte."

"*Capperi!* but that may be as much the fault of your taſte, though, as of the country, let me tell you, Colonel," replied Lord Grantin.

The Colonel ſeemed diſpoſed, to explain his meaning more at length; but Mrs. Freeman interrupted him, by calling upon me, to enable the company to give their votes upon the ſubject, by ſinging a ſong in each language. "A Scoth ſong, pray, Miſs Riverſdale," ſaid Lady Mary.

I ſaid, my only difficulty lay in the fear of ſinging Scotch before a Scotch-woman; as my having been out of England from ten years old gave me very little chance of ſinging either that or Engliſh, as it ought to be.

"*Per Bacco!*" exclaimed Lord Grantin, laughing, "that is the only chance of their being bearable at all."

Colonel Malcolm's diſpleaſure trembled upon his lips again: but Lady Mary ſaid with quickneſs, "I can take no excuſe, Miſs Riverſdale, you muſt indulge me with a Scotch ſong, and I will correct your pronunciation, if it ſhould be faulty."

I immediately ſung Lochaber, with which ſhe expreſſed herſelf pleaſed: ſhe afterwards named ſeveral others, which I was happy to be able to ſing, as it kept off the converſation. She corrected a word here and there, and wondered that I gave ſo little room for it, as I had never been in Scotland, nor much in the way of Scotch people. Her own pronunciation is prettier, than I could have conceived Scotch to be.

Lord Grantin ſaid, there was ſo much taſte and feeling in my manner, that he ſhould not have diſcovered it to have been Scotch, but for what paſſed before. Lady Mary, a little hurt for the credit of her country muſic, ſaid, "I cannot think Miſs Riverſdale has any reaſon to be flattered with the compliment; for, in my opinion, a very conſiderable charm in her ſinging is the diſtinct articulation of her words."

"Aye, troth, is it;" ſaid her brother, "and, excepting the Hindoſtanny muſic, I dinna ken ony to compare wi the Scots."

"The Hindoſtanny muſic!" cried Lord Grantin, "what d—d muſic is that? *che roba ſarà mai queſta, per l'amor di dio?*"*

* What ſtuff can that be, for the love of Heaven!

urning to me with a laugh, which ſeemed o nettle Mr. Melvile.

" Varry like, my lord," replied he, " ye nay never ha' heard o' ſic anne place: but, I an tell ye, ſomething mair is to be acqueered n't, than juſt fiddling and piping, and ſic ike."

" Yes, yes, faith," ſaid Lord Grantin, " the pagodas chink to very pretty tunes there, I am aware of that: I believe they would command attention even in Italy."

" Gen meſs wull permit me, I'll preſent ner wi a ſet o' Hendoſtawny airs, that uſed o be performed by my ain band at Bengal," ſaid Mr. Melvile, gravely addreſſing me.

Lord Grantin laughed.

I ſaid I ſhould be glad to look at them, provided he would undertake to teach me to pronounce the words; which he readily agreed to.

Lord Grantin ſaid, he could enter more readily into the motives of Mr. Melvile's partiality than Colonel Malcolm's.

Colonel Malcolm did not ſeem to think him worthy of any farther anſwer, and ſtood ſilent and indignant.

Lady Mary propoſed an airing to me for the next morning, which was yeſterday. She wiſhed to ſee me more intimately, ſhe told me.

Lord Grantin offered to attend us on horſeback; Lady Mary civilly declined it, which I rejoiced in moſt exceedingly.

My mother has told me, that ſhe was much affected by Colonel Malcolm's recital, and that ſhe thinks it incumbent upon me, to uſe any power I may have over him, to induce him to marry Lady Mary.

I perfectly agreed in the idea, that every feeling of honour and generoſity called upon me to do ſo; expreſſing a doubt, however, at the ſame time, that Lady Mary herſelf would now be brought, to deviate from her ſo firmly expreſſed reſolutions.

My mother ſaid I was young, and knew little of womankind: perhaps the very manner in which ſhe had ſpoken was an art to draw him in.

I looked at my mother with ſurpriſe: I never knew her ſuſpicious of duplicity before; and I rather imagined ſhe wiſhed to impreſs me with the idea, than that ſhe ſpoke her *real ſentiments*.

How is it that we do not hear from you, my Henry? Your opinion, upon much of what I have imparted, would be ſo very material.—Some fatality appears to hang over our correſpondence, when the communication ſeems ſo ſhort and ſo eaſy as between Paris and Geneva,—but I will not teaſe you with our diſtreſs at this irregularity, quite aſſured the fault is not in you.

Lady Mary and I have paſſed a very agreeable morning. She is an uncommonly ſenſible well-informed woman. We converſed upon a variety of topics: her aim ſeemed to be, to aſcertain my way of thinking. She ſeveral times mentioned Lord Grantin, whom I ſpoke of exactly as he ſtruck me. She did not name Colonel Malcolm, which I was thankful for.

She found herſelf rather unwell, juſt as we happened to be near old Simon's Cottage: I pointed it out to the ſervants to ſtop at, and aſk for a little water to mix her ether-drops in, which ſhe is always obliged to have with her, in caſe of any ſudden faintneſs.

She was ſtruck with the exceſſive neatneſs and romantic ſimplicity of the ſpot.—Poor Simon was in the utmoſt diſtreſs; he feared, he ſaid, that his eldeſt grandchild, little Javotte, had caught the ſmall-pox:—the ſickly mother, and the infant at her breaſt, had never had it. I apprehended their miſmanagement of the diſorder beſides, and ſaid, if they would truſt her to me, I would have her taken care of, and would ſend for her in the afternoon.

It occurred to me, that old Catherine might be depended upon for nurſing her, according to the directions my mother and I ſhould give; and that ſhe would there be at hand for me to ſee her daily.

Simon lamented your departure with ſuch truth and ſimplicity, as could not but affect me deeply. In the fulneſs of his gratitude, he enumerated various inſtances of your benevolence to him and his family; intermixed with an account of new diſtreſſes, which he ſaid never could have befallen him, but for the abſence of his only friend: for now the pigs had got into his potatoe ground, and his aſs had lamed itſelf.

Lady Mary, ſmiling at the nature of the

misfortunes you were to have guarded him againſt, inſiſted upon ſupplying your place as far as in her lay: and after furniſhing him with liberal means to replace the aſs, ſhould it continue diſabled, and new ſtock his garden, ſhe would take Javotte into the carriage at once, to ſave any danger that might ariſe from delay.

The poor people poured out thanks and bleſſings innumerable: at the ſame time a degree of diſtreſs betrayed itſelf through the mother's gratitude; ſhe ſaid, if it was only her own riſk, ſhe would encounter it rather than part from her child; but to be ſure, the poor baby at her breaſt—ſhe hugged it to her, and ſaid no more—her eyes filled.

I afterwards told Lady Mary their intereſting ſtory, which affected her; and ſhe ſaid, how much ſhe could have wiſhed to have been acquainted with ſuch a character, as ſhe had both heard and found your's to be.—Such benevolent kind-heartedneſs, joined to ſuch great and noble qualities, were not often met with. She had now led me into the ſubject I am apt to be diffuſe upon—my brother—the inexhauſtible ſource of my *pride, my knowledge*, and my happineſs.

She heard me with much apparent pleaſure, and ſaid, I was worthy of having ſuch a brother. How gratified I felt myſelf by the compliment!—Surely the praiſe of the good can never fail of its effect! and from her in particular it comes with a double claim upon my feelings.

She ſpoke highly of my mother, and obſerved, that her manners were uncommonly dignified, and her converſation and ſentiments, as far as ſhe had heard them, ſuch as might be expected from the mother of Henry and Louiſa: but there was a melancholy caſt of countenance in her, ſhe thought, which ſpoke having met with ſevere trials.

I ſaid, I knew little of the early part of my mother's life—that I had a very faint recollection of my father, who died in the Eaſt Indies; upon receiving the news of which, my mother had immediately left England, to enable her to educate me at a ſmaller expenſe, until my father's affairs ſhould be ſettled, and ſuch remittances made, as would admit of our returning to our native country; that the delays, which had taken place, had, at length, given her reaſon to fear there *might be* ſome diſhoneſty in the executors;

and, in ſhort, it had been deemed adviſeable, to make intereſt to obtain my brother the appointment, which he had been ſo fortunate as to ſucceed in getting, and which would ſerve the double purpoſe of affording him the means of ſettling Sir William's affairs, which had now been above ſeven years involved in intricacies, and, at the ſame time, improving his own fortune, which, at beſt, would, otherwiſe, be but confined.

Although I wiſhed to be as explicit and unreſerved, as Lady Mary's amiable frankneſs entitled her to expect me to be, I could not bear, my Henry, to throw a ſhade over the memory of my father, by acknowledging, what we ourſelves only know from conjecture, that he did not make his wife happy. The ſtrict ſilence my mother has ever obſerved upon that head is a tacit injunction upon her children, not to draw the veil from their father's faults.

I thought Lady Mary ſeemed fatigued when we parted; and greatly fear her ſituation is very deſperate. She promiſed to lie down for an hour or two, and ſaid, if ſhe found herſelf better in the evening, ſhe would

come to us; for ſhe wiſhed to ſpend as much of her time with us as poſſible, during her ſtay. She could not deſcribe, ſhe ſaid, the mixture of pleaſure and pain ſhe felt in my company; but it gave an intereſt to her latter hours, which ſhe had not ſuppoſed any thing on this ſide the grave could again have excited.

This was juſt as the carriage ſtopped at our door, ſo I could only throw my arms about her neck, and embrace her, which I did with much emotion—and we parted.

I immediately repaired to Catherine's with my little charge. She undertook every thing with the utmoſt zeal, and ſeemed quite delighted, to have the means of making herſelf uſeful to her "dear Ladyſhip" and her "ſweet Miſs."

Javotte had fallen aſleep with the motion of the coach, almoſt as ſoon as we had got her into it; and, as far as I can judge, the eruption ſeems to be coming out very favourably.

My Mother quite approved of what I had done, and we ſent in all the neceſſaries to Catherine's, who had inſtantly lighted an *immenſe* fire, and ſeemed much alarmed,

when I desired it might be put out, assuring me she would not make any extraordinary charge for it: I should have the wood at the price she had laid it in at, and her trouble for nothing.

It was with some difficulty I could convince her, that œconomy was not the motive, and with much more that she was brought to agree to the window being set open occasionally, to air the room. To be sure, she said, if her dear Ladyship and I ordered it, she was bound in duty to it; but then she hoped, that my Lady would screen her from the consequences, if the child died; for, to be sure, she should be brought to justice, or, at least, she should never expect to lie a night quiet in her bed afterwards; "for, if you'll believe me, Miss," said she, "the doctor wanted me to do the very self-same thing, when her dear Ladyship was so kind as to have my poor Tommy noculated along with Master Harry—but I thought, thinks I, it's all along of his wanting to save me a bushel of coals or so, which my Lady will never let me want; and so I never minded it a bit; but when he grew so bad with the fever, I

made him as good a fire as if he had been a Lord, and got ſome more blankets for his bed from a neighbour, and pinned his curtains as cloſe, ſo as not a breath of air could come at him; but it all wouldn't do—it was heaven's will to take poor Tommy from me; and all my comfort was, as I hadn't minded the doctor, and had nothing to lay at my own door."

There was no ſmiling at folly which had produced ſuch ſerious conſequences; and it would have been barbarous, to have opened poor Catherine's eyes to what ſhe had done: I therefore contented myſelf with ſaying, "but different caſes require different treatment, you know, and my mother will take it very ill of you, Catherine, if you don't do exactly what I require in regard to this."

She promiſed faithfully ſhe would. I ſaw Javotte put to bed, and truſt ſhe will do very well.

I found Colonel Malcolm had called during my abſence, and expreſſed particular anxiety to ſee me; ſaying he would be here in the evening.

Do not you wonder what is become of Madame D'Urtiſe all this time? you expected her again the next morning, I am

ſure, for this advice, which was ſo very neceſſary to her peace. I heard nothing of her that day, however:—and was informed the next, that (by way of giving me time to recover, no doubt, from the diſtreſs ſhe had occaſioned, and reflect more at leiſure upon the beſt methods for her to purſue) ſhe was ſetting out for Lauſanne, with a very lively party, who have no other object but curioſity and amuſement in view; and their return is quite uncertain. So much for Madame D'Urtiſe and her misfortunes.

15th. Lady Mary is very ill.—She did not come yeſterday evening: ſhe ſent for Colonel Malcolm from hence: ſhe particularly wiſhed to ſee him. He ſaid he would come directly back, and give us an account of her; but did not return.

The Dean deſired to ſpeak to my mother in her dreſſing room yeſterday evening; and they were together for a long time—ſhe ſeemed agitated and elated when ſhe returned—he was grave and abſent. Something of conſequence I am ſure: but neither of them ſaid a word to me; ſo I can form *no conjecture.*

I am exceedingly alarmed for Lady Mary:—we have ſent——.

My mother's entrance interrupted what I was going to ſay.

She ſat down and ſeemed conſidering how to begin.—"O, my dear mother," exclaimed I, "you have bad news to impart!—poor Lady Mary!"—and I ſtopped in terrour.

"No," ſhe ſaid, "ſhe had juſt ſent, but had received no anſwer."

"What then, my deareſt madam, is the matter?" taking her hand, "that you ſeem at a loſs to ſpeak to me."

"Did you take notice of my conference with the Dean laſt night, Louiſa?"

"Yes, indeed, I did; but hoped, from your appearance, he had not imparted any thing diſagreeable.—Is it any thing relative to Henry?"

"No, it relates to yourſelf."

"To me!"

"Yes; the Dean was commiſſioned by Lord Grantin, to make overtures of marriage."—

"Good Heavens! that coxcomb!"

"I ſhould not have expected ſuch petulance from you, Louiſa, in return for an

honour, which I fancy young women of higher rank and expectations, than you have any claim to, would be very glad to accept."

"I beg your pardon, Madam," confounded at the gravity of her reproof; "could I have ſuppoſed that he had found favour in your eyes, I ſhould have been more guarded."

"And why ſhould you not ſuppoſe him likely to find favour in my eyes? What could I hope for better in a ſon-in-law, than a young man of high rank, good fortune, and unexceptionable character?"

"I ſhould have made but a poor uſe of the pains you have ſo carefully beſtowed upon teaching me to form a juſt eſtimation of things, if I did not hold rank and fortune to be very ſecondary conſiderations in the acquiſition of happineſs. An unexceptionable character, I confeſs, is of very great importance; but ſenſe and mental acquirements appear to me to be indiſpenſable. And ſure I am, my dear mother will not deny, that a competency joined to theſe, and diveſted of a title, is more likely to enſure rational felicity, than the brilliant eſtabliſhment held out by Lord Grantin,

and ſupported only by ſkill in muſic and dreſs."

"And what title have you to expect perfection, Louiſa?"—

"None, madam—I do not expect it—I only wiſh to be allowed to determine what I can beſt diſpenſe with."

"The Dean ſays Lord Grantin is perfectly good-humoured, and left Eton with great credit."

"I fear then he muſt have loſt it ſince; for I appeal to yourſelf, whether any thing like reflection, obſervation, or knowledge, has fallen from his lips, ſince we have ſeen him."

"The Dean ſays," replied ſhe, waving my appeal, "that a ſenſible woman will make a very different being of him in a ſhort time; and that he has only a little faſhionable affectation belonging to his youth, and the company he has kept."

"O, my deareſt mother, do not allot me the arduous taſk of forming a huſband. I am too inexperienced myſelf, not to require a guide and friend, whom I could look up to upon all occaſions. I ſhould deſpiſe Lord Grantin for his inſignificance, and myſelf

r being biaſſed by ſuch paltry conſidera-
ons, as I could only marry him for."

" I ſee too clearly, Louiſa, what all this
iginates in—your romantic, viſionary pro-
ects in regard to Malcolm."

" Do not, I beg of you, be ſo unjuſt to
ıe principles you yourſelf have inſtilled
to my mind, as to ſuppoſe, that had Colo-
ıl Malcolm never exiſted, I could bear
ıe thought of being united for life to ſuch
companion as Lord Grantin. Do not let
our diſpleaſure fall upon the Colonel. I am
ove diſſembling—I candidly confeſs, that
ere he in circumſtances to come into im-
ıediate competition, I would prefer him,
ıough more than double my age, with a
are ſubſiſtence, to all that Lord Grantin can
ffer: but you know, that at this moment
ıe Colonel's ſituation is in all reſpects ſo
ncertain, that he may really be conſidered
s quite out of the queſtion. And why
ıould the Dean be ſo active in this?—How
s it conſiſtent with his friendſhip for the
Marquis of Egmore? Can he ſuppoſe he is
bliging him, by negotiating a marriage
ith a young woman of no fortune, no high
onnections? Too well do I know my deareſt

mother's feelings, to ſuppoſe ſhe could for an inſtant endure the thought of her daughter being brought unhandſomely into a family, and treated with unkindneſs as an intruder into it."

Here I at length touched upon the right ſtring.

"You do me but juſtice there," anſwered ſhe, "and it was the objection I inſtantly made to the Dean; who, ſo far from being active in the buſineſs, appears to me, on the contrary, rather cool in it, and as if he ſpoke merely in conſequence of being ſtrongly urged by Lord Grantin."

"Well then, what remains farther to be ſaid? That puts an end to it at once; does it not?"

"I can ſee no reaſon why it ſhould," replied ſhe, "becauſe the Marquis may be a kind of man, who conſiders his ſon's happineſs as the firſt object: and, without vanity, I believe, I may ſay, that, ſetting aſide the one objection of want of fortune, he may not eaſily meet with a woman ſo well calculated, to do credit to his ſon's judgment. The Dean told me, that Lord Grantin, no-

thing doubting in regard to my conſent and yours, had wanted him, without farther ceremony, to join in writing a letter to his father, aſſuring him of your extraordinary merits, in the idea, that an impartial teſtimony would be likely to carry conſiderable weight. He was willing to have his father's concurrence, if he could get it; but perfectly determined to proceed without it, if withheld; having a large independent eſtate left him by his uncle, which he came into poſſeſſion of laſt year, upon attaining the age of twenty-one: and the Dean had great difficulty in convincing him, that there was any neceſſity for making ſure of our ſentiments firſt. However, when he found he could not proceed without it, he had inſiſted upon his coming to me, and making the propoſal: for, hang him, he ſaid, if he could go ſinging, "Will you marry me, dear Ally Croaker?"

"Good heavens! my deareſt madam, and is it poſſible, that the paltry advantages, attending ſuch an union as this, can blind you to all the conceit and levity of this proceeding?"

"I have ever made it a rule, Louiſa, not

to ſee inſult where none is meant: and as to conceit, it is more the levity and folly of his age, than any determined high opinion of himſelf. You call the conſiderations paltry that actuate me, my child; but do you conſider what an object it muſt be to me, (and I ſhould have hoped) to yourſelf, that you ſhould have fixed in your native country, whither I look forward to the ſatisfaction of returning to end my days, and where your brother will alſo finally ſettle."

I was affected with the feeling with which ſhe uttered this, and could only anſwer, "O my dear, dear mother! do not ſuppoſe Lord Grantin offers the only means of ſecuring this happineſs to us;—but what have you ſaid to the Dean?"

"I told him I could ſay nothing, until I had ſpoken to you; that as I had made it my whole ſtudy in your education, to form your heart and mind upon ſuch principles, as could enable you to judge in all things for yourſelf, I had now laid it down as a rule, to attempt no farther influence over your conduct, than by my advice; which I ſhould always offer, in the firſt inſtance, to

he utmoſt of my abilities, and then leave you to your own determination: and this I mean moſt ſtrictly to adhere to."

I threw my arms about her neck, and melting into tears, exclaimed, "What can I ſay for ſo much goodneſs? it ſhall be my uniform ſtudy, not to diſcredit the pains you have beſtowed upon me: but do not—O do not, I entreat you, let the Dean bring the mortification upon me, of being rejected by a family, which no conſideration would tempt me to enter into, were they even to concur with Lord Grantin in his wiſhes."

My mother embraced me tenderly, but urged me to take a few days to conſider of it.

"Indeed that would not be uſing Lord Grantin well: it would have all the appearance of a deſire, to keep him dangling on, when I can have no doubts in my own mind."—

Here we were interrupted by Flora, who brought word Lady Mary Melvile was ſomewhat better, and Colonel Malcolm was below.

My mother went down; and I only remained to recover ſo far from my agitation, as that it might not attract the Colonel's obſervation.

When I entered the library, I found my mother in tears, and, fearful that I had misunderſtood Flora, I exclaimed, "Poor Lady Mary!"—

"She has had a quieter night than was expected," ſaid Colonel Malcolm, "and the phyſicians think better of her this morning; but wiſh her to remove hence, with all convenient ſpeed."

"What then is the matter?" aſked I.

"The Colonel was giving me an account of an affecting ſcene between himſelf and Lady Mary," ſaid my mother.

"May I not hear it?" inquired I, eagerly.

"Aſſuredly! who is half ſo much entitled? you ſhall, the inſtant I can recover myſelf ſufficiently to repeat it"—drying his eyes.

I ſat down in breathleſs expectation.

"When I was ſent for laſt night, I found Lady Mary in a ſtate of inſenſibility, and they thought her dying. The phyſician had not been immediately to be found, and was not come.

"Melvile was hanging over her, wringing his hands in the greateſt agony. The inſtant *he ſaw* me, he exclaimed, "Ah Malcolm!

ſee what you have done! by G— you are the death of her, as much as if you had ſhot a bullet through her head." The alarming ſight, joined to this intemperate attack, almoſt got the better of me: without ſtopping, however, to anſwer him, I went up to the couch, on which ſhe was lying; and, agitated by their terrours, I caught the infection, and believed I ſaw the hand of death upon her. The phyſician came, and deſiring us all to ſtand aſide, ſaid, for God's ſake give her air. —It's nothing but a ſwoon—and throwing up the windows, added, there is no immediate danger of death whatever. Upon his application of the proper remedies, ſhe ſoon gave ſigns of returning life, and in a few minutes was quite recovered. I was the firſt object that caught her eye, kneeling by the couch, and holding her hand in ſilent ſorrow.—"Kind-hearted Malcolm!" ſaid ſhe, obſerving my emotion, "I have only been brought hither to diſtreſs you—but I am better again—a little over fatigue of body and mind this morning, perhaps—Louiſa is an angel." "Do not, dear Lady Mary, talk juſt yet," ſaid I, wiſhing to keep her from the too trying ſubject. "You muſt

be quite quiet for a little while. Suffer me to return in an hour." "No," replied ſhe, "rather try to rid me of all the officious care that ſurrounds me; and do you ſtay—I have ſomething to ſay to you, which I ſhould feel uneaſy to delay." Melvile overheard her, and inſtantly hurrying them all out of the room, came and whiſpered me, for the love of God, to take compaſſion of his poor ſiſter! I was wounded to the ſoul both for her and myſelf, fearing ſhe ſhould overhear him: but ſhe was wrapped up in her own thoughts, and the inſtant he had ſhut the room door, ſhe ſaid, "Malcolm, I ſee that I have acquired a hold upon your friendſhip, and I truſt I have ſome upon your eſteem; and this idea ſmooths my way down the declivity, I am ſo rapidly deſcending. Theſe fainting fits are not, I believe, attended with immediate danger; but their increaſed frequency warns me, that the period is not far diſtant. I have now but one way left, to make amends for the trouble and pain I have given you; and that is by facilitating, as far as in my power lies, your union with Louiſa. Your appointment is uncertain, and, at beſt, may be diſtant. My brother, on his return from India, ſettled ten

thouſand pounds upon me, wholly at my own diſpoſal: by this paper they become Louiſa's, the inſtant that I am releaſed from my ſufferings.—She is, as far as I have been able to judge of her, every way deſerving of you; and it enlightens the gloom of my laſt moments, to reflect, that my death will accompliſh, what it has been denied me to devote my life to, *your happineſs.*"

"I had made ſeveral attempts to interrupt her; but ſhe laid her hand upon my mouth, and would be heard out. She ſeemed to have worked herſelf up beyond the reach of ſublunary feelings. Her eyes, before ſo languid, had acquired a brilliancy—a fluſh had overſpread her cheeks—ſhe was intereſtingly beautiful, beyond what I had ever beheld her—ſhe appeared more than human. I ſtammered out—"angelic diſintereſtedneſs! —overpowering generoſity!—long!—long may you yet enjoy!"—ſhe interrupted me. "Do not praiſe me above my deſerts, Malcolm; there is nothing for me to enjoy in life—death alone can ſecure *my* peace, and *your* happineſs." Her eyes, again, began to ſwim, and ſhe fell back—I called for help—another fainting fit took place. The

doctor was now peremptory—ſhe muſt be left and kept quiet, or he could not anſwer for the conſequences; upon which I immediately ſlipped away, unperceived by Melvile: but you will readily believe, Louiſa, I was not in a ſtate to come hither; and I delayed it till I had ſeen her this morning, that I might aſſure you from herſelf, and from my own obſervation, that ſhe was better."

Colonel Malcolm might have gone on for ever; I was in no ſituation to interrupt him. Such a variety of ſenſations had taken poſſeſſion of my breaſt during his recital, added to the little agitation I had been thrown into before, that I remained with my eyes fixed upon him, after he had done ſpeaking, almoſt in a ſtate of ſtupefaction, and wholly unable to ſhed a tear, or articulate a ſyllable.—

My mother, perceiving that I was choaking, flew to untie my collar, and looſen my corſet; and, applying ſome *eau de Cologne* to my noſe and temples, ſhe, at length, brought me to an hyſterical cry, which ended in my being obliged to go and lie down.

So weak—ſo fooliſh—ſo every way unlike the heroic Lady Mary, is your poor Louiſa.

16*th*.—Lady Mary mends. I wiſhed to have gone to her for an hour in the evening, but her phyſician would not allow it.

Colonel Malcolm ſaw her, and came hither afterwards. They hope to be able to remove her in two or three days.

Little Javotte goes on very well—Catherine is quite amazed ſhe is not yet dead, from the unaccountable ways we take with her.

My mother has, I believe, ſpoken to the Dean in the way I wiſhed—we have ſeen nothing of Lord Grantin theſe two days.

Colonel Malcolm looks grave—anxious—no wonder: his ſituation, between Lady Mary and me, is at this moment a very awkward one.

17*th*.—In conſequence of a meſſage received this morning, that Lady Mary Melvile would be glad to ſee me, if I was at leiſure, I went to her immediately, in an agitation which you will better conceive, than I can deſcribe.

She did not attempt to raiſe herſelf from the ſofa, when I entered, but held out her arms towards me, into which I threw myſelf, em-

bracing her with an emotion, which, I am ſure, ſpoke my feelings better, than any thing I could have ſaid.

"I am mending again, my ſweet Miſs Riverſdale, in ſpite of my prayers and wiſhes," ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe had a little recovered from the flurry, which my precipitation had, perhaps, occaſioned.

"O, my deareſt Madam! what words can I find, to do juſtice to the ſincerity, with which I pray, that I may never reap the benefit of your generous intentions towards me —long may you be preſerved!"

"Huſh! huſh!" interrupted ſhe, laying her hand upon my mouth, "this ſubject will not do for either of us. I am perfectly aware, that your ſentiments are every thing which they ought to be, or I could not have wiſhed to promote your union with Malcolm; therefore all that *your* heart can feel, *mine* thoroughly underſtands—and there let that reſt."—

"But there is ſomething," continued ſhe, "I would fain ſay before we part, which my concern for *your* happineſs prompts—and I am anxious that we may not be interrupted." —ſhe pauſed a moment. "The ſubject is particularly delicate for a rival to touch

upon," reſumed ſhe; "but I truſt you can have no doubt of my motives."

"Allow me, deareſt Madam, to interrupt you in my turn. Can it be poſſible, that any thing you may have to ſay to me ſhould require either preface or explanation? Are you not every way entitled, to ſpeak your opinion, and preſcribe what you pleaſe? You have done me the honour to think, that my heart was qualified to hold intercourſe with your's—do not ſo ſoon let me down from the height you have raiſed me to; but think aloud to me, without the ſmalleſt fear of miſconſtruction on my part—what is it, which, for my happineſs, you would wiſh corrected in me?"

"Corrected in you!—nothing, indeed, my love! you quite miſunderſtand me. It is a fault in Colonel Malcolm, which I could wiſh corrected; but as it is too late to expect that from him, I deem it incumbent upon me, in conſideration of the friendſhip I profeſs to have conceived for you, to point it out to your obſervation, and put you upon your guard againſt its conſequences."

I looked ſurpriſed; but did not ſpeak.

She went on—"Malcolm is naturally of

a very jealous diſpoſition; I ſaw ſtrong inſtances of it at the period of our firſt acquaintance, when he was attached to a woman, who had devoted herſelf to diſgrace for his ſake. It occaſioned many violent ſcenes at Nice, and much converſation and commiſeration for the poor woman. I was fully ſenſible of the height, to which he carried this fault; yet it would not guard my heart againſt the effect of his many virtues. But when I reflect upon the difference between your age and his, I cannot help fearing this may be a ſource of more diſquietude, than I can bear to think it likely there ſhould ſubſiſt between you. I have attended very particularly to you upon this head, and your very uncommon ſolidity and good ſenſe give me every reaſon to hope, you will conform to any ſacrifices his affection may exact; at the ſame time, I think, you ought to be aware of what you are going to encounter, and prepare yourſelf, by degrees, for the kind of ſecluſion, in which he will, perhaps, expect you to live. If you love Malcolm, as I have done, you will think little of what you may give up for his ſake; and certain I am, that whatever *you make up* your mind to, you will be ſteady

in: but as I ſee he is ſtill extremely guarded in not betraying any ſigns of this diſpoſition to you, I thought it material to the future happineſs of you both, that you ſhould be appriſed of it, before it is too late. And now ſay, whether this is not a very hazardous taſk for a rival to have undertaken?—and whether I could give you a ſtronger proof either of my confidence in your opinion of me, or my eſteem for you?"

"It is, indeed, a moſt flattering teſtimony of both, and I truſt I ſhall have opportunities of ſhowing, that they are not thrown away upon an ingrate. I certainly have had very little reaſon, thus far, to ſuſpect Colonel Malcolm of carrying this diſpoſition to any height; though I will not deny, that many little circumſtances, even at this moment, occur to me, which may be attributed to a degree of jealouſy. I am very ſure, however, that I have ſuch perfect eſteem and regard for Colonel Malcolm, and ſo ſtrong a ſenſe of my obligations to him, that I ſhall think nothing a ſacrifice, which I ſhall find conducive to his happineſs; and, as I ſhall never have any thing in my heart to conceal from

him, it cannot be very difficult, to let the openneſs of my conduct prove it."

"This is exactly what I expected from you," replied ſhe, "and you make me feel perfectly happy in what I have done."

The remainder of our converſation was full of the moſt confidential regard on both ſides, with the addition on mine of the warmeſt gratitude, and higheſt veneration.

She has been ſeverely pulled down by this laſt attack; but is, I think, recovering again faſt; and heaven is my witneſs, how ardently I wiſh for the preſervation of her valuable life.

This account of Malcolm's jealouſy would have alarmed me more, my dear brother, were it not for a reflection, that inſtantly ſuggeſted itſelf, but which I forebore to utter—what hold could the unfortunate woman, who had deviated from her principles, and ſacrificed her reputation to him, have upon his eſteem? *That* alone can ſecure againſt jealouſy. She had violated her duty for his ſake—what was to enſure him againſt a repetition of her infidelity, in caſe her affections again changed in favour of another? What reaſonable grounds of confidence had he to go

upon? This ſeems to me a very ſufficient excuſe for his jealous fears.

I could not, with any degree of delicacy, have pleaded this to Lady Mary, as it might have borne the appearance of accuſing her of an intention (the fartheſt from my thoughts) of wiſhing to make the worſt of him to me.

18*th*.—I repeated to my mother all that had paſſed in my viſit—ſhe heartily wiſhed and hoped Lady Mary might live—ſhe agreed perfectly in my reaſoning in regard to Malcolm's former jealouſy: but, independently of that, "it is not," ſhe ſays, "an eſtabliſhment ſhe can look forward to with ſatisfaction for me, on many accounts:" at the ſame time ſhe acknowledges, that, if Lady Mary ſhould die, the ſtep ſhe has taken binds me in honour to fulfil the purpoſe, for which ſhe intended it.

There ſeems to be a great ſhyneſs in Mr. Melvile to Colonel Malcolm, and to us all.—A warm-hearted, affectionate brother, he can neither forgive the authors of his ſiſter's ſufferings, nor enter into the motives of delicacy, upon which they act.

19*th*—I have juſt had a very extraordinary interview with Mr. Melvile.

My mother was gone out airing with Mrs. Freeman; he ſent in his name to me, and particularly requeſted the favour to ſee me.

I admitted him—he had brought me the Indian muſic he had talked of. I thanked him, and, ſeeing him rather at a loſs what to ſay, I congratulated him upon Lady Mary's amendment, and hoped, that the change of air might reſtore her to all our wiſhes.

"I ſhud nae think, Meſs, your wiſhes would be varry ſincere upon that head," replied he, rather bluntly.

"Indeed, ſir, you would do me the greateſt injuſtice, to doubt them."

"Varry like, Meſs, ye may be made o' other clay than maiſt folk, and I varily believe, in ſome reſpecks ye are; I ha' travelled and ſeen a gude deal; and by my troth I hanna found mony inſtances o' people's wiſhes and their intereſts being at variance—they mak muckle dinn wi' their deſeentereſtedneſs; but whan it comes to the proof, maiſt o' em gang the ſame gait."

"I will not ſuppoſe, Mr. Melvile, that you came hither with an attention to affront

me; and therefore I ſhall only ſay, that I muſt ſubmit to the mortification of your claſſing me with that world, you ſeem to have conceived ſo indifferent an opinion of, until opportunity is given me to ſhow, that I am not wholly actuated by intereſted motives."

And I felt myſelf look grave and hurt.

"Weel, Meſs, gin ye are nae, ye need nae wiſh a better opportunity nor the preſent, to prove it to convection."

"In what manner, ſir?"

"Juſt uſe yer poower over Colonel Malcolm to marry my ſiſter and ſave her life, i' the place o' keeping him to yerſel, and letting her dee, to leave ye her fortin, and ſecure ye a huſband."

"Good God!" exclaimed I, ſhock'd at this laſt inſinuation—but, certain that I had no means of making him ſenſible of its indelicacy, I contented myſelf with ſaying drily, "Had I the power of perſuaſion over Colonel Malcolm, which you, Sir, ſuppoſe, I ſhould not have awaited this admonition, to have urged him to renounce his unfortunate partiality for me, and devote his life to the endeavour of making Lady Mary amends for all, that ſhe has ſuffered for his ſake."

" Hoow's this, Meſs!—do ye caw it an *unfortunate* partiality? and ha' I been miſ-taken aw this while? and dinna ye loove Malcolm after aw?—troth! this gi's a varry different aſpeck to the buſs'neſs: but hoow am I to believe ye dinna loove Malcolm, whan I ken right weel, that ye ha refuſed a rich bonny young nobleman e'en noow for his ſake?"

Is it not wonderful, Henry, how inſtantly every thing is known here?

" I know no authority any one can have, Mr. Melvile, either to aſſert the circumſtance, or affix the motive."

" Nay, gin ye denie that circumſtance, Meſs, ye invalidate aw the reſt o' yer teſtimony: for his Lordſhip tellt it himſel to Mrs. Freeman.

I was vexed almoſt to tears. " Mr. Melvile, give me leave to ſay, I have not been much accuſtomed, to being talk'd to and doubted in this manner; nor do I feel quite obliged to bear with it. However, I am willing to keep in mind, that I am ſpeaking to Lady Mary Melvile's brother, and as ſuch I muſt alſo feel a wiſh to ſtand juſtified in your opinion. If Lord Grantin has himſelf choſen *to divulge*, what I ſhould have ſuppoſed his

vanity might have prompted him to wiſh to conceal, and what in common delicacy it certainly did not become me to authoriſe the report of, I have no more to ſay upon the ſubject but this, that, had Colonel Malcolm not exiſted, I ſhould have acted exactly by Lord Grantin as I have done. I value, I eſteem—I reſpect Colonel Malcolm—but I hope I have that in my heart, which will ever ſubdue all ſelfiſh conſiderations, a ſtrong predilection for what I judge to be right, and a conſcious pride in acting up to it."

I ſpoke, I believe, with vehemence and animation. He ſeemed overpowered and confounded.

" I beg ten thouſand pardons, Meſs, gin I ha' offended ye—'twas nae my intention; and gude troth I canna ſee ony occaſion for't. I juſt wanted to invaſtigate the circumſtance to the bottom; and I ſuppoſed ye acted exackly aws maiſt others wad ha' done, and did nae imagine that cud be ony great offence; but, by my faith, ye ſeem ſae ſuperior to the reſt o' yer ſex, ye ſeem ſae honeſt i 'yer profeſſions, and ſae free frae loove tull Malcolm, that a thought comes e'e'n noow into my heed, *whuch I* think wad yet bring aw things

right; and I canna reſiſt macking ye the propoſition."

I ſat in ſilent expectation, little imagining what was coming, but perfectly ſatisfied it ſtood but a ſmall chance of anſwering any purpoſe.

He heſitated—but at length, finding me continue ſilent, went on—" Sith ye are really ſincere in wuſhing my ſiſter's recovery, and ſith ye dinna loove Malcolm, and that ye alloow it is his expectation of marrying ye, that gars him refuſe marry her—what I hae to propoſe wad juſt be, for ye to marry yerſel, and ſae put a natural ſtop to the thing at aince."

" And do you really, my good ſir," ſmiling, " think, that, after what has paſſed between Lord Grantin and me, I could retract, and"——

" Lord Grantin!" interrupted he with ſurpriſe, " Hoot Meſs, I was nae thinking o' Lord Grantin; awa'! I juſt meent to mack ye an offer o' myſel."—

The ſurpriſe, as you may believe, was now on my ſide—I was confounded—" Yourſelf, ſir!" I re[illegible]eated.—

" Aye, Meſs, juſt myſel—I dinna marvel, *that ye ſhould* be ſurpriſed at my coming to

ſic a ſudden detarmination upo' ſae parilous a ſubjeck: but i' the firſt place, I wad nae heſitate at ony thing, that cud bring aboot my peur ſiſter's recovery; and in the naxt, it's nae ſae ſudden aws ye may ſuppoſe; for gin I had nae been deterr'd by the idea, that ye loov'd Malcolm, and were aw the cauſe o' my ſiſter's unhappineſs, I wad varry ſeun ha been tempted, to mack the offer ye ha drawn frae me e'en noow: for there's ſomething unka attraking aboot ye—and aws to money matters, ye need nae hae the ſmaweſt conſarn aboot them; for I ha' gotten plenty; and gin my ſiſter and Malcolm ſhud dee without bairns, her fortin muſt naturally revert to ſome o' our younger ains."——

"For heaven's ſake, Mr. Melvile!" interrupting him, and extremely provoked at the manner, in which he was running on, "I entreat you, give me leave to ſpeak my ſentiments in return for this very unexpected propoſal, which I certainly muſt thank you for, as you mean me an honour by it."

"Hoot awa, Meſs! hoot awa!" interrupted he eagerly, "it is ye wud be an honour to ony ſituation: for as to the objection of yer no being nobly born, I think naithing o't.

Ye come o' a varry gude gentleman's fam
and I have blud enugh for baith; and
my kinsfolk mack any deeficulty, my fil
will ſatisfee them o' the propriety o' the c
nection; and ye'll be varry weel recei
among em aw, tack ye my word for't."

"I beg leave to explain myſelf with
interruption, Mr. Melvile—this is rea
extremely diſtreſſing."

"What for ſhud it diſtreſs ye, my ſw
laſſie?" again interrupted he. "Gee
yer hand upon't aws a thing agreed, and
wunna put ye to the bluſh o' talling me c
thing mair at preſent: but juſt leave it
me, to tall my ſiſter and Lady Riverſdale
aboot it; and aws for Malcolm, we'll aw
our heeds together, and conſult hoow
break it tull him in the baſt manner."

"You perfectly miſunderſtand me, M
Melvile, and will not give me time"——

At this inſtant the door opened, and
came my mother, with Mrs. Freeman a
Colonel Malcolm; upon which Mr. Melv
ſnatching up his hat, whiſpered me as
ran paſt, "There's nae time like the preſe
I'll no loſe a moment, to inform my fi
o' the happy news."

"For heaven's ſake, Mr. Melvile, ſtop in inſtant," following him. But he was gone without hearing a word I ſaid: and a fine *imbroglio*, as Lord Grantin would ſay, will he make of it. Was ever any thing more provokingly diſtreſſing? And my mother too has kept Mrs. Freeman, and Colonel Malcolm for the day, ſo that I cannot get to ſpeak to her.

We are going to the play, however, after dinner, and that will keep off any farther difficulty, till I have an opportunity, at our return, of reporting this curious converſation to my mother, and requeſting her interference, to put an end to the matter at once.

20*th*.—Such a piece of buſineſs as this tormenting man has brought upon me!

Colonel Malcolm left us as we roſe from table, and ſaid he would join us at the play.

We were ſcarcely well ſeated there, when the box-door opened, and in came Mr. Melvile. He immediately took his ſeat next to me, and, with the utmoſt compoſure, began an enumeration and deſcription of all my future Scotch relations.

I was diſtant and embarraſſed, and made

two or three attempts to break into his diſcourſe by inquiries after Lady Mary.

"She had na been quite ſo well," he ſaid, "for upon communicating his determination, ſhe had juſt fallen intu aine o' her tantarums aboot delicacy and ſic like, which he could nae ſae weel underſtand, and ſo he could nae tell what to ſay tull 't; for the mair he tried to paicify her, the war ſhe was; but he had left Malcolm wi her noow, and he hoped that would recover her."

Judge, my dear brother, of what I had to expect from this concluſion; and it was impoſſible, to enter into any explanation there.—I ſat in the greateſt uneaſineſs.

At length the Colonel made his appearance, with looks far different, indeed, from any I had ſeen before. I offered him a place on the other ſide of me; but he kept in the back of the box, ſilent—ſullen—ſeeming neither to ſee, nor hear any thing, that was going forward; but his eyes immoveably fixt upon Mr. Melvile and me.

Colonel Malcolm's entrance, however, put a ſtop to Mr. Melvile's converſation: as he had not yet determined upon the proper *method* of breaking the affair to him, he was

not willing to alarm him; it was very evident Lady Mary had ſaved him the trouble.

Lord Grantin popped his head into the box—"Can you give me a place?"

"Yes," ſaid Mrs. Freeman.

And in he came, puſhing himſelf into the ſeat I had offered to Colonel Malcolm.

Then turning to me—"We need not *quarrel*, I ſuppoſe, *bella nemica mia* *, becauſe we could not agree?"

"By no means, my Lord."

"No reflection upon me, you know, Miſs Riverſdale, that you ſhould prefer fifty to twenty-three," whiſpering.

"None in the world, certainly"—ſcarce knowing what I ſaid.

"Deviliſh odd tho', by the by—is n't it?"

"Very."

"*Breve aſſai, in verità* †."

"I beg your Lordſhip's pardon; I was attending to the play."

This laſt unexpected addition to the company ſeemed to get the better of Colonel

* My fair enemy. † Very laconic, indeed.

Malcolm altogether—he ſtood up, and leaning forward, addreſſed himſelf to me with great formality—" Lady Mary Melvile has commiſſioned me, Miſs Riverſdale, to talk over a little matter of buſineſs with you, to which I am to carry her an anſwer: can I have the honour of a minute's audience after the play?"

Before I could utter the word " aſſuredly," my mother, turning quick round, interpoſed with, " Had not you better give us the pleaſure of your company to breakfaſt to-morrow morning, Colonel? We ſhall hope to prevail upon ſome of this company, not to let us return home alone after the play; and the morning is the beſt time, you know, for buſineſs: not that I mean to preclude your being of the party this evening, if you incline to do us that favour."

" I ſhould be extremely ſorry, Madam, to indulge my own inclinations ſo much at the expenſe of other people," looking at me, " as I feel I ſhould do in this caſe: I ſhall therefore beg leave to wiſh your Ladyſhip and Miſs Riverſdale a good night."

And, ſo ſaying, he left the box, without *giving* me time to put in a word: and in-

ed I was ſo confounded by the whole
ınſaction, that I ſhould have done little
od, by any thing that could have occurred
me to ſay.

My mother look'd at me in aſtoniſhment,
whiſpered her, "I could wiſh that nobody
ınt home with us—I have ſomething par-
ıular to ſay to you."

She nodded aſſent.

Lord Grantin again whiſpered me with an
r of triumph, "*ſarrebbe forſe geloſo? el poverino! lo compatiſco con tutto il ore**; but, upon my ſoul, if you are tempted give him cauſe, Miſs Riverſdale, I'll not ffer him to bully you out of your inclina-
ons, *e di quel ſpado il lampo*†,"—laying his nd upon his ſword, and looking fierce.

"For pity's ſake, my Lord! don't draw e eyes of the houſe into our box; I muſt ıtreat that our converſation may keep clear this ſubject, or I ſhall be under the ınful neceſſity of denying myſelf the honour acknowledging your Lordſhip's acquaint-ıce."

* Is he jealous, perchance? poor man! I pity him ıth all my heart.

† And the *glittering* of this ſword.—Quoted from *taſtaſio.*

ſall anſwer, I'll no ſuffer ony ain."—

" Mr. Melvile, pray, be compo interrupting him " there is not the neceſſity for any interference—I beg gentlemen, to ſuffer me to attend play."

" Gad! this is *con ſpirito**," ſai Grantin, laughing; " *per l'amor* Miſs Riverſdale, have you enliſted veterans of Geneva in your ſervice? hope they'll not deny me the happ hearing a ſong now and then; and, reſt, *mi fido ai numi*†."

No anſwer was made; and the pl after ending, my mother looked at her and ſaid, " It had laſted longer than

was to decline all thoughts of ſupper ;" and viſed Lady Riverſdale to go to bed as ſoon ſhe got home.

I, at length, got the ſo much wiſhed for ɔportunity of imparting to my mother the ɹexpected reſult of Mr. Melvile's morning ſit, and requeſted ſhe would undertake to ɹplain, and put anend to this diſagreeable ɥſineſs for me.

I thought ſhe ſeem'd doubtful for a mi-ute, whether the ſuperiority of Mr. Mel-le's fortune, joined to the chance of bring-g about Colonel Malcolm's marriage with ady Mary, might not entitle the affair to ther more conſideration, than I ſeem'd wil-ng to give it ; but upon my ſuggeſting what ıe ſullen behaviour of Colonel Malcolm emed to portend, and the very diſagreeable onſequences, that might be apprehended be-ween him and Mr. Melvile, if ſome decided ep were not immediately taken, ſhe agreed ɔ what I wiſhed.

21*ſt*.—Colonel Malcolm came this morn-ng—ſtiff, ſtately, cold.—He ſcarcely ſpoke luring breakfaſt.

My mother left us, to write her letter to Mr. Melvile.

"I am ſtill ſo petrified," began the Colonel, as ſhe went out of the room, "with the news I yeſterday heard, Miſs Riverſdale, that I ſcarce know how to ſpeak."

"I can be at no loſs for your meaning," interrupting him, "and am impatient to undeceive you. Mr. Melvile's own abſurdity has occaſioned the whole miſtake."

"Miſtake!—it is an extraordinary miſtake indeed! Melvile ſeemed to have very clearly ſtated your own words to his ſiſter.—He ſhould never have thought of propoſing himſelf, he told her, had you not begun by aſſuring him, that you wiſhed my marriage with her as much as he could do; and declared, that you eſteemed me, but had not a ſpark of love for me."

"Hold, Colonel Malcolm! I cannot let you go on—have the patience only to hear an accurate account of what paſſed, and you will be aware how ſlight a deviation from the expreſſion is ſufficient, to give a different turn to the ſenſe."

He gravely aſſented by his ſilence; but looked incredulous.

I fairly repeated to him every word—he oftened as I went on; but ſtill uneaſineſs urked in his mind. "And how long, Louiſa, will you let this miſtake ſubſiſt?"

"My mother is this very inſtant clearing t up; ſhe is writing an explanation to Mr. Melvile, at my deſire."

"O Louiſa, Louiſa! can you forgive me for having doubted you?" and he dropped upon his knee.

"I do forgive you from my heart, becauſe you have not yet known me long enough, to confide in my ſincerity, and that you tell me you have not always had reaſon to think favourably of my ſex; but I ſhall hope, to make a convert of you in time, and convince you, that there are women, who may be truſted; and in the mean while I ſhould think, that ſuch an example as Lady Mary's might induce you, a little to diſtruſt the experience you have had, and at leaſt lead you to doubt, whether you may not by chance have been thrown into the way of thoſe only, who were not exactly the models to form a wife or a daughter upon." I had attempted to raiſe him in ſaying this, but he would not riſe.

"No, Louiſa! let me remain in this humble poſture as an atonement for my offence, of which you do not yet know the whole extent; but I will now confeſs it all—this fribbling Lord alarms me—I am uninformed of what has paſſed in regard to him. It is clear he forms pretenſions—I had underſtood they were rejected; but I laſt night again obſerved an eaſy forward confidence in his manner to you, which greatly diſturbed me."

"Colonel Malcolm, you can never oblige me more, than by fairly telling me your cauſes for anxiety. I am perfectly certain I ſhall ever have it in my power, with the utmoſt ſincerity, to remove them; and when you have had a few more opportunities of diſcovering, how entirely incapable I am of deviating from rectitude, either in word or deed, I ſhall expect in return, to be treated with that confidence, which I feel myſelf entitled to, and that you will not let every idle appearance raiſe doubts and fears in your breaſt." Then inſiſting upon his riſing, I told him all that had paſſed in regard to Lord Grantin.

He kiſſed both my hands repeatedly,

with great emotion, I believe to conceal his conſciouſneſs of the injuſtice he had done me. "Louiſa! Louiſa! you ever riſe ſuperior to all doubt—I am aſhamed of myſelf; but love ſuch as mine cannot be diveſted of anxiety. Can I deceive myſelf in the inequality of our ages? can I be blind to the advantages of youth, rank, fortune, which ſome that now ſurround you, and many that may come, have over me? and muſt I not ever tremble at what may happen? My proſpects uncertain—Lady Riverſdale againſt me—my whole exiſtence wrapped up in you—oh! how can I hope to know a moment's peace?"

"I'll tell you how, *rely* upon me."

"Rely upon you, Louiſa! you are my ſole reliance for every earthly happineſs—but I have thus far only judged of your preference from your aſſenting ſmiles to my repeated proteſtations—by your kind looks—your flattering attentions. You have never yet deigned to utter your ſentiments, to tell me, that I am not indifferent to you. Might I but once be aſſured of my hold upon your affections, all doubts would be diſpelled for ever."

"Why then, Colonel Malcolm, I ſolemnly aſſure you, that you are the man I prefer to all others, and that I will be your's the inſtant you are in a ſituation to claim me; and it ſhall be the ſtudy of my life, to make you happy."

He caught me in his arms—"Angelic Louiſa! now—now indeed, all doubts are at an end, and I am the happieſt of men."

He made a thouſand proteſtations of the moſt implicit confidence: and I do flatter myſelf, my deareſt brother, that I have taken the only method of reſtoring peace to his mind, and guarding myſelf againſt all future ſuſpicions on his part; and this motive will, I truſt, acquit me of precipitation and imprudence, in thus entering into an engagement, unſanctioned by my mother, and which indeed I was, in a great meaſure, hurried into, by the agitation of the moment. From what ſhe ſaid in ſpeaking of Lord Grantin, I have the abſolute certainty, that ſhe will eaſily accede to what ſhe finds my happineſs built upon; and I think it is quite impoſſible, but that a fair, honeſt, open conduct muſt ſet jealouſy at defiance. I do *not* harbour the ſhadow of a doubt, that I

ſhall ever again ſuffer uneaſineſs upon that head.

I aſked him whether it could be, that Lady Mary had judged of me as he had done.

"No," colouring, "I muſt do her the juſtice to ſay, that ſhe ſeemed perfectly convinced her brother was in ſome error; but how it had come about, ſhe could not well unravel—ſhe was much agitated by what had paſſed between them upon the ſubject before I came, and had been exceſſively ſhocked at the indelicacy of his propoſal, and had been endeavouring to convince him, ſhe told me, of its extreme impropriety; particularly as bearing the appearance of her having, perhaps, concurred in offering ſuch an unaccountable alternative: but Melvile perſiſted ſo obſtinately in aſſerting your acceptance of him, and your gratitude for the honour he intended you, repeating, as he declared, your own words, that ſhe could no longer tell what to ſay to him; when my entrance put a period to the diſcuſſion. The inſtant he left us, ſhe imparted it to me, in the wiſh and expectation, that I could clear up the myſtery; and it was for the purpoſe of ob-

taining the ſolution from yourſelf, that I hurried after you to the play, where I found it ſo impoſſible, to obtain a word from you in any way."

I did not, my dear brother, allude to his own reſentful, diſtant manner, which had occaſioned the impoſſibility; becauſe I would not ſuffer myſelf, to utter any thing like a reproach, being perfectly ſatisfied, that I had at laſt taken the ſtep, which would enſure his peace, and that nothing of the kind could happen again.

I requeſted of him, to go immediately, and explain to Lady Mary the true ſtate of the caſe; as it was too delicate a ſubject for me to enter upon with her, on any account.

My mother returned with her letter for me to read; it was exactly what I wiſhed, and it is ſent.

Colonel Malcolm ſoon followed it; and the inſtant we were left, I informed my mother, without diſguiſe, of what had paſſed.

She lamented the engagement I had ſo precipitately made, and indeed ſeemed much hurt at it; agreeing, however, at the ſame time, that it was the moſt probable means *of baniſhing* all jealouſy and ſuſpicion from

Colonel Malcolm's breaſt: but ardently did ſhe wiſh, it could have been done at a leſs expenſe, than that of tying myſelf down to ſo objectionable a match.

I ſaid, as I had no doubts in my own mind, but felt perfectly clear, that I ſtood every way bound to Colonel Malcolm, I could ſee no room for heſitation in giving him the ſatisfaction of knowing it; particularly after what Lady Mary had told me; I muſt otherwiſe have been kept, as well as himſelf, in conſtant miſery by his fears and anxieties.

"In ſhort, there is no help for it now," concluded my mother, "and I will endeavour to think, that you have judged right; but I muſt regret your having bound yourſelf."

No letters yet, my deareſt brother! what may it mean?

22*d.*—I find Madame d'Urtiſe returned from Lauſanne yeſterday, but ſhe has not yet either come or ſent to me, ſo that I hope her diſtreſſes have ſubſided without my intervention.

Little Javotte has recovered ſo quickly, and ſo well, and had ſo ſlight an eruption, that

my mother thinks I may venture ro carry her home in two or three days, without any danger to the reſt of the family. Old Simon came ſeveral times at firſt to inquire after her, but has not been lately.

The following curious anſwer is juſt come from Mr. Melvile.

Geneva, 22d June.

" *Madam,*

" I acknowledge the favours of your " Ladyſhip's letter, but I cannot ſay it was " juſt what Miſs Riverſdale had given me " reaſon to expect; however, I have lived too " long in the world, to be much ſurpriſed " when ladies change their mind, or indeed " to expect conſiſtency from them; and had " it not been for the ſake of my poor ſiſter, " the idea of matrimony would never have " entered my head.

" I have the honour to be,

" your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient

" humble ſervant,

" GEORGE MELVILE."

" *The Lady Riverſdale.*"

An opportunity offers, to diſpatch this much too voluminous packet for the com-

mon poſt) I cloſe it at a moment's warning.

Ever your own LOUISA.

HENRY TO LOUISA.

London, June 178—.

Should my letter from Dover not have reached my Louiſa, which, from the uncertain hands I left it in, ſeems doubtful, you will be ſurpriſed at my date; and may have been kept in uneaſineſs, of which it would grieve my ſoul to have been the cauſe. The G——'s being unexpectedly ordered to ſail with the ſummer fleet, inſtead of awaiting that of the next ſeaſon, as he had hoped, made it neceſſary for me to leave Paris at a moment's warning, in caſe he ſhould have choſen to take me with him.—It ſuits him better, however, to leave me to follow by the autumn ſhips; as this will give me time to tranſact ſome buſineſs for him, which his hurried departure obliges him to leave unfiniſhed. My conſtant attendance upon him has obliged me, contrary to my wiſhes and feelings, to truſt to that haſty ſcrawl for explaining my ſilence to my beloved mother and ſiſter.

I am not yet indeed at perfect leiſure to write; but the receipt of your packet, from the 7th to the 18th of May, forwarded to me by Monſieur P—'s kind attention to my earneſt requeſt, with all the ſpeed the winds have admitted of, but yet *late*, I fear, for the purpoſe of my letter, inſtantly puts the pen into my hand, that I may ſtill prevent, if poſſible, my Louiſa's forming a connection, which, according to my perceptions, blaſts every proſpect of future happineſs.

The details you give me of Malcolm's attachment are perfectly characteriſtic on his part; and, indeed, tell me no more, than I immediately foreſaw—but you, my love, will be *entangled* in inextricable difficulties, from the very correctneſs of your judgment, and rectitude of your mind. No man is more deſerving of eſteem, as a friend, than Malcolm; but no man more decidedly to be ſhunned as a lover.—His connections, as my mother truly told you, have all been formed with women little calculated to give him an opinion of the ſex. Naturally imperious, violent, impracticable, and from experience rendered ſuſpicious—he muſt make a wife *miſerable*; and you can have no means of

inveſtigating this part of his character, till it will be too late, to ſave yourſelf from its unhappy effects.

He has taken the moſt effectual means, to make an impreſſion on your generous heart, by exciting your gratitude. He has raiſed your opinion of your own attractions too, which, imperceptibly to yourſelf, gives him a hold upon your affection; and he prejudices your underſtanding in his favour by appealing to it: for too well do I perceive, that you are inclined to think the attachment mutual between you and him; but, believe me, your inexperience deceives you, your heart is duped by your reaſon, and you miſtake the cold, compoſed ſentiments of gratitude, for the tender, refined, and glowing ſenſations of love. A day muſt come, that will convince you of the truth of this aſſertion; for, truſt me my ſiſter, you are not formed of ſuch flinty materials as thoſe, that can hold their even courſe through life, impenetrable to miſery, becauſe incapable of feeling—whoſe only ſenſe of pleaſure is mere abſence of pain. My Louiſa's gentle boſom, ſo alive to the touch of others' joy or woe, can never be *callous to its own*—a heart ſo formed for ten-

derneſs will meet with a congenial heart in ſome youthful ſympathiſing breaſt—for, without aiming to be dogmatical, I am tempted to maintain, that love can neither exiſt nor be excited, where there is ſuch a diſparity of years—when human life and manners are viewed through ſuch different mediums.—At Malcolm's age, independently of all peculiarity of temper and diſpoſition,

" No more opinion gilds with varying rays
" Thoſe painted clouds, which beautify our days."

The enchanting reciprocity of paſſion is indiſſolubly connected with the pleaſing ingenuouſneſs, the charming, unſuſpecting candour, the playful and delicate familiarity of youth. Even juvenile foibles ſweetly blend with the gay deluſions of fancy; and the poet and the philoſopher equally aſſociate youth with love. The auſtere qualities, that call up awe, reſpect, veneration, are of the repulſive kind, and muſt be baniſhed from the breaſt.—The ſolemn caw of the rook or raven may be liſtened to with gloomy attention in winter, from the venerable oak, or time-worn fir, but can bear no compariſon *with the* ſenſations called up by the ani-

mating notes of the thruſh, iſſuing from the ſcented hawthorn, in the bloom and youth of the year, every object around correſponding with Nature, when ſhe

" Wantons as in her prime, and plays at will
" Her virgin fancies."

I ſhall go mad, Louiſa, with the very thought of your being condemned to ſtagnate in apathy for the remainder of your days.—No! the exquiſite delights of ſympathiſing ſenſibility muſt be called forth by ſome diſtinguiſhed being, whoſe age and ſentiments will put him upon a level with you—whoſe elegance of perſon and manners, and refined underſtanding, would make him worthy of being entruſted with my ſweet ſiſter's happineſs: and ſhould ſuch a one appear after your dreary fate was irrevocably decided, think,—O think! what would become of you. Well do I know your principles would preſerve you from miſconduct—but what could ſave you from unhappineſs?—And a man of Malcolm's high notions of honour will be equally jealous of his wife's mind, as of her perſon. Were matrimony a bar againſt the attacks of gallantry, I might allow there

was little danger of your not being able to guard againſt yourſelf—but, of all ſituations, that of a blooming young woman married to a jealous old man holds out the greateſt temptation to artful ſeducers. Anticipate but ten years, and ſee Louiſa twenty-ſeven!—Malcolm verging upon threeſcore! recollect how we have laughed at poor old Lord L——hobbling about Madam de J——'s aſſembly room, leaning upon his handſome young wife—an emblem of the baneful ivy deſtroying the tender ſappling that ſupports it! She, attracting amorous glances from every quarter—he catching them, till the ſtimulus of jealouſy imparted a malignant brilliancy to his languid ſtreaming eyes, operating like a thief in a candle, which melts the wax and increaſes the blaze at the ſame time.

But I did not mean to run into this nonſenſe, my deareſt girl; I am ſeriouſly alarmed, and wiſh ſeriouſly to remonſtrate. For heaven's ſake do not proceed another ſtep without my mother's participation; you well know her ſeverity is momentary, but her ſenſe and her affection permanent.

I am obliged to conclude without touching *upon any* other parts of your journals. Lord

Grantin "*ne vaut pas l'honneur d'être nommé.**" He will not ſerve as a counterpoiſe to Malcolm certainly. He "has ſeen each court," &c.†

Adieu, my more than ſiſter—my beſt loved friend!——

LOUISA TO HENRY.

Geneva, 23d June, 178—.

Surpriſed indeed we were with your date, my deareſt friend—and wretched enough we have been in your ſilence; for, as you rightly conjectured, your letter from Dover has never come to hand, and the unrelenting winds have, for theſe three weeks, continued ſteady to the point moſt contrary to the relief of our anxiety. But it is not my diſpoſition, to anticipate misfortune, or to indulge fears; and I have, beſides, my mother's ex-

* Is not worthy the honour of being even mentioned.

† The verſes alluded to are Pope's:—

"He ſaw each court—heard every King declare
"His royal ſenſe of op'ras and the fair,
"All claſſic learning loſt on claſſic ground,
"And laſt turn'd air, the echo of a ſound,
"The coxcomb ſhines now perfectly well-bred,
"*With nothing* but a ſolo in his head."

ample, to enforce your precept on my mind; "That the denying ourſelves the expreſſion of apprehended evils frequently deadens the ſenſe of them." We have not therefore tormented each other with viſionary apprehenſions, and we have now the great ſatisfaction of being relieved from the anxiety, which wanted no aſſiſtance from imagination, to be ſtrongly felt.

But how, my dear brother, ſhall I be able, to remove the uneaſineſs, which I have called up in your heart? or indeed expreſs, as I feel it, the grief occaſioned by your diſapprobation of a connection, from which, you will ere this have learnt, it is no longer in my power to recede? Accuſtomed as I have ever been, to give your opinion the preference to my own, I feel a very new and uneaſy ſenſation, in having acted contrary to it. There was ſo much of pleaſantry in your former letter, that you muſt have perceived, by my anſwer, I did not take it in the ſtrong light of denouncing calamity from the event, as this does—and what is now left me, but to endeavour to diſpel the impending gloom, which my Henry's affectionate concern for

me ſeems to have ſpread over my future proſpects?

In the firſt place, you rather exaggerate the diſproportion of age—I cannot admit, that fifty-five is *verging upon three-ſcore*. In the next, I truſt Colonel Malcolm's heart is as differently formed from Lord L—'s, as mine is from his Lady's. You exert all your weapons of argument and ridicule againſt my poor friend, and who can handle either more dexterouſly than yourſelf? Yet I contend, they are not unanſwerable—deem me not preſumptuous in the attempt. You know, "the die is caſt;" and I wiſh, if poſſible, to ſatisfy you, that your fears for the conſequences are groundleſs.

The alluring colours, in which you paint juvenile paſſion, would beautifully ornament the page of a novel; but I cannot think them adapted to the ſober tenor of rational life. I have ever underſtood, that real and laſting happineſs can only take place as the paſſions ſubſide: then why call them forth at all?

'My ideas of love have originated more with the poets than the noveliſts; and every where do I find it deſcribed as a turbulent, alarming paſſion. I think, Henry, I

would not be what they call *in love*—no, not for any bribe this world could offer me. What could make amends for the ſleepleſs nights, the anxious days, the ſighs, the tears, and all the long train of ſoul-rending diſtreſſes, that attend upon the *gentle* paſſion; as they are pleaſed to term it, when they have deſcribed every *ungentle* ſenſation, that can rack the boſom?

To go no farther than yourſelf, my beſt friend, what have I not ſeen you ſuffer from the bare apprehenſion, that you were *going* to be in love? for you know, that you never would confeſs, that you actually *were* ſo, with Madame de Sainval—no—you were heroic and fled.—But ſtill, Henry, your deep fetched ſighs—your dejected looks—your painful efforts, to take yourſelf away to viſit the lake of *Lucern*, and the little enjoyment you found in its beauties, which would otherwiſe ſo much have delighted you—the melancholy ſtrain of your letters, your pallid countenance at your *return*, all evinced the ſtruggles of your mind; and to this moment do you not ſhrink from whatever can recal your ſufferings?

You have frequently taxed me with being

an unfair reaſoner, becauſe I always ended by making my arguments perſonal; and you will recur to the ſame plea, I imagine, now. But how can I help myſelf? What better grounds have I to go upon, than comparing what I read, with what I ſee? and in ſome inſtances, though not, thanks to my ſtars, in this, with what I feel?

I have ſomewhere read, "That the experience of *others* is a mirror, which only *reflects* objects; but *our own* realiſes them." Now, heaven forbid, that I ſhould ever realiſe the miſchiefs of love by my own experience—therefore I muſt draw my concluſions from *you*, and ſome others, againſt yourſelf, and boldly aſſert, that ſettled and ſolid happineſs ſhould not be built upon ſuch an unſtable foundation.

But *eſteem* ariſing from a thorough inveſtigation of a man's heart and character—a high opinion of his underſtanding, joined to a grateful affectionate ſenſe of obligation for being made the choice of his mind, and not of his eye—together with a competent preference of his perſon and manners—theſe are the grounds of the ſort of attachment, that offers the faireſt proſpect of

tional enjoyment; and which can alone ſecure ſolid, laſting happineſs.

And this is exactly what I feel for Malcolm —I will not ſay, that to have ten or a dozen years ſtruck off his age might not be deſirable, becauſe that would afford us a better chance of going through life together; the improbability of which is the only painful reflection, that ever ariſes in my mind, from the diſparity of our years: but ſomething to except againſt, you know, there muſt be in every proſpect.

The deſcription you give of the man, you could wiſh me to fix upon, is perfectly unexceptionable; but where is he? If you are right in aſſerting, that my heart is deſtined to be differently affected from what it now is, are you ſure, that, formed of ſuch combuſtible materials as you chooſe to preſuppoſe it, it would be likely to ſtay for the very man you have ſketched out? Does the ſort of love you deſcribe generally originate in reaſon? I ſhould think *not;* but rather apprehend it to be of that ungovernable, headlong nature, which ſurrenders the heart, before the judgment is even appriſed of its danger; and therefore, if my mind were ſo alarmingly ſuſceptible

of the *tender* paſſion, I ſhould be in greater hazard of my heart's duping my reaſon at ſome future period, than of my reaſon's now duping my heart, as you apprehend; and I think, that would be the worſt ſcrape of the two.

I am now reaſoning upon your own *premiſes*, my dear brother, to which I, however, by no means ſubſcribe; and, with your leave, I will here ſtate my opinion of myſelf, in contradiſtinction to yours of me.

I acknowledge, (and I ſhould think the worſe of myſelf if I had it not to ſay) that I do feel deeply and acutely upon many occaſions—no one, perhaps, can carry the ſentiments and feelings of friendſhip to a greater height, than I do: but of love at *firſt ſight* I have no opinion at all, and I am even tempted, to deny its exiſtence in real life. Now if you will agree with me ſo far, I will go on to ſay, that, if there is no danger of it at firſt ſight, there can be little fear of it at all, in a well regulated female mind; becauſe the inſtant a woman becomes aware of its approaches, what can be ſo eaſy, as to call in the aſſiſtance of reaſon, honour, principle?—

and if all theſe cannot defend the heart againſt the undeſirable intruder, they are given us to a poor purpoſe indeed!

Recollect what your favourite Montaigne, whom you uſed to take ſo much delight in reading to me, ſays upon the ſubject of love and friendſhip: "*Ces deux ſentimens ſont bien entrés chez moi en connoiſſance l'un de l'autre; mais en comparaiſon jamais**," and very cavalierly he treats your boaſted love. Now, whether I have formed my opinion upon his, or on whoſever opinion I may have formed it, I certainly do feel, that you may make yourſelf perfectly eaſy, my dear brother, as to any influence that tremendous paſſion will have over my future fate; for be aſſured, that my regard for Colonel Malcolm is ſuch, as will enſure me from all danger of a more unquiet intruder: and from the moment that I ſhall have ſatisfied him, that all my thoughts and wiſhes are bound up in his eaſe and comfort, and that, as they are my firſt objects, no ſacrifice will appear to me a

* My mind has admitted theſe two ſentiments at the ſame moment, but never conſidered them as entering into competition with each other.

hardſhip, that can ſecure them, I ſhall be certain, that jealouſy on his part will never again, for a moment, obtrude itſelf upon my peace: perfect eſteem and confidence muſt of neceſſity deſtroy the very poſſibility of its exiſtence, and my felicity will be permanent.

You are already aware, that, before your kind admonition reached me, I had taken the beſt opportunity I could find of imparting to my mother, what I had ſuffered ſo much uneaſineſs in witholding from her; and the details that go with this will alſo ſhow you, how events precluded the effects of her interference.

O that I were as ſure of every good I wiſh my beloved brother, as that his forebodings are unfounded in regard to me!—and I ſhould be happy enough.

THE JOURNAL CONTINUED.

24th June.—I am extremely pleaſed with a new acquaintance we have juſt made, my dear brother. It is Lady Belfont.—She has brought my mother a letter from the Dowager Counteſs of Darly, who calls her her adopted

daughter, and recommends her to Lady Riverſdale's friendly attentions in the warmeſt and ſtrongeſt terms.

I hardly recollect having been ſo much ſtruck with the firſt appearance of any one, except the Marchioneſs de Sainval, whom you too well remember, Henry.

Lady Belfont, however, is neither ſo young, nor quite ſo ſprightly—but I perceive, that I am beginning the deſcription of her by what ſhe is *not*; and ſhe really is entitled to ſomething more than negative commendation.—

Lady Belfont, then, though paſt the prime of her beauty, is ſtill extremely handſome, with a dignified ſweetneſs of countenance and addreſs, that gives me the idea of what a ſovereign princeſs ſhould be. She has been much abroad, and has acquired that eaſe and frankneſs of manners, which relieve one from all the embarraſſment of new acquaintance; at the ſame time that it is perfectly free from the boiſterous forwardneſs of her companion, Lady Barbara Brackley, niece to Lord Belfont; who, with as much beauty as Lady Belfont, and perhaps more brilliant parts, is a caricature of foreign manners. I *felt* as much afraid of her, as charmed with

ier aunt, whoſe every word evinced ſenſe ınd judgment, ſoftened by mildneſs and ;ood-humour.

I was flattered in the higheſt degree by the rery diſtinguiſhed notice Lady Belfont took of me.—She ſaid things ſo greatly above my leſerts, that I know not how to repeat them even to you: nor indeed ſhould I have known how to bear them at the moment, but they ſo evidently ſeemed to flow from her kind heart, and to reſult from an inſtantaneouſly conceived partiality in my favour, that they precluded the humiliating ſenſation, which very civil things ſaid to my face have ever called up in me. It is the only inſtance I can recollect of my not conſidering them as an impeachment upon my underſtanding.—

I ſee you ſmile here, Henry, and exclaim, "*ah! vous m'en direz tant**!" I perfectly

* The Duc de la Rochefoucault aſſerted, that female virtue, like men's honeſty, always had its price, if one could but diſcover it. The queen attacked him upon this opinion, and denied the poſition, affirming, that no bribe could be named, that would induce her to part with her's. He went on accumulating all poſſible offers, till ſhe, at length, exclaimed, *ah! vous m'en direz tant!*

take your arch inſinuation, but I deny the application, in this inſtance at leaſt, and contend, that ſuch a bribe *ought* not to be reſiſted; for, however the mind may be ſteeled againſt flattery in general, it would be abſolute want of feeling, to be inſenſible to the praiſes of the praiſe-worthy; and in truth, though gratified in the extreme, I do not feel vain of her ſo warmly expreſſed praiſes, which, however, more than once called up my bluſhes.

Lady Barbara challenged them with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance, and an indelicacy, which ſeems to be peculiarly her own. "Lord! how Miſs Riverſdale hangs out her Engliſh colours ſtill!" cried ſhe; "one would have thought a ſeven years reſidence at Geneva might have worn off a little of that *mauvaiſe honte* we are ſo juſtly accuſed of: I ſhould be ſhocked to death, to have ſo much of the *goût du terroir** hanging about me."

Lady Belfont, ſeeing me bluſh ſtill deeper at this unexpected aſſault, kindly took my hand, ſaying, "you need not ſhrink from

* Taſte of the ſoil; an expreſſion uſed in ſpeaking *of wines.*

Lady Barbara's attacks, Miſs Riverſdale, while they turn ſo much to your advantage: they equally improve your beauty, and evince your forbearance. It is eaſy to judge, that you could be at no loſs for a reply, if you were as ready to give way to the firſt thing that occurs as ſhe is."

"Well, but if the firſt thing that occurs is good," replied ſhe, "why ſhould it be kept in, pray?"

"Only ſo long, perhaps," ſaid my mother, "as juſt to turn in one's mind how far it may be proper to utter it, or no."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Lady Barbara, "an inſtant's heſitation would deſtroy all the merit of the thought.—It is the *improviſo* of converſation, that conſtitutes all its brilliancy. If I were to begin conſidering over the propriety of what I had to ſay, fifty to one whether ever I ſhould utter it at all."

Lady Belfont interrupted her, laughing, "That's an acknowledgement I believe you did not quite intend to make, Barbara! but I ſhould give you more credit for one ſuch inſtance of diſcretion than for half a ſcore witticiſms."

"Pſhah! hang diſcretion.—I certainly

did not intend to put in any claim to it: what I meant was, that the opportunity of utterance would be loſt, and the credit of my wit along with it."

"Some writers," replied my mother, "have contended, that wit was too dangerous a weapon for female hands in general."

Lady Barbara interrupted her,—"I know what your Ladyſhip alludes to;

'For wit like wine intoxicates the brain,
'Too ſtrong for feeble woman to ſuſtain.'

"Lady Belfont has worn that quotation thread-bare in honour of me, *à pure perte*; however, I muſt acknowledge thus far, the poet only proves to me, that, like all the reſt of his ſex who form pretenſions to learning or parts, he is jealous of female competition: had he carried his obſervation to wit in general, I might have been more inclined to give him credit for it, and ſee the conſequence of reflection.—Here's Miſs Riverſdale's wit ſmothered in the birth—now, if ſhe would have blurted out whatever came uppermoſt, like me, and met me fairly in the field, we ſhould have ſhown you ſome rare ſport.

"But, with ſuch a certainty of being foiled, my vanity may perhaps have as much ſhare as reflection in keeping me ſilent," ſaid I.

She went to the harpſichord.—"Is this a Kirkman, or a Stodhart?" and, without waiting for an anſwer, ſat down and played a leſſon with great brilliancy of execution.

Lady Belfont deſired her to ſing, which ſhe did in a very great ſtyle; ſhe ſeems to be a perfect miſtreſs of muſic, with a very powerful voice, but neither ſweetneſs nor expreſſion. "I hate thoſe grand pianofortes," ſaid ſhe, when ſhe had done; "they have no brilliancy at all: a harpſichord ſets off both the finger and voice to much greater advantage."

"They are more favourable to execution; and, perhaps, the ſweet tone of the pianoforte comes too near the voice, to give it any effect from contraſt," I replied; "but ſurely the ſuperior expreſſion gives it an undeniable preference."

"Expreſſion!" repeated ſhe, with a ſneer, "ah, Lord! true! I could have ſworn from thoſe pretty bluſhes, that expreſſion was your *fort* in muſic. I imagine, Miſs Riverſdale, you ſing nothing but *cantabiles*, and *andante ſoſtenutos*.*

* Muſical expreſſions for ſlow pathetic movements.

I acknowledged, that I preferred pathetic muſic in general; but her ladyſhip was very well qualified to make converts upon that head, for I had never heard *bravura* ſung in ſuch perfection.

Lady Belfont requeſted, that I would give the company an opportunity of judging between us. I inſtantly ſat down; and, though a good deal abaſhed at the notion of the competition, ſung better than fear uſually lets me do, when I ſing before ſtrangers for the firſt time. Encouraged by the encomiums Lady Belfont beſtowed upon me, I turned to my favourite, *Dove ſei amato bene?* which ſhe had not heard ſince ſhe left England, ſhe ſaid; and it drew tears from her, to the great entertainment of Lady Barbara, who could not conceive, how I could throw away my charming voice upon old fuſty Handel: any kind of church muſic was more bearable than that. She had heard *motets*, at the *Concert Spirituel* at Paris, that were a thouſand times preferable; could I ſing any of them? or rather, had I not ſome Engliſh hymns? ſhe thought thoſe would ſuit her aunt's taſte to perfection.

Lady Belfont, turning to me with a ſmile,

ſaid, "Don't take Lady Barbara upon her own teſtimony, Miſs Riverſdale.—She has a particular fancy for making the worſt of herſelf; but ſhe will atone for her ſaucineſs by ſome good qualities, when you come to know more of her: ſhe is a great deal better than ſhe chooſes to appear."

"Yes, that's the difference between Lady Belfont and me, Miſs Riverſdale," retorted Lady Barbara playfully: "but I proteſt," continued ſhe, "I am ſo little accuſtomed to commendation, that, with however ſparing a hand her Ladyſhip has dealt it out to me, I felt in danger of that ſuffuſion, which I am ſo much upon my guard, in general, againſt giving way to, ſince my favourite author has ſo juſtly ſtigmatiſed it as a 'ſpurious virtue *.'

"Take care, Barbara!" replied Lady Belfont, "that your favourite, as you are pleaſed to call him, did not mean merely to laſh the artificial modeſty of a maid of *ton*, in that

* That ſpurious virtue in a maid;
A virtue but at ſecond hand,
They bluſh becauſe they underſtand. SWIFT.

ſtroke. He who, but a line or two before, commends

——— 'The decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind,'

could hardly intend to ſatirize that artleſs bluſh, which muſt ever betray the alarm of an innocent mind at any idea inconſiſtent with its own purity."

"Nay, if you invalidate the poet's authority, I'll refer you to the philoſopher, and call to your ladyſhip's recollection, how ſatisfactorily Doctor Hawkeſworth proves female modeſty to be a factitious, not a natural virtue. I'll lay my life Miſs Riverſdale has never read that; but I'll ſend you the book to-morrow morning with the leaf doubled down."

Lady Belfont interrupted my reply by ſaying, "Upon my word, Barbara, if you go on at this rate, you will defeat all my hopes of being indulged in cultivating the intimacy in this houſe, which I had flattered myſelf Lady Darly's introduction would have given me a claim to. Lady Riverſdale will fear to let her daughter aſſociate with you."

"Excuſe me," replied my mother, "I have no fears for Louiſa: I have endeavoured *to ſteel* her mind againſt the dangers of ex-

ample, and impreſs it with ſuch a thorough knowledge of herſelf, as will make her perfectly aware, how little what may command admiration in Lady Barbara, would be tolerated in her."

"I ſhall truſt to Miſs Riverſdale's ſweetneſs, then, for ſoftening the aſperities of Lady Barbara's wit," ſaid Lady Belfont.

"I humbly thank your Ladyſhip," returned ſhe; "but I would not be mild, and ſentimental, and ſoft, for the univerſe; I ſhould loſe all my empire over the men immediately.—No, no;

'From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere:'—

That's your only plan. You'll never do any thing in the world with them, child," turning to me, "if you do not keep them in awe: and actually the chief thing, that you appear to me to want, is a little of that animation and vivacity, which they always bow to, however they may affect to reprobate it. Take my word for't, Miſs Riverſdale, it will always anſwer, 'to ſpread the law of love by fear.' Lord! I feel myſelf born to command 'ten thouſand ſlaves."

"But if ever your ladyſhip ſhould be reduced to the mortifying neceſſity of making one of theſe ſlaves your maſter!—how then?"

"My maſter! ah, gad, what an idea! I declare, my dear, one would think you were but juſt fledged, and had only tried your wings out of your nurſery window, directing your flight by the rules of your Bible and Common Prayer-book. Heavens! could it ever come into my head, to take a huſband by way of giving him authority over me? No, no! whenever I ſelect that happy mortal from among his fellow ſufferers, he will be raiſed to the honour of becoming my firſt ſlave; that's all."

Lady Belfont looked vexed at her levity, and broke up the converſation by riſing to go.

Grievous! is it not, Henry, that this charming woman ſhould be encumbered with ſuch a compound of levity and affectation, as Lady Barbara appeared to be? For, as to the merit Lady Belfont was willing to aſcribe to her, it is well for herſelf if ſhe has it: but, as the world in general can only judge from appearance, I ſhould imagine ſhe would not readily find indulgence for her impertinence, *in conſideration* of the qualities ſhe may be

poſſeſſed of: at leaſt, judging for myſelf, I feel little inclination to contract an intimacy with her, and look upon her quite in the light of a drawback upon the pleaſure I expect in cultivating Lady Belfont's acquaintance.

Colonel Malcolm is perfectly outrageous at her. The Dean ſees no harm in her at all. —"A good deal of lively, ſprightly wit, I think, and vaſtly handſome—a thouſand times better than Madame Thingumby," he obſerved, "who is all rattle and flaſh, and nothing in her."

"There may be too much in Lady Barbara," replied the Colonel.

He and the Dean were playing at ombre with Madame de S—— during the whole of this viſit. Every one agreed in admiration of Lady Belfont.

Lord Belfont is to meet them here. He has been ſometime envoy at the court of Turin, and is now gone upon a ſecret miſſion.

25*th*.—This morning I was rather later in riſing than uſual, from finding myſelf ſlightly

indiſpoſed, when who ſhould appear at my bedſide, before I was up, but Lady Barbara?

"They had a mind to have refuſed me admittance, becauſe you were not up," cried ſhe, "for I believe all your ſervants have got their Engliſh ruſt upon them as well as yourſelf, my dear; but I thought myſelf ſure you had too much ſenſe, to carry your prudery ſo far as not to admit viſitors to your bedſide, and ſo I was determined I would come in, and ſee whether you were at home or no: and if I had not found you, I ſhould have left a note; for I am very impatient to improve our acquaintance, and want to be informed of a thouſand particulars about all the people, that are here at Geneva."—

"It is probably to this thirſt for knowledge, then, that I am indebted for the honour of this early viſit," ſmiling; "I ſhould not otherwiſe ſuſpect your Ladyſhip of being ſuch an early riſer."

"Why, you are not far out in that half-ſneer of yours, which by the way becomes you a thouſand times better than that pretty little demure look, with which you won Lady Belfont's heart laſt night: for the truth is, that I have a moſt laudable ſhare of curio-

ſity, joined to a *quantum ſufficit* of indolence, which I look upon to be the happieſt ingredients, that a female compoſition can be made up of: for you ſee my curioſity gives activity to my mind, and my indolence prevents me from making an improper uſe of the information I obtain."

"I agree with your Ladyſhip, that it is extremely neceſſary there ſhould be a counteracting power, to avert the miſchief that curioſity may do: but, if it were confined to the acquiſition of *uſeful knowledge*, I ſhould think it might diſpenſe with indolence for its attendant."

"Lord, how moral and inſtructive! but you forget we are by ourſelves, my dear, and that I intend we ſhould be very intimate—ſo you may as well reſerve all theſe ſentimentals for my aunt and your mother, and let us talk open-heartedly, as if we were old friends."

"And do you really ſuppoſe, Lady Barbara, that I affect theſe ſentimentals, as you call them?"

"Moſt aſſuredly I do. Will you pretend to deny, that you adjuſt your ſentiments to

the ſetting off of your mind, with the ſame care that you adjuſt your cap to your face?"

"I certainly do deny it."

"And who upon earth do you expect will believe you, my dear? not I, for one.—It may perchance, once in an age, go down with ſome deſperate inamorato, who takes every word that drops from his goddeſs to be goſpel —and really it is not ill adapted to the caſt of your features: but we free maſons all know one another; and, if we are honeſt, muſt every one of us ſubſcribe to the truth of that provoking little waſp's aſſertion; that

'Every woman is at heart a rake.'

You ſee, I ſet you an example of frankneſs, and put myſelf into your power: for you may be very ſure, I would not acknowledge as much to the men."

"But if I were the hypocrite your Ladyſhip takes me to be, where would be your ſecurity? I ſhould, of courſe, betray your way of thinking, to heighten my own in the compariſon."

"O! but I don't accuſe you of a willingneſs to do me miſchief—only a deſire of doing yourſelf good. At any rate, however,

whether hypocrite or no, you moſt certainly are an intolerable prude; and ſo I do not think we ſhall much agree: but, for all that, I expect you to tell me who is who, and ſo forth."

"Why then, at the riſk of being accuſed of affectation again, I muſt ſay you could hardly apply to any one leſs qualified than myſelf, to impart the information you wiſh for. Truth compels me to acknowledge, that I have no curioſity whatever for the buſineſs of other people, unleſs where it interferes with mine."

"Lord! how abominably ſelfiſh! but don't you know, 'true ſelf-love and ſocial are the ſame.' Now my curioſity connects me with, and intereſts me for, the whole world."

"A wider ſtretch of liberality than I can pretend to, I confeſs," ſmiling.

"And ſo you'll pretend, that you can give me no account whatever of Lord Grantin?"

"Indeed I do not pretend any ſuch thing; for I can give a better account of Lord Grantin than of moſt people.

"O, you can!—well, then, let me hear about Lord Grantin!"

" Lord Grantin is ſon to the Marquis of Egmore—"

" *Avocat! paſſons au déluge* *!"—interrupting me. " Save yourſelf the trouble, my dear Miſs Riverſdale, of recording his birth, parentage, and education. I have all theſe by heart already—ſo proceed."

" To what, then, pray?"

" Lord! to what? Why to what he is doing here. Who he is in love with, and ſo forth—theſe are the topics I wiſh for information upon."

" I cannot exactly take upon me to ſay what he may do beſides; but I ſuſpect his chief occupation to be playing upon the violoncello, and I believe the firſt object of his attachment to be himſelf."

" Ha! ha! ha! exceſſively good, upon my honour! *I* could not have given a better turn to it. You can't conceive how agreeable you are, when you let yourſelf be natural. Come now, go one ſtep farther into honeſty, and tell me—who comes next to himſelf?"

* Take it up at the Flood.—An alluſion to Racine's Plaideurs, where a Judge thus addreſſes a pleader, who, in ſome trifling cauſe, begins his pleading, " before *the creation* of the world!"

"But is it fair, that I am to be queſtioned in this manner, without being allowed to queſtion in my turn? Pray, why ſhould your Ladyſhip ſelect Lord Grantin for the object of your curioſity, in preference to all others?"

"I'll tell you why—and my honeſty ſhall put your's to the bluſh, ſince that's your peculiar grace, you know. Why, *becauſe* I think him very handſome, and very faſhionable—and *becauſe* I know him to be rich, and of high birth—and *becauſe* he is young, and he is ſingle—would you wiſh for any more reaſons?"

"No, indeed! theſe ſpeak for themſelves, and call upon my honeſty in return to ſay, that laſt week, I believe, I might be that *ſecond object;* but that, this week, I take him to be wholly at liberty, to devote himſelf to whoever may wiſh to captivate his attention."

"*Ah! je reſpire!*" exclaimed ſhe; "you mean, that you give up all pretenſions to him?"—

"Moſt entirely—and I ſhould have a very particular ſatisfaction in ſeeing him wear your Ladyſhip's chains, if you think him worthy of that honour."

"Worthy! good Heavens! what could any woman wiſh for better?"

"A little more ſenſe, perhaps."

"Senſe! Lord! have I not enough for both? I ſhould deteſt a man of ſenſe above all things—they pretend to be ſo wiſe,—and are ſo dogmatical, and ſo pragmatical—and dreſs ſo hideouſly.—No, no, child! I only wiſh him, to have juſt ſenſe enough to diſcover mine; and then we ſhall do extremely well."

"And, pray, where did you ſee Lord Grantin?"

"At Mrs. Freeman's laſt night, after we went from you; and he immediately deſired, to be introduced to me, and we had a very agreeable flirtation; but he talked ſo rapturouſly of your ſinging, that I took it into my head, he had devoted himſelf to your ſervice—and ſo I wanted to be ſatisfied about it, that was all—and now you have been a very good girl, and redeemed your credit a little with me, I dont know but what we may ſuit better, than I was inclined to think: and ſo now I ſhall go home, that I may be in the way before Lady Belfont riſes, and eſcape the thouſand inquiries about where

I have been? and what about?—and ſo forth.'

"And do you then wiſh, to conceal your viſit to me?"

"Not my viſit to you in particular; but I hate to be catechiſed, like Miſs Biddy from the boarding-ſchool, and called to account for my actions—what has ſhe to do with them, you know?"

"I ſhould imagine, ſhe would only wiſh to be informed of them for your own ſake."

"O Lord! O Lord! now you are going to be ſo deviliſh good again, I cannot bear you; and ſo adieu!'

And away ſhe went, leaving me happy in the idea of the double riddance I felt indebted to her for; not having the ſmalleſt doubt but Lord Grantin will eaſily fall into a flirtation every way ſo much better ſuited to him.

26*th*.—We have this evening returned Lady Belfont's viſit—ſhe riſes upon one every inſtant. So much ſolid, well-digeſted knowledge in her cheerful converſation! ſuch affectionate ſweetneſs of manner, ſuch unaffected ſenſibility! I could judge the better

of it all for Lady Barbara's abſence, who was gone to Mrs. Freeman's. She endeavours to make the beſt of her niece; but I am ſure ſhe is a great torment to her.

I accidentally betrayed my having ſeen her in the morning. Lady Belfont looked ſurpriſed, and ſaid, "I do not know what her motive might be for concealing her having been out from me; but I cannot think it kind, that ſhe ſhould not have given me ſome account of what has become ſo ſuddenly and ſo truly intereſting to my heart, as ſhe knows Miſs Riverſdale to be. How does your Louiſa contrive, Madam," ſaid ſhe, turning to my mother, "to ſteal upon one's affections in ſuch an inſtant? I am not in general very open to ſudden impreſſions."

"No matter, dear madam, what the means, by which I have happily found my way into them," ſaid I, "provided the effect be but permanent. O do not flatter me too ſoon with what I ſhall never again know how to part with, if in ſeeing more of me you ſhould find yourſelf miſtaken, and not like me ſo well."

"Never fear, my love," ſaid ſhe, "I had not time to conſult my judgment upon the *ſubject*.—I am apt to think it is a ſtroke of

ſympathy, and that we cannot help loving one another."

"May it ever prove ſo!" ſaid I, drawing near to take hold of her hand. She tenderly embraced me, and ſaid a thouſand obliging, flattering things.

Colonel Malcolm is highly charmed with her, but much diſturbed at Lady Barbara; and entreats me to be as reſerved as poſſible in that quarter. I made no merit of acceding to what is ſo perfectly conſonant to my own inclination.

He had requeſted my mother to preſent him at Lady Belfont's. He ſays Lady Mary propoſes ſetting out in the beginning of the week, and he intends to accompany her the firſt day's journey, from which he ſhall ſtrike off into the road to Vienna, and go in purſuit of his own affairs, upon the reſult of which his life or death now hangs. He ſpoke with great emotion, and added, that the idea of leaving me was almoſt too much for him, and nothing but the buſineſs he goes upon could give him courage to ſupport it. I feel grieved at the ſeparation; but Lady Belfont will be my reſource.

I ſaw Lady Mary for an hour this morning;

and ſhe would know from myſelf the particulars of what had paſſed between her brother and me. She was much vexed at him; yet could not avoid doing juſtice to the good intentions, that actuated him in that, as it had done in other diſtreſſing inſtances before. But, ſhe ſaid, nothing could convince him, that I had not firſt agreed to his propoſal, and afterwards changed my mind; which he attributes to Colonel Malcolm, and is half inclined to quarrel with him; only that the Colonel, who upon other occaſions is not too tractable, ſeems poſitively determined here not to quarrel with him.

27th.—I am returned from a little concert at Lady Belfont's, where we have had ſome charming muſic. Lady Barbara and I, the only vocal performers; the inſtrumental very good.—Lord Grantin of courſe ſhone.

His whole attention was directed to Lady Barbara, whoſe brilliant bravura ſinging could only be equalled by Aprile, he ſaid. My poor pathetics were quite eclipſed. I bore my mortification as well as I could; and ſhe enjoyed her triumph.

I was not quite neglected, however: my

harming Lady Belfont, in the firſt place, ncouraged me by her approbation; and the next, a young poliſh nobleman, juſt rived, paid high compliments to my voice nd ſtyle of ſinging.

His introduction to me was peculiar. nough. I ſung my firſt ſong without being ware, that there was any ſtranger in the oom; and, as the party was not large, I was derably at eaſe, and performed in my beſt anner.

Immediately after I had reſumed my ſeat, ady Belfont brought a very ſmart looking an, in foreign regimentals, towards me, and aid, "Miſs Riverſdale, Prince Polinſki has eſired me to introduce him to you."

With a very graceful, elegant bow, and uch animation of countenance, he ſaid,

It was impoſſible, however dangerous the xperiment might be, to reſiſt the deſire of ſcertaining, whether the very uncommon eeling and taſte, that gave ſuch an exquiſite haracter to my manner of ſinging, took its ue from my mind, or from my maſter. He ad challenged every perſon in the room, to roduce ſuch another ſcholar from the ſame eaching; but no one pretended to ſay they

could; ſo I remained charged with the whole peculiarity of my ſtyle, *pour mon propre compte* *.

"You do my ſinging much honour in having ſo particularly attended to it," I replied; "but I do not think the criterion would be quite a fair one, as I ſuppoſe no good maſter ever taught two ſcholars exactly in the ſame way: their art lies in adapting the mode to the powers of the voice they are to form."

"I cannot conceive," returned he, "that any man ſhould have the courage to become a ſinging maſter; for of all the faſcinations I know, that of a fine voice is the moſt irreſiſtible."

"They probably find their ſafety in the number," ſaid I, ſmiling.

"I do not think any thing could ſave a man, who has once heard Miſs Riverſdale."

"I really never conſidered myſelf in ſo tremendous a light," laughing, "or I ſhould have been more cautious in dealing about ſuch deadly ſhafts."

"You may joke upon the ſubject as you

* On my own account.

think proper; but I am perfectly ſerious in what I ſay."

"Why, then, give me leave to obſerve, that you muſt be the moſt imprudent man alive, with ſuch a conſciouſneſs of vulnerability about you, ever to truſt yourſelf in the way of a ſong."

"A man is not always exactly aware of the moment in which danger awaits him," he replied: "one perſon's ſong is as different from another's, as if it did not proceed from the ſame organs.—Lady Barbara, for inſtance, might ſing on till doomſday, and produce no more effect upon me than a barrel-organ."

At this moment ſhe got up to ſing, and I made a motion to him to be ſilent and attend. He had taken his ſeat next to me: I occaſionally pointed out to him fine paſſages—He admitted her ſkill; but there was nothing in what ſhe did, that reached beyond the ears: it ſtruck him to be good *inſtrumental ſinging*, and that was all he would ſay of it.

I obſerved, that ſome of the paſſages ſhe had executed with ſo much brilliancy were extremely difficult.

He begged my pardon, but he muſt adopt

Baron Gleichen's wit, and *wish they were impoſſible.*

I was diverted with his obſervations, although I thought his judgment unfair: and perhaps after all he only proceeded upon the old plan, that the ſureſt way to pleaſe one woman is to criticiſe another. I had once a mind to tell him ſo; but I feared he would think I was fiſhing for a compliment, ſo I let it alone.

He ſat ſilent for a conſiderable time: at length, turning round to me, "Miſs Riverſdale," ſaid he, "I am going to make you a very ſtrange ſpeech, and I cannot conjecture in what light it may ſtrike you; but of that I muſt take my chance; you will at leaſt give me credit for *mon honnêteté* *.

I muſt give it you in French, my Henry, for I could not, in the tranſlation, do juſtice to the original turn of it.

† "Lorſque j'aurai l'honneur d'être plus connu de vous, je me flatte que vous rendrez juſtice à la bonté de mon coeur: en atten-

* Honeſt Intentions.

† "When I ſhall have the honour to be better known to you, I flatter myſelf you will do juſtice to the good*neſs of* my heart: In the mean time permit me to *anſwer for* it myſelf. You will the more readily give

dant, permettez moi de vous en répondre; et vous m'en croirez d'autant plus facilement, que je vais vous ajouter avec la même ſincérité, que ma tête n'y reſſemble pas du tout; car elle ne vaut abſolument rien."

I looked at him with ſurpriſe, not gueſſing what all this was to lead to.—He proceeded.

" Je n'irai pas bien loin, pour vous en fournir la preuve: car aſſurément ſi j'avois eu le ſens commun, je me ſerois bien gardé de demander à vous être preſenté, après avoir ſi bien ſenti tout l'effet de votre voix de ſirène. Mais enfin, cette folie là eſt faite; reſte à m'en tirer maintenant comme je le pourrai, et c'eſt ce dont je vais vous charger, ſi vous voulez bien me le permettre."

The perfect want of knowing what to ſay kept me ſilent, and he went on.

" Je prévois que vous allez me faire tourner la tête complettement: vous avez tout ce qu'il faut pour cela. Or apprenez, Made-

me credit, when, with the ſame ſincerity, I add, that my head bears no reſemblance to my heart; for of that, in fact, I have nothing to ſay. I need not take much pains to prove this to you; for certainly if I had had common ſenſe, I ſhould never have deſired to be introduced to you, after having felt the effects of your

moiſelle, que je n'ai pas le droit de me la laiſſer tourner. Cette tête, et ce cœur, et cette main, ne ſont nullement libres, vû un engagement contracté dans mon pays avec une très aimable perſonne, que je dois épouſer dès l'inſtant que j'en aurai les moyens. Je vous demande donc pour l'amour de dieu, quand il m'arrivera de m'oublier auprès de vous, comme ce la m'arrivera infalliblement, de me rappeller ce que je viens d'avoir l'honneur de vous dire, et vous me ferez rentrer en moi-même tout de ſuite †."

I cannot expreſs to you, how much I was both ſurpriſed and pleaſed with the oddity, the novelty, and the frankneſs of this ſpeech:

enchanting voice. That danger however is now incurred, and I muſt extricate myſelf from it as I can; and indeed I believe my beſt chance will ariſe from having recourſe to your own aſſiſtance."

† "I foreſee, that you will completely turn my head. You are exactly the perſon to do it. Now, madam, I have to tell you, that I have no right to ſuffer my head to be turned. Neither my head, my heart, nor my hand are at my own diſpoſal;—they are engaged to a very amiable lady in my own country, to whom I am to be married, as ſoon as I ſhall have the means. I beg, therefore, for heaven's ſake, that when, in your preſence, I ſhall happen to forget myſelf, as forget *myſelf* I certainly ſhall, you would put me in mind

I thought it entitled him to an equally frank return, and without heſitation I immediately anſwered, " Pour vous prouver tout le cas que je fais de votre franchiſe, mon Prince, je vais y repondre ſur le même ton. Sans m'arrêter à révoquer en doute les choſes flatteuſes que vous venez de me dire, je vous avouerai ingénument, qu'il m'eſt abſolument interdit de les écouter; et que ſi le haſard pouvoit me rendre auſſi dangereuſe pour vous que vous ſemblez le croire, je me trouve doublement armée pour votre défenſe; puiſque j'ai auſſi un engagement de mon côté, qui n'attend que les moyens pour être rempli †."

" Ah, mon Dieu! que c'eſt drôle!" ſaid he,

of what I have had the honour to impart to you, and call me immediately to reflection."

† " To prove to you, Sir, my ſenſe of the frankneſs of your communication, I ſhall with equal frankneſs anſwer you: without conſidering how far you may have been miſtaken in all the flattering things you have been ſaying to me, I will ingenuouſly own to you, that I am abſolutely bound not to liſten to them; and that, were I by chance to become as dangerous to you, as you ſeem to ſuppoſe poſſible, you would find me doubly armed for your defence; as I am myſelf alſo under an engagement, the fulfilling of which is delayed only by the want of immediate means."

" Heavens! how comical!"

burſting into a hearty laugh, " et quelle adorable franchiſe encore !" more ſeriouſly " nous voilà donc en ſureté des deux côtès—mais aſſurément ce début merite bien de mener à quelque choſe : jurons nous amitiè et loyautè, et accordez moi le titre de frère ; epuis faites moi la confidence de tout ce qui regarde votre engagement, et vous verrez comme je vais m'occuper de tout ce qui peut intéreſſer ma charmante petite ſœur †."

" Ah, doucement ! doucement ! mon prince, rappellez vous, qu'il nous faut un peu plus de tems à nous autres Anglaiſes, pour former nos liaiſons."

" Comment ! vous êtes Anglaiſe ?

" Et quoi donc, s'il vous plait ?"

" Bah ! vous vous moquez de moi ?"

† " What charming frankneſs ! we are then ſafe on both ſides.—But this, certainly, ſhould lead to ſomething. Let us now ſwear mutual friendſhip and fealty. Favour me ſo far as to call me brother. Give me a confidential account of your engagement, and ſee how I ſhall intereſt myſelf in all my charming little ſiſter's concerns."

" Gently, gently, Sir, recollect, that we Engliſh women are not ſo very quick in forming connections."—

" How ! you an Engliſh woman !"

" What elſe, pray, do you take me for ?"

" *Poh* ! you are joking."

" Mais de grace! de quelle nation me croyez vous donc?"

" Mais Françaiſe, aſſurement."

" Allons, je vois que vous n'avez pas perdu votre tems en France, mon Prince! —cela ſ'appelle ſçavoir tourner un compliment. Au reſte, comme vous n'êtes pas Français, je me permettrai de vous avouer, qu'a l'exception de la langue, je ne me ſoucierois pas trop qu'on put s'y tromper: la tournure Anglaiſe vaut peut-être bien la Françaiſe."—

" Ah oui, quand elle a été un peu degourdie dans l'étranger!"

" Mais, Miladi Belfont, par exemple?"

" But I beg you would tell me—What country woman do you take me to be?"

" Why French—certainly."

" I perceive, Sir, you have not loſt your time in France, you know how to make a compliment. However, as you are not a Frenchman, I will own to you, that, excepting in point of ſpeaking the language, I ſhould not wiſh to be ſo miſtaken. The Engliſh air and manner are, perhaps, quite as good as the French."

" Yes, yes, when the ſtiffneſs is a little relaxed in foreign countries."

" But Lady Belfont, for example."

" Miladi Belfont n'a pas le ton plus Anglais que vous. Elle a paſſée pluſieurs années dans les pais étrangers—elle avoit déjà été trois ans à Turin, quand je l'y ai trouvai—et aſſurément vous n'allez pas me citer Miladi Barbara, avec ſon diable de nom, qui lui va aſſez au reſte."—

" Vous apercevez vous?" interrupting him, " que nous ſommes ſeuls à cauſer, tandis que tout le monde écoute la muſique?"

" Ma foi! je m'aperçois que je ſuis à côté de vous—et voila tout."—

I was again called upon to ſing, after which Lady Belfont beckoned me to a chair next her.

" If I read aright," ſaid ſhe, " your ſinging has not been thrown away upon the

" My Lady Belfont has no more the appearance of an Engliſh woman than you have. She has ſpent many years of her life abroad. She had been three years at Turin, when I found her there; and certainly you will not mention Lady Barbara, with her curſed name, which however ſeems very well to ſuit her."

" Do you perceive that we alone are talking while every body elſe is attending to the muſic?"

" Upon my word I perceive nothing, but that I am ſitting by you."

unfeeling, this evening, my ſweet young friend"—looking archly.

I ſaid, her approbation of it, was the higheſt gratification it could afford me.

"And you expect me to believe that, I ſuppoſe," replied ſhe.

"Indeed I do. When I have the honour of being better known to your Ladyſhip, you will find, that I am not apt to ſay one thing, when I mean another."

"Not in general, I dare ſay, or I ſhould not have been ſo much charmed with you; but there are topics, you know, my love, upon which the beſt of us cannot avoid a little inſincerity!"—

"Well, try me, Madam, and then judge."

"Take care what you engage for, Miſs Riverſdale; I aſſure you I intend it the very firſt opportunity."

"I deſire nothing better; and ardently wiſh the opportunity may ſoon offer."

The Prince came up to me again, and aſked whether I would do him the honour to preſent him to Lady Riverſdale? which I immediately did. He aſked her leave to pay his reſpects to us, which ſhe civilly granted; and the muſic ſoon after ended.

Lady Barbara ſeemed extremely pleaſed with Lord Grantin's aſſiduity—ſhe alſo paid a little attention, by the way, to Wurmſer, who "trod in air"—but ſhe frequently caſt a ſcrutinizing eye upon Prince Polinſki and me; and threw out ſome occaſional lures, as well as ſarcaſtic obſervations, to draw him away; both however ſeemed to miſs their aim by being wholly unperceived.

Lady Belfont wiſhed us to ſtay ſupper, but my mother objected to the lateneſs of the hour. You cannot imagine, however, Henry, what an improvement there is both in her ſtrength and looks, ſince that laſt conſultation with Tiſſot *.

I told her, at our return home, what had paſſed with Prince Polinſki. She was extremely delighted with his frank, ſprightly originality, and ſaid ſhe thought him one of the moſt agreeable foreigners ſhe had ever ſeen—he had quite the manners and animation of a young Frenchman, without their petulant impertinence. He had ſtruck me in the ſame light; for what may, perhaps, read like forwardneſs, in the converſation I

* Probably when at Lauſanne.

have tranſcribed, had nothing of it in reality; but rather a *naïveté* *, and a *laiſſer aller* †, —with a degree of *bonhomie* ‡, extremely intereſting.

And now what do you think of him my dear brother?

28*th*.—I went to ſee little Javotte yeſterday morning, the moment I had breakfaſted; when I returned I found Colonel Malcolm.

"I underſtood you were out, Louiſa," ſaid he, gravely.

"So I was, I am this inſtant come in."

"And do you go without any one to attend you?"

"I was not gone far, only to old Catharine's, in the next ſtreet."

"That's a very odd place for you to go to."

"I have a very natural reaſon for it; ſhe is taking care of a ſick child for me."

I then told him all the particulars of Lady Mary and myſelf bringing away little Javotte from old Simon's, with the reaſon why, &c.

* Ingenuouſneſs.

† Giving way to the firſt ſuggeſtion.

‡ Good-natured ſimplicity.

He had heard it all from Lady Mary before, and could not but think it rather odd, that I ſhould chooſe to make ſuch a profound ſecret of it to him.

I ſaid, that I had no thoughts of keeping it from him in particular—that I had been generally ſilent upon it by my mother's deſire; becauſe the idea of the ſmall-pox always ſpreads a kind of alarm, and that I had probably forgotten to mention it to him, owing to the variety of circumſtances, that had filled my mind of late, and his being ſo much taken away from us by his attendance upon Lady Mary.

We were ſtill enough together, to make it a very ſtrange piece of forgetfulneſs, he thought.

I agreed that it was ſo; but I really could give no other reaſon for it.

"You are not willing to give any other, that is very clear, Louiſa."

"Why, what reaſon could I poſſibly have, for wiſhing to conceal a thing of that kind from you, Colonel Malcolm?"

"I really can be no judge of that; but making myſteries always looks ſuſpicious,

and leaves people to conjecture what they pleaſe."

"Indeed, I diſlike myſtery as much as you can do, and I am fully determined never to make any of whatever may regard myſelf; but ſurely you might have aſked me about this, if it in any ſhape excited either your curioſity or your concern."

"I do not wiſh, Louiſa, to appear prying or inquiſitive about any thing, that you ſeem cautious to keep from me, leſt it ſhould be conſtrued into diſtruſt; at the ſame time, I cannot help obſerving to you, that, in the ſituation we are in at preſent, nothing ſhort of the moſt unlimited confidence and openneſs can give me any chance for comfort."

"I am firmly of that opinion, and ſhall make it my guide upon every occaſion."

"But ſurely, Louiſa, if you reflect for a moment, you will allow, that your going in and out of that old woman's houſe ſo conſtantly bears a very odd appearance to the world."

"If you'll believe me, it never for a moment occurred to me, that the world would trouble its head about it. I was too much

intereſted in the child, and too much accuſtomed to conſider old Catharine as one of our family, ever to have beſtowed a thought upon it; however, it is quite ſufficient for me, to know that you do, to avoid it in future; and indeed the child is now ſo near well, that at any rate we meant to remove it in a day or two."

He thanked me a thouſand times for my ready compliance, and was ſure I did juſtice to his motives—and then he renewed his proteſtations of diſintereſted attachment and ardent love—lamented every inſtant that he paſſed out of my ſight—was wretched at not being able to meet me at Lady Belfont's the evening before. He aſked who was there.

I told him—and gave him the minute detail of all that had paſſed between Prince Polinſki and me.—His countenance clouded over as I proceeded, but he let me conclude without interruption;—and then ſaid, it was very extraordinary, that I, who knew ſo well how to aſſert my dignity when I pleaſed, ſhould encourage ſuch a piece of inſolence as this young man's declaration to me!

I replied, that, if it appeared to him in-

ſolent, I had not done juſtice to the manner of it; for, on the contrary, it appeared to be dictated by the greateſt *naïveté* and ſincerity.

"Let the manner of it be what it might, could I be blind," he aſked, "to the import of it? which was clearly this—'I am ſo very irreſiſtible, that this poor girl will become too eaſy a prey, if I do not furniſh her with arms againſt myſelf, and enable her to hold out a while at leaſt, to make my triumph more complete."

"Good heavens, Colonel Malcolm!" interrupted I, "is it poſſible, to give ſuch an unfavourable conſtruction to what appeared in ſo obvious a light!"

"Ah Louiſa! little do you know the arts, that men will practiſe to obtain their ends; ſubtle and inſinuating, they can aſſume any ſhape—"

"I do not in the leaſt diſpute your ſuperior knowledge of them; but I only entreat you, to ſuſpend your judgment of this young man, till you have ſeen him, and if you do not read candour and honeſty in his countenance, I will give up the point."

He begged my pardon, if he offended me by his too ardent zeal for my welfare, but

he could not for his ſoul repreſs his ſincerity; it afterwards reſted with me, whether to benefit by his advice or not.

I aſſured him, that I looked forward with confidence, to its guiding me through life.

He fell into very paſſionate lamentations at his approaching departure, in which my heart ſincerely participated.

He leaves old la Grange behind him, whoſe infirmities incapacitate him for the journey; he aſked whether I thought my mother would object to giving him houſe-room in his abſence? I ſaid, I was ſure ſhe would not. Frederick turns out extremely intelligent, as well as grateful; and, ſince the little intereſting anecdote, that I mentioned of him to you, he has riſen rapidly in his maſter's favour*.

28*th*.—I forgot to tell you, that I received a note from Madame d'Urtiſe two days ago, in which ſhe very pathetically regrets "the impoſſibility of getting to me ſince her return; but ſhe is wholly engroſſed by the party ſhe accompanied to Lauſanne, who are

* This muſt have been in the packet that was loſt.

old and intimate friends—they will ſhortly quit Geneva, and then ſhe hopes to be reſtored to the happineſs ſhe always enjoys in my ſociety."

I am told, that the fact is, ſhe has picked up a flirt in a Mr. Burnaby, who actually does engroſs all her attention. It is a fortunate event, that he ſhould have come ſo *apropos*, to conſole her in the heavy calamities ſhe was ſinking under.

29*th*.—Lady Belfont ſent this morning, to deſire I would ſpend the day with her; but I had devoted the greateſt part of it to Lady Mary Melvile. I agreed to meet Lady Belfont at the *Treïlle** in the evening; becauſe my mother, who diſlikes dining out, would then replace me with Lady Mary.

I felt awkward in the idea of encountering Mr. Melvile's clumſy ſtatelineſs, but he relieved me from the embarraſſment, by not dining at home. Colonel Malcolm was the third at table, and I paſſed a very intereſting day.

We had ſome ſerious, and much affectionate

* A walk in Geneva.

unreſerved converſation. There is a noble ſimplicity and openneſs in all Lady Mary ſays and does, that I never yet ſaw equalled.

Mrs. Freeman came at the ſame time with my mother, who alſo brought the Dean, ſo their whiſt-table was made up. Colonel Malcolm however offered to cut in, but Lady Mary would not let him: It would be too bad for her to monopoliſe all the men, ſhe thought; and as ſhe believed the Dean had no objection to taking the whole duty of the card-table upon himſelf, ſhe would make a fair diviſion with Miſs Riverſdale, and give up the Colonel to be her attendant to the *Treïlle*.

The Dean, who had already taken poſſeſſion of the table, and made the cards, and diſtributed the counters—and ſhuffled—and ſpread them out,—and taken them up again half a dozen times, in his impatience to begin, cried out, "No, no, no objection in the world, if you had a mind to play on till to-morrow morning—come!—come!—who draws? Mrs. Freeman!—Lady Riverſdale! —come!"—ſo tumbling down one pack after the other as he ſpoke, he contrived, through downright eagerneſs, to jumble them completely together,—and we left them, in

great good humour, undoing all his manœuvres of the laſt ten minutes.

As we went along, Colonel Malcolm ſpoke in the higheſt terms of Lady Mary. We were both of opinion, that ſhe is conſiderably mended, and joined moſt fervently in wiſhes for her further recovery. We talked of Lady Belfont, upon whom, I told him, I depended for much conſolation in his abſence. He repeated his requeſt, that I would be very ſhy of Lady Barbara, to whom he has taken the moſt invincible averſion. I aſſured him, that my own inclinations were ſo perfectly conſonant to his wiſhes upon that head, that I ſhould have little merit in complying with them.

I expected to have found Lady Belfont alone; but ſhe was ſurrounded by a large party, out of which the firſt perſon that came forward to meet me was Prince Polinſki—"He had done himſelf the honour of leaving his name at our door this afternoon, in conſequence of the permiſſion Lady Riverſdale had given him."

Colonel Malcolm inſtantly gueſs'd who he was, and meaſured him with his eye from head to foot, with an expreſſion of ineffable contempt.

I made a civil, but ſlight anſwer, and hurried paſt to Lady Belfont, who met me with all the cordiality of affection. Lady Barbara juſt acknowledged me by a nod, and went on with a diſſertation, ſhe had fallen into with Lord Grantin, upon the comparative merits of Homer and Oſſian. She has read a great deal, and has an excellent memory; how far ſhe has reflected upon what ſhe has read, and turned it to account, is another point; but ſhe is admirably apt at quotation, which ſeems to have inſpired Lord Grantin with a deep reverence for her knowledge. He was not willing, however, to let his learning remain quite in the back ground, and ſeemed to be muſtering up whatever ſcraps of Homer had remained afloat in his brain from his Eton ſtudies. He choſe to quote them in Greek, probably as a better ſecurity againſt detection, if he happened to miſtake, which I more than once ſuſpected, from the arch look of Prince Polinſki, who ſaid to me, "*Vos dames Anglaiſes ſe piquent donc d'entendre le grec* *?"

"Not in general," I ſaid.

* You Engliſh ladies, then, chooſe to be thought to *underſtand* Greek.

" Impertinent enough," muttered the Colonel to himſelf.

I felt intereſted at firſt in the ſubject, and hoped that, as ſhe was giving the preference to Oſſian, it would be upon my own grounds, of the magnanimity and generoſity of his heroes, compared with the plunderers and bullies, whom Homer dignifies with that name: but I found it was her aim to make " the worſe appear the better reaſon," which I ſhould ſuſpect to be what ſhe is apt to value herſelf upon; for her argument turned wholly upon the merits of Fingal as an Epic poem, and the vindication of its authenticity, which ſhe entered into with a minuteneſs of criticiſm, that ſerved admirably to ſhow how much ſhe had read and remembered upon the ſubject, but did not any way come home to my feelings: ſo I paid no further attention to the converſation, excepting Lord Grantin's concluding ſpeech, which caught my ear and diverted me.

" I never wiſh," ſaid he, " to puſh argument to its utmoſt extent againſt a lady—beſides, Lady Barbara, your acknowledgment, that you do not underſtand the original, would make it unfair in me at any rate; but

this I will ſay, that, hang me if I don't prefer Metaſtaſio a thouſand times to either the one or the other"—and then he ſang '*Volle cogliere una roſa ſventurato Amore un dì*;*' 'How the devil would either Homer or Oſſian ſound to muſic? What could Paeſiello or Cimaroſa make of them?"

"This is really ſo unexpected a criterion of the merits of an epic poem," replied Lady Barbara, laughing moſt immoderately, "that I am not prepared to anſwer to it; for, proceeding upon the ſame principle, you may probably end in ſetting the Babes in the Wood above either: However, let me entreat your Lordſhip, when you next illuſtrate Metaſtaſio's ſuper-eminence by a quotation, to take it from ſome of his *own* writings, inſtead of laying him under obligations to Anacreon†."

Lord Grantin looked a little confounded; but happening to caſt his eye upon my bonnet, the ſenſe of his defeat was immediately loſt in friendly ſolicitude for me; and, coming up with an air of important eagerneſs, he

* Luckleſs Cupid was one day gathering a roſe.

† Lord Grantin's quotation is from a tranſlation, not by Meſtataſio of Anacreon's Εἰς Ἔρωτα. ΩΔΗ Ϻ'

whiſpered me, "I beg a thouſand pardons, Miſs Riverſdale, for the liberty I am going to take; but your ribbon—excuſe me—is poſitively *couleur de feu*, which is never worn after Eaſter, and your frill is *point d'argenton*, which beſpeaks the very depth of winter—how a woman of your elegant notions could poſſibly fall into ſuch a miſtake—You ſee I bear no malice for all your unkindneſs, as this friendly hint bears witneſs—*na baſta così*,*" ſaid he, catching Colonel Malcolm's eye, as well as Lady Barbara's upon us.

"I am infinitely obliged to your Lordſhip," anſwering aloud, to ſatisfy Colonel Malcolm what the whiſper related to, "I will be more careful in future how I incur ſuch deſerved cenſure—all I have to plead in exculpation is, that the frill is my own work, and never expected the honour of paſſing for *point d'argenton*—and the colour of my ribbon I really was in hopes the coldneſs of the day might have excuſed." I was afraid he would have perceived the difficulty I had to compoſe my countenance, as I uttered

* But enough ſaid.

this, which was more to clear up the Colonel's anxious looks, than with any view to turn his Lordſhip into ridicule; who was, however, vaſtly too ſerious in his remonſtrance, to ſuſpect any one elſe of holding it light, and was beginning to clear himſelf from any intention of pointing out my impropriety to the company, when Lady Barbara, who ſeemed jealous that any one ſhould expoſe him but herſelf, interrupted him by obſerving to Lady Belfont, "Even Miſs Riverſdale, you ſee, Madam, can be ſarcaſtic, when her taſte is arraigned. Take my advice, my Lord," turning to him, "(though I lay open the grand arcanum of my ſex by it) never expect, that any woman's good humour will ſtand the teſt of criticiſm upon her dreſs or manners—her mind or morals you may canvas as you pleaſe, and be called a friend for it."

Lady Belfont checked her. "You now make a ſeverer attack upon your own ſex, Barbara, than its greateſt detractor, Lord Cheſterfield, has done. He at leaſt makes the charge general to human nature."

As we had ſhifted places in our walk, Lady Barbara had gotten between Colonel Mal-

colm and me; and whether any little concurrence of intereſts had ſoftened him in her favour, or what—I can't tell, but, addreſſing himſelf to her in a half whiſper, he ſaid, "Pray what is your Ladyſhip's opinion of this young foreigner, that I hear ſo much of?"

"Really, Colonel Malcolm," anſwered ſhe tartly, "my father kept no kennel, and I never conſidered myſelf as a judge of *puppies*; I refer you to Miſs Riverſdale upon that head —Were you looking for any body, my dear?"—(turning quick to me,) who actually had caſt my eye around in queſt of Lord Grantin.

"Only to ſee whether *Lord Grantin* was out of hearing," ſaid I, ſmiling.

"Upon my life one may feel obliged to Miſs Riverſdale, when ſhe chooſes to ſpare one," exclaimed ſhe; "for ſhe can cut as deep as any body."

"But with this marked difference from moſt people," ſaid Lady Belfont, "that her wit is always upon the defenſive."—

"Whereas mine"—interrupted Lady Barbara—

"Is offenſive very frequently, I muſt acknowledge," replied Lady Belfont.

"Thank your Ladyſhip—I expected that: there's no friend like a relation."

Juſt here we turned ſhort upon Madame d'Urtiſe and her party. She ran up to me, and was ſo glad—and ſo aſhamed—and had ſo much to ſay to me—and ſo many excuſes to make to Lady Riverſdale—and then ſhe abruptly introduced Mr. Burnaby, upon whoſe arm ſhe was leaning, and who is, indeed, a very handſome young man, which ſeems to be all that any one thinks of ſaying of him.

I begged her to ſet her conſcience quite at reſt; for that my mother and I never wiſhed to ſtand in the way of other engagements, or expected more from our friends, than they could conveniently do for us.

Whilſt I uttered this, ſhe took a general ſurvey of the party, ſome of whom were ſtrangers to her; and then, glancing ſignificantly at Colonel Malcolm and me, ſhe ſaid, "You know I have much to hear, as well as to tell you—and ſo adieu till the firſt opportunity."

Lady Belfont was very urgent for me to go home with her; but Colonel Malcolm's time is now ſo ſhort, that I could not bear to diſappoint him of ſupping at our houſe with only my mother and me, as I had promiſed; and I excuſed myſelf to Lady Belfont.

"Comment, vous ne venez pas chez miladi*?" ſaid the Prince.

"No, not this evening."

"Et que vont devenir les trios, et les quatuors, que nous devions exercer†?"

I had not heard a word of them, I replied.

"No," ſaid Lady Belfont; "I had taken the liberty, to anſwer for your joining the Prince and my niece in looking over ſome French *opera comiques*, which he ſent at my deſire to-day—you are not aware what a charming muſician he is."

I ſaid, I ſhould be very ready to fulfil the

* What, are you not to be at Lady Belfont's this evening?

† And what is to become of the trios and quartettos we were to have practiſed?

engagement her Ladyſhip had made for me, ſome other time.

Would I give him leave, he aſked, to ſend me my part to look over in the meanwhile? If he pleaſed, I told him: I was not quite ſo ready at French muſic as at Italian, from being leſs uſed to it; and, therefore, ſhould be glad to make ſure of not putting them out.—And with this we parted.

"And pray when is this agreeable party to take place?" aſked Colonel Malcolm, as ſoon as we had turned the corner.

"I am ſure I cannot tell—you heard all that I know of it."

"Yes, and rather more than I liked, Louiſa, if I may be allowed to ſpeak my mind. It is ſingular how impoſſible it ſeems to be, to put you upon your guard—for I am willing to ſuppoſe, that you have no intention of giving this young fop an opportunity of conveying a billet-doux in this muſic, which you have ſo readily accepted of."

"Lord bleſs me!—intention, Colonel Malcolm!—how ſhould I think, that it would come into his head, to take ſuch a liberty?

" But theſe are things, Louiſa, that a perſon ought to think of, and that a little knowledge of the world would ſuggeſt."

" Well! I ſhall learn to be more upon my guard in time—but I will lay you any wager, that the Prince takes no ſuch advantage."

" You have formed a very determined opinion of him, upon a very ſhort acquaintance, Louiſa."

" I really am inclined, to think extremely well of him."

" So I perceive—and that merely from his having fallen upon a new mode of flattery."

" No, indeed—I hope I have given you no reaſon, to think ſo of me. I judge from the candour, with which he has furniſhed me arms againſt himſelf, in caſe he ſhould ever be led into forgetting his prior engagement."

" And you really do not feel the inſult of that proceeding?"

" Indeed I do not; and I had hoped, that, when you ſaw him, you would judge differently of it: openneſs and integrity ap-

pear to me the characteriſtics of his countenance."

"You have paid very particular attention to it, it ſeems."

"Not *very* particular—but did it ſtrike you in any other light?"

"It ſtruck me, that if I had met him any where out of his regimentals, I might have miſtaken him for a hair-dreſſer."

By this time we had reached home; where we found the Dean with my mother, which put a ſtop to the diſcuſſion.

July the 1ſt.—Colonel Malcolm came by the time we had breakfaſted yeſterday. My ſinging-maſter was with me. When he was gone, the Colonel ſaid, "I wonder you ſhould continue to take leſſons of that impudent-looking fellow, Louiſa! You might by this time, I think, be more likely to improve his taſte than he your's."

I ſaid, there was a faſhion in muſical taſte, as well as in dreſs; and if one did not occaſionally modernize it by a few leſſons from any eminent maſter that happened to be at Geneva, one's ſtyle of ſinging would become

as completely out of date as the Chanoineſſe de M—'s, whom every one had liſtened to with pleaſure in her youth, but which now had the ſame effect in a concert, that her grandmother's wedding-gown would have at Madame de S——'s aſſembly.

He did not underſtand muſic ſufficiently, to judge of the aptneſs of the compariſon; but he knew, that Fiammarelli was a man of extremely bad character, and had injured the reputation of ſeveral of his ſcholars.

My mother ſaid, ſhe had never heard of it before; but that ſhe always made a point of ſtaying in the room, whilſt I took my leſſon, which, ſhe truſted, would at any rate ſecure me from the cenſure of the world.

How was the world to know that? he wondered—and, begging pardon for interfering, he could not help obſerving, that a man of that ſtamp was a very improper perſon to be admitted, in the capacity of a maſter, to ſo young and ſo lovely a creature as Louiſa: indeed, for his own part, unleſs ſinging were taught by females, and the exhibition of it confined to a family circle, he muſt ſay, he thought it equally injurious in the acquiring, and in the practice.

My mother could not at all agree with him there, and ſtrenuouſly defended her favourite accompliſhment.

I ſaid, I had no particular wiſh to go on with him, if there were ſuch real objections to his character; and my mother, agreeing in the idea, that my taſte would now very well ſtand its own ground, determined to diſmiſs him to-morrow; and ſo there's an end of him; and I ſhall have the more time for my drawing, which is full as agreeable to me: but it is odd we ſhould never have happened to hear of this before, and ſtill more ſo, that none of thoſe I have ſince mentioned it to, agree in it. I fear Colonel Malcolm is inclined to think the worſt of people.

I had ſat down to my frame, my mother had taken up her book, and Colonel Malcolm was writing letters, when a parcel and a letter were brought to my mother from Prince Poliński. The Colonel ſtarted—I felt triumphant: it was the muſic.—The letter, however, to Lady Riverſdale, proved to be only a blank cover, encloſing a ſheet of paper directed to me, which ſhe toſſed upon my frame.

I was a little diſconcerted; but, without heſitation, inſtantly read aloud ſome very pretty lines, complimentary to my voice, and doubting his own muſical talents for ſeconding it, unleſs by the effect of contraſt: in ſhort, the turn was both elegant and ſprightly.—I ſhould have been glad to have tranſcribed them for you; but you will ſoon find why I do not.

Having read them, I laid them down, ſaying, "I did not ſuſpect him of being a poet."

"Not only a poet, but a very pretty one, I think," ſaid my mother.

"Well, Miſs Riverſdale! was I right or wrong in my ſuppoſition?" aſked the Colonel, with conſiderable aſperity.

"O clearly wrong," playfully, "for you threatened me with a billet doux."

"And pray what do you call this?"—

"Not a billet doux, ſurely," ſaid I, a little alarmed at the increaſing gloom of his countenance.

"You had better take up your pen and anſwer him in verſe then," replied he tauntingly, "and that will ſecure the next being a little more explicit."

"If I wiſhed it to be ſo, perhaps I might follow your advice," ſaid I, much hurt; "but I truſt, Colonel Malcolm, I have given you no grounds to form ſuch an opinion of me upon."

"You encourage young men to write to you, and receive their letters favourably—what more could they poſſibly look for in the time?"

"What!" interrupted my mother, "open!—under cover to me—and ſo delicately confined to the ſubject, that they might have been addreſſed to myſelf, if I ſung as well as Louiſa! ſurely, nothing could be done in a manner more reſpectfully flattering, or better calculated to prevent miſconſtruction."

"If you will give them a fair peruſal," ſaid I, holding them to him, "you will allow that there is not a word, which might not with equal propriety be addreſſed to his ſiſter."

"D—n the verſes!" ſaid he, ſnatching them out of my hand in a rage, and tearing them into a thouſand pieces.

I had never ſeen this ſort of violence before—and burſt into tears.

"Do you cry for your verſes, madam?—convey your lamentations to their author, and

you will be made ample amends!" exclaimed he, walking up and down the room furiouſly.

"Upon my word, Colonel Malcolm," ſaid my mother, "this is uſing Louiſa in a manner, which I will not be a tame witneſs to."

He ſnatched up his hat, and burſt out of the room.

You may believe, Henry, that he did not leave us in a very pleaſant ſituation.

My mother ſaid, if humours like theſe betrayed themſelves thus early, what was to become of me in future?

I anſwered, that I hoped I ſhould get the better of them, by convincing him of their unreaſonableneſs—that juſt at preſent his mind was ſore with his approaching departure; and this young man happening to arrive, and pay particular attentions to me, might naturally enough create alarm in a breaſt, ſomewhat too prone perhaps to jealouſy.

"Somewhat too prone indeed!" ſhe repeated with a deep ſigh.

Word was brought, that Catherine deſired to ſee me—Javotte was taken worſe. I requeſted my mother to go with me.

We found the meaſles coming out upon

her. While we were giving directions what ſhould be done, the door opened and in burſt Colonel Malcolm, with rage in his countenance.

Seeing my mother, however, ſeemed to check what he was going to ſay. "I beg your pardon ladies," he ſtammered, with ſome confuſion, and his look a little ſoftened. "I did not know you were *both* here—I did not mean to interrupt—what I have to ſay will do as well another time." And he went out.

"He thought to have found you here alone, I ſuppoſe;" ſaid my mother, "and was coming to apologize for his behaviour."

I made no anſwer.—I was perſuaded from his appearance, *that* was not his errand. He had probably come within ſight of the door *after* my mother had entered it; and ſeeing me apparently go in alone, in defiance of his admonitions, had farther exaſperated him; and he came to purſue the quarrel: but I would not ſay ſo to my mother, who was already but too much diſpleaſed with him, and made very uneaſy by it.

You will believe, that I paſſed but an uncomfortable day.

In the evening I received a note from him,

" begging a thouſand pardons for his warmth, and intemperate behaviour. He could not exiſt under the ſenſe of having offended me —would I forgive an error which proceeded from exceſs of love?—might he throw himſelf at my feet to-morrow morning?"

I anſwered, that his being ſatisfied of the injuſtice he had done me was atonement ſufficient, and that, if he would come immediately, he ſhould be convinced by the cordiality of his reception, that I forgave him without farther explanation.

He came: our daily ſet was here. He looked agitated—but no notice was taken, and every thing went on in its uſual way; only my mother was very dry to him.

July the 3d.—Lady Belfont has taken a very pretty houſe at Secheron.*—You will recollect it; it was inhabited by the *chargé d'affaires*, R—, two years ago; and ſhe has a ſpare bed in it for me, as ſhe cannot bear the thought, ſhe ſays, of being always obliged to part with me at the early hour of ſhutting the town gates.

* A village upon the borders of the lake, at a little diſtance from Geneva.

She wiſhed me to ſpend the day with her yeſterday: but it was the laſt of Lady Mary Melvile and Colonel Malcolm's being in Geneva, and I had devoted it to them.

Mr. Melvile appeared at dinner; but was extremely ſtately to every one, excepting his ſiſter, about whom he was doubly aſſiduous, ejaculating every now and then to himſelf, "Peur Laſſie!"

He left us immediately after dinner; and from the time we got rid of him, the converſation was very intereſting, unreſerved, and friendly. It took rather a melancholy turn, as you may ſuppoſe. Lady Mary depended upon hearing from me, ſhe ſaid.—Colonel Malcolm had juſt left the room.—"And though your delicacy, my ſweet girl," added ſhe, "has in ſome reſpects thrown a reſerve on your part, in theſe beginnings of our friendſhip, I truſt to the example of frankneſs I have ſet you, for inducing you to be more open in our correſpondence."

I ſaid it was the firſt wiſh of my heart, to conform to whatever ſhe might expect from me.

"Why then," replied ſhe, "I expect, that, in writing to me, you ſhould conſider me

only as the moſt diſintereſted friend of yourſelf and Colonel Malcolm; and as one who prefers his happineſs and yours to her own, or, I ſhould rather ſay, who can only now enjoy happineſs through your united means."

Colonel Malcolm's return prevented her proceeding. I preſſed her hand, in aſſent to her generous injunctions, and we did not part without a plentiful effuſion of tears on both ſides.

They are not to ſet out till late in this day; but ſhe begged I would not call again, as ſhe could not bear taking leave in the moment of ſetting out.

I am expecting the Colonel every inſtant—I wiſh the parting was over.

It *is* over, my deareſt brother,—and he is gone.—

I have not ſpirits to add any thing more today.

4*th*.—I was ſo unwell yeſterday, as to be obliged to go to bed. I am better this morning; but cannot yet compoſe my ſpirits.

I know not how to deſcribe to you, Henry, what I feel upon this ſeparation. In

the firſt place, it forcibly brings back to my mind all the ſufferings of a ſtill more painful one, that happened two months ago. Can it be but two months? I ſhould deem it years, if I meaſured it either by my regrets, or by the variety of circumſtances that have occurred.

Colonel Malcolm has in many reſpects ſupplied your place, my beſt friend: he has watched over me—guarded me—entitled himſelf to my utmoſt gratitude, my moſt affectionate eſteem, my unbounded confidence: and all theſe are his in their fulleſt ſenſe.—

But now I am again left alone, with the additional difficulty of feeling myſelf bound to one, who, perhaps, has rather too much of diſtruſt in his diſpoſition, either for his own happineſs or mine; whom I have not yet had time perfectly to convince of the integrity of my heart, ſo as to obtain that firm reliance upon my faith and honour, which can alone enſure us peace.

My mother, more avowedly hoſtile to him ſince this laſt diſcovery of the ſuſpicion and warmth of his temper, is not inclined to enter into the views, which ought alone, in future,

to actuate my conduct.—I am, therefore, thrown wholly upon the guidance of my inexperienced judgment. Guarded by my integrity from any fear of going actually wrong, I yet have the dread of being drawn into the appearance of it: for I see "Cæsar's wife must not even be suspected."

Colonel Malcolm yesterday made every protestation of the most passionate love—the most perfect esteem. He trusted entirely to my sincerity,—he relied implicitly upon my avowed preference for him;—and "O," said he, "recollect—recollect, Louisa, that my whole existence is bound up in you. Will you write with the same openness, that you have ever spoken to me? will you enable me to judge of every thought and feeling of your ingenuous, unsuspicious mind? that I may, equally at a distance as when near, step in between you and every danger?"

"Indeed I will, Colonel Malcolm! I have not—I never can have a thought, that I would wish to conceal from you."

"Will you forgive any uneasiness I may have occasioned to you?"

"I have already forgiven—I cannot mistake the motive."

"Will you regret—will you think of the wretched Malcolm? for wretched indeed I muſt now be, till I behold you again."

"Let my tears ſpeak for me;—I can find no words."

He fell upon his knees—claſped me in his arms—ſobbed. At length ſtarting up, "I muſt,—I muſt tear myſelf away." He ran out of the room.

My mother met him in the veſtibule;—He took both her hands and kiſſed them; "O do not—do not be my enemy! you know not what a miſerable wretch I am;" and, without giving her time to anſwer, he ran out.

He had forgotten his hat—his cane—ſhe ſent them after him. William ſaw him ſtep into the carriage; but he took no notice of him.—He ſeemed abſorbed in thought.

Yet, why, my Henry, ſhould he be ſo very wretched? his abſence is but for a ſhort time. The woman he honours with his affection has devoted her life to him: Still the uncertainty of his ever being enabled to claim that promiſe; the poſſibility of being detained months in humiliating ſolicitation, and perhaps diſappointed at laſt;—my mother ſo

avowedly contrary to his wiſhes;—true indeed, Malcolm! you have but too much cauſe for unhappineſs.

I am very, very low indeed, my beloved friend, O that you were here, to help me to underſtand myſelf!

6*th*.—Lady Belfont came yeſterday and invited herſelf to ſtay the day with us. Lady Barbara was gone in a party upon the lake with Madame d'Urtiſe;—they became acquainted at the play.

The ſight of Lady Belfont was balm to my wounded mind.

"I ſee, my love, that you are unhappy," ſaid ſhe, "and I partly know the cauſe; but I am too warmly intereſted in you, to be ſatisfied with the partial information, that has been given me. I muſt have you forget how lately we have become acquainted: recollect, that I am the adopted daughter of Lady Riverſdale's beſt friend, and let that teſtimony ſtand me inſtead of ſome months' intercourſe; anticipate the moment of that confidence, which would naturally flow from our longer intimacy: for, the ſolidity of your underſtanding ſeems to ſink the difference between our ages;

and you have taken ſuch entire poſſeſſion of my affections, that it is impoſſible your feeling heart ſhould not in time make me ſome return. Truſt me, in the meanwhile, upon my own teſtimony: I will never give you reaſon to repent of it."

I threw my arms about her neck, while tears of gratitude ſtreamed from my eyes. "O, my deareſt Lady Belfont! it will be the pride of my life, to merit this exceſſive goodneſs; my heart ſeemed to expand to yours, from the firſt moment I beheld you; and I ſhould have been a mortified, unhappy creature, if I had not found favour in your ſight.

"Indeed you are in little danger of ever finding yourſelf that mortified creature with any one; even Lady Barbara, who is not over-indulgent in her judgments, does you juſtice in her way; only you are rather too good for her, ſhe ſays, or at leaſt wiſhing to be thought ſo, and that is worſe."

"I wiſh I deſerved part of Lady Barbara's accuſation, I don't mean that of hypocriſy: but your Ladyſhip will ſoon find, when you read my heart, as you kindly tell me you wiſh to do, how far I am from being too good."

" Well, open the book, my love, and let me judge."

" I don't know where to begin."

" Why, at the firſt page, to be ſure; or even with the preface, if you chooſe it."

" That will make a long ſtory of it, madam."

" I have nothing half ſo intereſting to do, as to attend to it, Miſs Riverſdale."

" Call me Louiſa, then, and that will encourage me to familiarity."

" My ſweet Louiſa! come, let me be your ſecond mother, the mother of your choice. I ſhall emulate Lady Riverſdale in affection; but not being quite ſo advanced in years as ſhe is, my ideas may perhaps coincide more readily with yours, and make me more ſuſceptible of entering into your feelings, than ſhe probably might think it right to ſeem to do; for, with all poſſible goodneſs in Lady Riverſdale's appearance, I can perceive there is a little maternal auſterity about her, that keeps you ſometimes at a diſtance, when your heart would prompt you to draw near."

" Have you already, my deareſt madam, diſcovered that? how penetrating you are! how much ſhould one fear you, if one had

any thing to hide! You have perhaps hit upon the only fault, to be attributed to my mother. She is one of the nobleſt and beſt of women; but ſhe does ſometimes throw me off, when my heart wants moſt to lean to her, and I fear that may, in more than one inſtance, have driven me wrong. But you will now judge for me, my dear Lady Belfont; and, if you vouchſafe me your advice, you ſhall find how thankfully I will upon all occaſions follow it."

I then told her every particular of my ſituation with Colonel Malcolm. She aſked many queſtions, for more minute information, as I went on; ſhe did juſtice to the noble parts of his character; ſhe ſhed tears for poor Lady Mary; ſhe had never met with another inſtance, ſhe ſaid, of ſuch ſimple, unaffected greatneſs of mind. But when I came to repeat the converſation, in which ſhe unfolded to me the natural jealouſy of his temper, and relate my ſubſequent engagement to him, ſhe exclaimed, "O good God! Louiſa;—and have you bound yourſelf? I cannot bear the thought!"

"My deareſt Lady Belfont, was I not bound in honour and gratitude before? the *mere* words of a promiſe only were wanting;

and I took that ſtep, to guard againſt the very jealouſy ſhe had warned me of."

"Nothing will ever guard you againſt it, my love—you have tied yourſelf down to be miſerable; O that Lady Mary could have engaged his affections!"

I felt hurt, and I ſuppoſe looked ſo; for, checking herſelf, ſhe added, "I beg your pardon, Louiſa; I am judging too haſtily perhaps—ſolicitude for your welfare drew what I have ſaid from me; but I am open to conviction; let me hear the remainder."

I candidly told her all, not even omitting his diſlike to Lady Barbara.

"And now you have been ſo very honeſt, my charming girl, I think I need not heſitate, to aſk you one queſtion more.—Does your diſtreſs ariſe wholly from Malcolm's abſence?"

"And from the fear of not conducting myſelf entirely to his ſatisfaction—indeed it does!"

"You are really then determined, to run every riſk, in giving him your hand?"

"I appeal to your Ladyſhip, whether, after the ſolemn promiſe given, I can even allow myſelf to conſider it as a queſtion."

"Why, to ſpeak candidly, in true honour and delicacy, I am afraid not; and yet I could almoſt wiſh, you thought leſs conſcientiouſly upon this occaſion."

"Indeed, Lady Belfont, you do not know half Colonel Malcolm's great and good qualities, or you would not be ſo much his enemy."

"Well, my dear, I will ſay no more upon the ſubject, then; and we muſt endeavour, to make the beſt of what cannot be remedied: in this ſituation therefore, you have no choice left, but that of conforming in every reſpect to what you ſuppoſe he would require of you, if he were here."

"Of this I am perfectly ſenſible, and it is what makes me ſo anxious for your Ladyſhip's prudent advice, which, if you encourage me to reſort to it, I will never take a ſtep without."

"Depend upon me, as far as my judgment can go, on every occaſion; and in the firſt place, Louiſa, I am ſure it is ſcarcely neceſſary, to point out, that prudence calls upon you, not to encourage the intimacy Prince Polinſky ſeems ſolicitous for. He is an amiable, good young man, whom I have long

intimately known, from his having been recommended to Lord Belfont's care at Turin; and I never ſaw any thing in him, but what was equally to the credit of his heart and his underſtanding: at the ſame time, I believe his head might be led aſtray by a leſs attractive tempter than yourſelf; and therefore an intimacy might be attended with real danger, independently of Colonel Malcolm's diſpleaſure."

"Certainly, Madam, I would wiſh to avoid meeting him altogether, if poſſible."

"That, my love, cannot well be, in ſo confined a circle as we move in here, and particularly from his intimacy in my family—and any affected reſerve or ſhyneſs on your part would expoſe you to ſome little degree of ridicule, after what has already paſſed between you, and be as wrong on the one hand, as too much encouragement would be on the other. But, ſteeled as you are by your affection for Malcolm, and guarded by very uncommon good ſenſe, you will readily ſtrike out ſuch a mode of conduct with him, as will effectually draw the line againſt all confidential intercourſe, which might imperceptibly lead you on beyond what you yourſelves

would be aware of; at the ſame time that you need not deviate from that general eaſe and cheerfulneſs, which is ſo natural in you to every one."

"I ſhould think, Lady Belfont, we had better not admit him here as a viſitor?"

"I do not ſee, after the liberty Lady Riverſdale has given him, that you can very well avoid it, without giving him more conſequence by the excluſion, than you would chooſe; but by no means let him get a footing of intimacy in your houſe—only receive him as you do all the reſpectable foreigners in Geneva."

I thanked her a thouſand times for her kindneſs, and cannot expreſs to you how my heart is relieved by it. O, my Henry! I now again begin to feel ſafe, as when I had you to fly to, and am certain I ſhall not go wrong.

Lady Belfont is quite charmed with the account I have given her of you. She knows Madame de Sainval, admires your fortitude and power over yourſelf there—ſays ſhe is a moſt enchanting little creature, and as good as ſhe is charming. So we thought, you know; but it is ſatisfactory to have one's opinions con-

firmed by ſo judicious an obſerver as Lady Belfont; ſhe hopes you will give me leave to ſhow her your letters—ſhe muſt be better acquainted with you, ſhe ſays; you will have no objection, I am ſure, my deareſt brother.

I cannot help being a little gratified, Henry, that I ſhould have judged ſo much more fairly of my new acquaintance, than Colonel Malcolm has done. Lavater for ever! and I think he will take Lady Belfont's word, though he would not mine.

7th.—Lady Belfont has inſiſted upon my mother's allowing me, to ſpend to morrow with her at Secheron, and ſtay there till the next day; for ſhe will not part with me in the evening; and we are to make a trial of thoſe little unfortunate duets, &c., which brought me into ſuch a ſcrape.

Lady Barbara will bring Madame d'Urtiſé and their ſuite home from the play; and it is to be a very gay party.

Mrs. Freeman, the Dean, and general Forlaix have engaged, to make up my mother's *reverſis*; ſo I ſhall go with a quiet conſcience.

9th.—I am returned from Secheron, my deareſt brother, and find my mother quite well.

The day paſſed delightfully, in the moſt comfortable *tête à tête* with Lady Belfont, who riſes upon me every moment.

The garden is pretty, and commands a beautiful view of the Lake, as you will recollect; but ſhe has improved it very much, by contriving to form ſome charmingly retired ſeats, ſurrounded by green-houſe plants—ſhe is as fond of a garden as I am, and was much pleaſed to find I had a turn for botany.

I found her buſy among her flower pots, diſpoſing them to the beſt advantage; and when ſhe has tired herſelf with gardening, ſhe ſays, ſhe likes to ſit and work or read out of doors: that, you know, is one of my great enjoyments too. I told her, if ſhe would let me read to her, while ſhe worked, it would be an inexpreſſible indulgence to me. There was nothing ſhe liked better,—that was the only thing, in which Lady Barbara ſuited her, who deteſted work, ſhe ſaid, but would read aloud by the hour; but then it was always lying, either upon her bed, or upon

her ſofa; a ſlight ſhare of ill health having ſerved as an excuſe for giving way to her natural indolence, and the foreign cuſtom making it no excluſion to viſitors, ſhe was hardly ever at eaſe, but when ſhe could indulge it.

Lady Belfont's mind is highly improved by reading. Every thing, that female literature ought to extend to, ſhe has made her own; and ſhe has ſuperadded all the advantage, that ſeeing much, and reflecting more, can give—not, like Lady Barbara, with a view to ſet herſelf off by the diſplay, but to treaſure up in her mind the benefit, and ſecure to herſelf the ineſtimable comfort both of living and thinking well.

Lady Barbara on the contrary, I believe, has extended her ſtudies to many things, that delicacy would preclude the female mind from; and values herſelf upon the honeſty of avowing it. Lady Belfont never quotes; and though her converſation is evidently formed upon what ſhe has read, it is from having thoroughly digeſted and arranged it.

About nine o'clock came *la bande joyeuſe*; Madame d'Urtiſe, Lady Barbara, Lord Grantin, Prince Polinſki, Mr. Burnaby—

the muſical practice was eagerly and inſtantly propoſed.

I was in hopes, by means of Madame d'Urtiſe, to have gotten off from my part, ſhe being ſo much more of an adept in that ſtyle of muſic, and equally ready with myſelf in ſinging at ſight; but my propoſal was immediately over-ruled; ſhe herſelf, indeed, ſtrenuouſly inſiſting upon the total impoſſibility of her uttering a note, having a dreadful cold; of which, however, there did not appear the ſlighteſt ſymptom. I had reaſon to think afterwards, that Mr. Burnaby's not being very fond of muſic, and her preference for his converſation, were probably the true motives of her declining to take a ſhare in it.

You cannot imagine what a charming muſician the Prince is. He plays and accompanies admirably, and ſings with infinite taſte and expreſſion, though without much voice. He has beſides accuſtomed himſelf in Italy, to *improviſare* both words and muſic; and he will compoſe whole ſcenes of an opera, recitative and all, without a moment's heſitation, in a very extraordinary manner. Were they committed to paper, perhaps neither the poetry nor the muſic might ſtand

the teſt of criticiſm; but to the ear they are charming. Add to all this a talent, which I believe is very peculiarly his own; you may lay any thing before him, either in verſe or proſe, provided there be ſentiment in it, and he will give you the expreſſion of it upon the piano forte, without the aſſiſtance of words*. He played the ſufferings and death of the poet Haller, till he threw ſome of us into tears. He afterwards took up a newſpaper, that happened to be lying about, and reſtored us to mirth again by the drollery, with which he played the paragraphs, advertiſements and all.

Lady Barbara ſaid, laughing, I wiſh he would confute Lord Grantin's argument in favour of Metaſtaſio, by playing ſome of Homer—The book was opened at one of the battles; and one could hardly have conceived the poſſibility of conveying an idea, as he did, of the different modes of death ſo variouſly deſcribed. The parting of Hector and Andromache was more eaſy; though the fright of young Aſtyanax at the helmet required ſome imagination.—In ſhort, he

* The editor has underſtood that the late Lady Hamilton poſſeſſed this talent in an eminent degree.

nailed us to our ſeats for two hours after ſupper; and I hardly recollect ever to have been ſo much entertained—and all that he does, too, is ſo perfectly free from affectation, and ſo evidently meant to pleaſe, that it cannot fail of its effect, even with thoſe who are not qualified to judge of his performance.

Lady Belfont had ſome pretty Engliſh lines, which ſhe deſired him to ſet to muſic; but not being ſufficiently maſter of the language, he laid the emphaſis wrong. Lord Grantin ſaid, he was very ſure I could do it, if I pleaſed; for he had heard me ſing ſeveral things of my own compoſition, that were *pieno di guſto**. I rather wiſhed to decline the attempt; but Lady Barbara obſerving, with a ſarcaſtic ſneer, that the lines were not half pathetic enough for Miſs Riverſdale, I was provoked to ſit down immediately to the inſtrument, and compoſed a little air, which they all ſaid was well adapted; the words are certainly pretty. I tranſcribe them for you.

The dew-drop ſhines on yonder flower,
In fleeting ſplendor gay;
It boaſts the glitter of an hour,
Stol'n from a tranſient ray.

* Replete with taſte.

So *love's* enchantment paints the maid,
Bids fair deluſions riſe;
But ſoon ideal beauties fade,
And paſſion's vapour flies.

See *Friendſhip* like the diamond ſhine,
With innate luſtre bright;
It cheers us by a beam divine,
And ſcorns a borrow'd light.
From mental beauty friendſhip grows,
Strong as the diamond's ray;
Love, like the ſhort liv'd dew-drop glows,
That twinkles on the ſpray.

The Prince took down the notes in pencil, as I played the air, and promiſed to ink them over for Lady Belfont this morning; and, if I would give him leave, he would alſo bring me a copy of it, for he found it neceſſary to ſeek pleas, he ſaid, for obtaining "*les entrées chez Miladi Riverſdale, dont le château me paroit plus au moins inacceſſible* *."

"Not in the leaſt," I anſwered, "we had unluckily been from home both the times he had done us the honour of calling, but ſhould be very glad to ſee him."

He hoped I had not been offended at the

* Admiſſion at Lady Riverſdale's, whoſe château appears to a certain degree inacceſſible.

liberty he had taken of ſending the lines my voice had inſpired him with; by encloſing them to my Lady he had endeavoured to guard againſt every appearance of impropriety.

I ſaid, he did me honour, and my mother and I had joined in admiring his poetic talents.

If they had afforded me an inſtant's pleaſure, he ſhould ſet more value upon them, than ever he had done before.

I had endeavoured at ſupper, without affectation, to avoid ſitting next him, by taking Lady Belfont's arm, and going to the ſeat between her and Mr. Burnaby: But, following quick, he exclaimed, "*Ah! deux dames enſémble! c'eſt impoſſible! il y a long tems que j'ai l'honneur d'être le* CAVALIERE SERVENTE *de Miladi Belfont; et aſſurément ce n'eſt pas dans ce moment ci, que je renoncerai aux droits que ce titre me donne* *;" in ſaying which, he ſlipped in between us.

* Ha! two ladies together!—that's impoſſible. I have a long time had the honour of being the *cavaliere ſervente* of Lady Belfont; and certainly on this occaſion *I ſhall* not forego the rights, this honourable ſituation *gives* me.

He threw out two or three hints, glancing at Colonel Malcolm, about whom he ſeemed to wiſh for more information; but I warded off the ſubject.

One thing he ſaid was, that he hoped I gave him credit for his diſcretion the other evening at the *Treïlle*, in not forcing his converſation upon me, when I ſeemed deſirous to ſhun it—*qu'il croyoit m'avoir deviné* *, and that he wiſhed to ſhow me how diſintereſtedly he could conduct himſelf.

I felt embarraſſed, and fooliſhly anſwered, that I did not know what he meant.

'*Ah! dans ce moment ci vous n'êtes pas ſincère; car vous me comprenez de reſte* †.

Recovering a little, I anſwered, that the beſt proof he could give me of that diſcretion, which he boaſted of, would be in avoiding thoſe ſubjects, that forced me to inſincerity.

He bowed ſubmiſſion, and ſaid no more.

Madame d'Urtiſe held forth at ſupper, as if ſhe wiſhed to make amends for having withdrawn herſelf ſo much from the reſt of

* He thought he had gueſſed my wiſh.

† Juſt now you are not quite ſincere; for you pretty well underſtand me.

the company before; for ſhe had retired to a window, where ſhe and Mr. Burnaby had continued whiſpering during the whole of the practice. She made ſome diverting obſervations, intermixed with a profuſion of *nonſenſe*, which, the Prince archly whiſpered Lady Belfont and me, ſeemed to, *couler de ſource**.

Lady Barbara ſaid, after they were gone, "ſhe is a charming creature—ſhe is ſo very natural."

"One would almoſt be tempted to wiſh her a little leſs ſo," Lady Belfont anſwered.

She had been very much preſſed, to take a ſhare of my bed, inſtead of going to the inn†; but ſhe perſiſted in preferring the inn.

Lady Belfont is by no means pleaſed with her. "She is a ſilly, giddy woman, I am afraid," ſaid ſhe to me this morning.

I was ſurpriſed at any thing ſo harſh from her, and anſwered, "She is good-humoured, but unthinking, I believe."

"You are willing to make the beſt of her, Louiſa; but ſhe muſt go a little beyond want

* Flow from nature.

† There is no returning into Geneva after the gates are ſhut, without applying to the commandant.

of thought, to expoſe herſelf, as ſhe does, with a married man."

"A married man! good heavens! is Mr. Burnaby a married man? ſurely then ſhe does not know it!"

"I ſhould think ſhe muſt," replied ſhe, "from her intimacy with his party, who would ſo naturally, in the courſe of common converſation, mention it. He married a frightful old woman for her fortune, to whom he behaved as ſhe might have expected he would; that is, he left her the moment he had gotten poſſeſſion of her property, and has been abroad ever ſince, amuſing himſelf at her expenſe, and doing fooliſh things wherever he has gone. He is, as you ſee, very handſome; and you have as certainly perceived, that he is very weak: add to this, that he is wrongheaded and violent, by which happy combination he is conſtantly getting himſelf into ſcrapes. I cannot think how Barbara could be ſo unguarded, as to pick him up here; for we ſtudiouſly avoided him in Italy. And let me aſk you, by the bye, my love, how it happens, that you ſhould be ſo intimate with a woman, ſo unlike you in every reſpect?"

I explained to her the connection between Madame d'Urtiſe's father and mine abroad, and the obligations he had laid him under, which made it impoſſible for my mother to avoid receiving her, at his requeſt, in her preſent unprotected ſtate, even into our family, if ſhe had choſen it; but, fortunately for us, ſhe did not incline to ſubmit to that ſort of reſtraint.

Lady Belfont ſaid, this accounted for what had more than once puzzled her, ſince ſhe had ſeen us; and it was a provoking thing, to be hampered with ſo undeſirable an intimate.

I replied, that ſhe ſeemed very well inclined, to relieve us from the burden of her company; that we ſeemed to ſuit her taſte as little as ſhe ſuited ours; for that ſince her return from Lauſanne ſhe had never been near us. Lady Belfont rejoiced to hear it.

Prince Polinſki came in;—he was come to keep his word with Lady Belfont, and wiſhed to copy my little compoſition in my preſence, that, in caſe he had made any miſtake in noting it down, I might correct it: for the ſlighteſt deviation would be an injury to it, he ſaid.

When he unfolded it, the friction of his pocket had ſo completely defaced the pencilling, that there was no reading it at all. He took a pen, and immediately wrote under it;—

Le crayon trop léger qui traça ton ouvrage,
S'eſt preſqu' effacé dans un jour;
Ce n'eſt pas celui dont ſe ſert l'amour,
Quand il nous trace ton image*.

How elegant and pretty, Henry!—I felt a little confuſed, though I don't know why; for it was a mere *galanterie*, that might have been addreſſed to any one; but only it occurred to me at the moment, that Colonel Malcolm would not have been pleaſed with it.

Might he conduct me home? he aſked; the day was ſo cool and fine, that he concluded I ſhould walk.

Lady Belfont, ſeeing me at a loſs, anſwered, that ſhe was going to convey me in the chariot, as we had ſome buſineſs, that would take us a little out of our way; and was ſorry ſhe

* The ſlight marks of my pencil, which traced your notes, are almoſt effaced in a ſingle day. Not ſuch is the pencil, with which Love traces your image on our heart.

could not, on that account, offer him the *ſtrapontin**.

He looked diſappointed; but ſaid he would write a fair copy of the ſong, which he had reſtored from recollection, and bring it to Lady Riverſdale's in the evening, if he might.

He was very obliging, I told him, but we were not to be at home in the evening. In fact we were engaged to Mrs. Freeman's; but I did not name her, leſt he might think it an opening for meeting us there.

He ſaid no more, and ſoon after left us.

Lady Barbara did not make her appearance: ſhe breakfaſts in bed, and ſeldom leaves it till eleven or twelve o'clock.

I feel quite ſhocked in regard to Madame d'Urtiſe, my deareſt brother, and do not know what to do;—whether it would be better, to mention the circumſtance to her, by way of putting her upon her guard—but it ſeems taking upon myſelf ſo ſtrangely, for a girl like me, to admoniſh a woman of thirty. I will mention it to my mother: ſhe will certainly be the propereſt perſon to interfere.

* Foreign built chariots have a little front ſeat, ſo *called*, which is raiſed occaſionally for a third perſon.

Lady Riverſdale is very unwilling to meddle in it—ſhe doubts the chance of doing any good. She thinks worſe of Madame d'Urtiſe, than I apprehended, and believes her capable of going any length: and where there is neither principle nor ſenſe to work upon, what good can caution or advice do?

10*th*.—We went to Mrs. Freeman's; and who ſhould come in, but Prince Polinſki? brought by Lord Grantin.

He looked agreeably ſurpriſed at ſeeing me, and, coming up, ſaid, "chance is more favourable to me than you are, for you would not tell me where your engagement was this evening."

"Did you aſk me?" ſaid I, a little embarraſſed.

"I wanted courage to take ſuch a liberty," ſaid he; "but if you allow me to do ſo, I ſhall take care, not to let my happineſs reſt upon chance in future."

This was uttered with a look of ſo much meaning, that it ſeemed to call for a check from me. "And will you take care alſo," I replied, "when you write to the friend

you deſired me occaſionally to put you in mind of, to inform her, that you are now ſafe in meeting a young woman every evening, whom you at firſt ſight deemed it prudent to guard yourſelf againſt?"

He looked a little abaſhed, but anſwered, "Surely you are more ſevere, than there is occaſion for; I had no idea of denying myſelf the gratification of being in your company; ſo long as I do not forget, what I owe to you and myſelf in it, you would not deprive me of ſo innocent a ſatisfaction!"

I felt, that it might appear like vanity in me, to ſay any more; or that he might conſtrue it into fear of myſelf in regard to him; though I do not believe he would: he ſeems very free from any conceit of that ſort. However, I ſaid, jokingly, "you muſt be the beſt judge in that reſpect: I have ſhown you in the meanwhile, I am afraid, how eaſily a girl is led, to fancy herſelf a dangerous creature."

"Ah! you run no riſk of going beyond the truth, in regard to yourſelf there," exclaimed he.

They had ſat down to cards, and Lord

Grantin went away *; ſo that the Prince and I remained in a ſort of *tête-à-tête*. I drew near the card-table.

He requeſted my attention to ſomething very intereſting to a younger ſiſter of his, which he ſhould be glad of my opinion upon.

I told him, I thought Lady Belfont much better qualified than myſelf, to give advice in any matter of importance.

If I deemed him too preſuming, or that I diſtruſted him, he had done; but he owned, he had ſet his heart upon obtaining my friendſhip, and proving himſelf not unworthy of it; and while his wiſhes were ſo very blameleſs, he did not ſuppoſe, I could have any reaſon for drawing back from them: he had already ſeen enough of me, to be certain I was equally above affectation or prudery.

* The reader will doubtleſs be ſtruck with many little negligences in Louiſa's ſtyle, againſt which ſhe would probably have guarded had ſhe expected her correſpondence would have been ſubmitted to any other eye, than that of a partial brother. The mixture of appeals to her brother, and canvaſſings of her own thoughts, may alſo juſtly be excepted againſt, as not belonging to journal writing: but it was her mode, and therefore has been reſpected by the editor, who might have deſtroyed both the character and the ſtamp of originality, in the attempt to make it more correct.

THE EDITOR.

I ſaid, I hoped I was; but I believed the world was not always inclined to be indulgent to a friendly intimacy between very young people, and, circumſtanced as he knew me to be, I was ſure he would not wiſh me, to provoke its cenſure.

He would ſacrifice himſelf in any ſhape, rather than expoſe me to it; but, guarded and ſurrounded as he always ſaw me, and ſtanding high in the opinion of all that knew me, I might ſet detraction at defiance: and therefore he repeated his requeſt, that he might conſult me as a brother upon this occaſion.

What could I ſay, my dear brother? how could I avoid liſtening to him, without incurring the very imputation, he had juſt ſet me above?

I returned to the table by the window, where I had been at work, and he entered into a circumſtantial detail relative to this ſiſter, who has got into a ſituation of ſome difficulty, which he is anxious to extricate her from. You would have been pleaſed with the ſentiments he expreſſed; ſo much affection for his ſiſter! ſo ſenſible! ſuch manly, *true* feeling! he more than once brought

tears into my eyes, by recalling my beloved brother to my mind. He had written her a letter of advice, which he requeſted me to look over, and which would do honour to any head, and any heart.

I could only agree in all he had ſaid and done: there did not appear to me, to remain any thing to be ſuggeſted. He ſeemed highly gratified with the approbation, which I teſtified, indeed which it was impoſſible to withhold from him. He is truly a very amiable young man, and I feel quite anxious, to open Colonel Malcolm's eyes about him. Noble and honourable as he is himſelf, he muſt love thoſe qualities in others; and if once his doubts and fears were removed, he muſt allow, that the choice of ſuch a friend as Prince Polinſki is a credit both to one's heart and judgment.

11*th*.—I have made a diſcovery I little expected indeed, my dear brother. Colonel Malcolm's ſuſpicions are intolerable;—this is a humiliation, I was not prepared for—but you ſhall judge, what I *ought* to feel upon it.

I had deſired of Catherine, that the inſtant Javotte might ſafely venture into the air, ſhe

would bring her to us, which ſhe did this morning; and immediately began apologiſing for the Colonel's having broken in upon us in her room the other day; adding, ſhe did not believe he knew we were there; for till then he had always inquired firſt, before he would come in. With much aſtoniſhment to find he had been in the practice of going to her houſe, I aſked what his buſineſs with her might be;—could you have believed it?—to ſift her in regard to the frequency of my viſits there, and aſcertain whether Javotte was the real and only motive for them; and to endeavour to bribe her, to communicate to la Grange, during his abſence, any meſſages or notes, that might be left with her for me; which the good creature rejected, and, perfectly unconſcious of his meaning, in the affectionate ſimplicity of her heart, boaſted, that all our ſervants (and Joe in particular) were too much attached, to ſuffer any one from out of doors to do any thing of that ſort for me. This had probably ſuggeſted to him the degrading thought, that Joe might be a dangerous perſon to leave about me; for I inſtantly recollected a propoſal he had made *a very few* days before his departure, that my

mother ſhould recommend Joe to Lord Grantin as a means of advancement; and that upon Joe's rejecting the offer, and declaring he would not leave us upon any conſideration, Colonel Malcolm had betrayed vexation as well as diſappointment, which at the time I took little notice of, but which now forcibly and painfully recurred to me.

To be thus cruelly—thus meanly ſuſpected of duplicity, of want of principle—of art—at a moment too, that he was aſſuring me of his reliance upon my faith and ſincerity—when I was making every ſacrifice to convince him of them—to have this old la Grange placed as a ſpy over me.

My heart is ready to burſt with indignation. I muſt have recourſe to Lady Belfont for counſel and relief.

HENRY TO LOUISA.

London, 2d July, 178—.

You may believe, my dear Louiſa, with what trembling anxiety I looked for the packet, that has juſt reached me—and my heart ſinks within me at its contents.—I was not prepared for this precipitate determination of

your fate;—I ſaw, that you were involving yourſelf in difficulties;—I trembled at the danger, to which your future happineſs was expoſed, and from that very gentleneſs and generoſity of temper, by which it ought to have been enſured. But a deciſion of ſuch moment at ſeventeen! Had your hand been ſolicited by the very man whom I have deſcribed, endowed with virtue, and bleſſed with every advantage under heaven, I would have flown from the remoteſt part of the world, to have prevented a haſty promiſe.

Lady Mary Melvile too, apparently ſent like a guardian angel, to ſtep between you and your doom, only ſerving to accelerate it. She—ſhe was calculated for Malcolm; and, from her age, her knowledge of his character, and her long tried attachment, might have been happy with him, and made him ſo;—not the youthful, blooming, ſprightly Louiſa. It will be matter of never ceaſing concern to me, that I was not at hand, to give you that ſupport, which you had been accuſtomed to receive from me; and preciſely in the moſt critical circumſtance of your life, when you were in that ſort of difficulty and perplexity, from which the aid of a friend *might* have

extricated you;—for, paradoxical as it may ſeem to you, my deareſt girl, had the very enemy, from whom you, at preſent, think yourſelf ſo ſafe, actually ſurpriſed you, I ſhould not have thought my abſence of half the conſequence; though even in that caſe I muſt have regretted, both for myſelf and you, the reciprocal ſatisfaction of leaning and being leaned upon: but where the more powerful paſſions are engaged, neither advice nor experience will avail; nothing can be oppoſed to them, but the great virtues of the heart, and the energy of one's own mind. Heaven forbid, that I ſhould ever ſee your gentle boſom torn by ſuch mighty conflicts! No; I will now endeavour to hope, that you have, in your attachment to Colonel Malcolm, felt all that you will ever feel of love. Would he had been poſſeſſed of a ſmall patrimony at the foot of ſome romantic mountain in the *Païs de Vaud!* there indeed you might beſt have realized the picture, my imagination had ſo often made for you; and I may ſay, that in ſuch a retirement you would have been leaſt expoſed to the alarming jealouſy, which already is ſo manifeſt from many parts of your journal. There, in the calm of the

paſſions, your heart expanded by the charms of nature, and the pleaſure of diffuſing happineſs to all around you, you might have glided ſmoothly along the ſtream of domeſtic life: nor ſhould I have ſaid, that even my Louiſa had been waſted, in filling up the duties of ſuch a ſtation.

But this ſafer ſcene cannot be realized. The very appointment Malcolm is ſoliciting, and without which he cannot claim your promiſe, will neceſſarily throw you into the moſt extenſive and brilliant ſociety: and, circumſtanced as you are, this muſt ſubject you to difficulties, that will call for unremitting caution on your part. Something, I allow, there muſt be to contend with in every ſituation; and you certainly, by being aware of what you may expect, can learn to ſhape your conduct to it. In this inſtance perhaps Colonel Malcolm may have the advantage of a younger man: his character is ſtrongly marked, and he is no longer of an age, when any new faults are to be apprehended: what he is, he will remain. He will not change like ſome of my college friends, who at thirty retain ſcarcely any veſtige of the *diſpoſition* they had at one and twenty.

You ſeem perfectly aware, that the moſt explicit openneſs upon all occaſions will be your beſt guard againſt ſuſpicion; and your ſtrong ſenſe of propriety, your innate delicacy, will of courſe prevent you from falling into the foreign freedom of admitting loungers to your toilette. I would even ſay farther, that, in your peculiar ſituation, it will be prudent, to deny yourſelf to male morning viſitors altogether; but certainly your huſband's preſence will be a ſufficient ſanction for your continuing to prefer, as you have ever done, the converſation of ſenſible men to the trifling amuſements of young women. As to the friendſhips, as they are called, (though the name deceives nobody) which men of the world contract with young women under twenty, I certainly need not put you upon your guard;—I know we are of the ſame opinion. You recollect how diverted we uſed to be in conjecturing what little Madeleine and the young wife of d'Epremont were adviſing their kind friend, the *chargé d'affaires*, to write to his court about, the ſtate of politics, or the ſecurity of the Géneva bank.—I am ready to allow, that a ſenſible

woman *d'un certain age*, who has had long intercourſe with the world, may have that readineſs and juſtneſs in her perception, which might make the men who are intimate in the family appeal to her judgment and advice, in preference to her huſband's; and I do not put in this ſalvo merely to guard againſt your ſuſpecting me of contempt for the ſex. You know, my love, I have none of that narrowneſs: *not* becauſe I am *too handſome*, according to your whimſical doctrine; though I perfectly agree with you they are in general deviliſh ugly fellows, and always diſagreeable ones, who adopt the common place railing againſt woman. They give you your revenge, however; for thoſe, who think all women gallant, think all men knaves; and your ſhare of the cenſure may be the better of the two.

I would fain make my Louiſa ſmile, if I could; or rather, I would fain ſhow her *I* can ſmile through the gloom, which ſeems to have ſtolen over this letter;—for why, after all, ſhould I deem a fate to be unalterably decided, which ſtill hangs upon the moſt precarious of all tenures, court favour? Had Lady Mary Melvile dropped, my ſiſter's doom became irrevocable: but heaven, in preſerv-

ing her intereſting life, may have extended its protection to more than one angel. I will ſtill cheriſh a hope, my deareſt girl, to which my mind is ſo naturally prone, that nothing but the extreme anxiety I feel in the event could have ſo inſtantaneouſly deadened it in my heart. Do not imagine, that I mean to ſatisfy myſelf with giving theſe hurrying anſwers to one part only of your charming narratives: whenever I can ſnatch a moment, I employ it in following you regularly through every ſubject, as if we were in actual converſation. I beſides keep a journal of occurrences on my part, which ſhall be forwarded to you all together as I can find ſafe conveyance by private hands. I now, therefore, confine myſelf to what is neareſt my heart; and what it is indeed ſo oppreſſed with, I could not deny myſelf the relief of uttering. As I write to my mother *, I ſhall bid my beſt friend a haſty adieu.

LOUISA IN ANSWER.

Geneva, 12th July.

Ah me! my deareſt friend!—your letter awaited my return from Lady Belfont's,—

* This letter is miſſing.

The depreſſion, that pervades it, ſpreads its contagion over my ſoul. Moſt certainly I have been too precipitate;—my kind brother's forbearance from reproaches, whilſt every word evinces the diſtreſs I have brought upon him, deepens the ſenſe of my error. The beſt of parents at hand too—could I but have brought myſelf, to have had recourſe to her in time!—raſh, inconſiderate girl! your partial indulgence, my Henry, your too good opinion of my ſenſe has turned my head.—See how very incapable I am of judging—of guiding myſelf;—how much I have been to blame! and how unavailing the regret—it is now too late!—there is no appeal from honour. Do not however miſtake me: I have not changed my opinion ſo far, as to give up my own hopes of yet connecting happineſs with my union with Colonel Malcolm; but I grieve to have it no longer in my power, to prove to my brother, that nothing can come into competition in my heart with his wiſhes and his peace; and that I certainly would not have ſacrificed them to Colonel Malcolm's, could I have foreſeen them to be ſo ſtrongly oppoſed. But even Lady Belfont admits the promiſe to be too ſacred for re-conſideration.

She did not ſeem at all ſurpriſed at the diſcovery I imparted to her. She ſaid I knew little of jealouſy, if I ſuppoſed it confined to juſt grounds, or ſcrupulous of running into meanneſs; that it was the bane of every comfort, and perverted the nobleſt natures. She immediately foreſaw what muſt inevitably happen, from the moment I had informed her, that it was natural in the Colonel's diſpoſition. The great diſparity of ages, joined to the conſciouſneſs, on his part, of what my attachment to him could alone be founded upon, muſt carry it to its higheſt pitch.

"What my attachment to him is founded upon, my deareſt Lady Belfont! ſurely, upon every ſentiment, that can actuate a good heart, and give him ſecurity for my principles."

"You think ſo, my dear girl; but I am going to be ſincere with you to a degree, that may perhaps give you pain: yet I will never heſitate, where I think it material, to prove myſelf your friend. I am already enabled, from your uncommon ingenuouſneſs, to judge better of your heart, than you can do yourſelf; and Colonel Malcolm is enough acquainted

with human nature, to judge of it as I do. You deceive yourſelf in believing, that your attachment is founded upon his good qualities—you are aware of them, and you revere them: but I am going to probe you to the quick, Louiſa—your attachment is founded in part on your inexperience; but much more on your *vanity*."

"My vanity, Lady Belfont! Good God! do you think ſo ill of me?—then I am fallen indeed;"—and the tears guſhed down my cheeks."

"Indeed I do not think ill of you, my love, and I will ſoon convince you, that I do not. You have no more of vanity, than what is implanted in human nature; but your mother—excuſe me—I muſt in this particular take the liberty to blame her—your mother gave it *power* to *injure* you, by impreſſing you with a falſe idea of yourſelf. The miſtaken notion of depreciating your perſon in your own eyes * gave the firſt man

* Had theſe letters been intended for the public, Lady Belfont would probably have been made to be a little more explicit, in pointing out the medium between the blame ſhe was affixing upon Lady Riverſdale for going too far on the one hand, and the weakneſs of

who opened them ſuch a hold upon your grateful affection, that it was not in nature for you to eſcape the conſequences."

"And can you ſuppoſe, madam, that it was merely becauſe he gave me a better opinion of my *perſon*, that I loved him?"

"No, Louiſa, that is not what I mean to ſay;—he had worked his way into your good opinion before that: but if you had had an adequate idea of your own claims to admiration, you would not have felt ſo very grateful for a tribute that was your due; and perhaps would have been a little more quick-ſighted as to the ſelfiſh views he might have, in wiſhing to keep at a diſtance the younger men that were ſurrounding you. But you were accuſtomed to hear of him as a man, who had always been deemed irreſiſtible by your ſex,

mothers, who, by their ſilly admiration of their children's perſons, teach them to ſet too high a value upon external qualifications, on the other. A *judicious* parent, ſteering between theſe two extremes, would probably endeavour, in *allowing* of her child's claim to beauty, if ſhe had it, to impreſs her mind at the ſame time with ſuch a ſenſe of mental ſuperiority over perſonal attraction, as would teach her to hold it cheap.

and to conſider him as wholly out of your own reach. His condeſcending to attend to you at all, therefore, inſtantly prediſpoſed your mind in his favour: your vanity was flattered at your becoming an object of attention to him; but it concealed itſelf from your own obſervation under all thoſe better ſentiments, which he contrived to call into action by the pretended diſintereſtedneſs, which you became ſuch a ready dupe to. The very firſt note he wrote you would have betrayed the latent motives that actuated him, to any eyes not blinded by the ſuppoſed impoſſibility of his being inſpired with more tender ſentiments."

"Indeed, indeed, Lady Belfont, you do him injuſtice."

"Have you the note about you?"

"No, I have not."

"Well then, look at it when you go home, with the idea I have now ſuggeſted; and ſee whether it will not ſtrike you in a different light."

I inſtantly recollected what you had alſo obſerved upon that ſubject, my beloved brother, to which, at the time, I paid little attention, aſcribing it wholly to your own par-

tiality; but, upon now reading the note over again, I am aware of the implied meanings, which had wholly eſcaped me, and am aſtoniſhed at my own ſtupidity.

Lady Belfont went on—"Truſt me, however, in the mean while, for an opinion founded both in experience and impartiality: and now ſuffer me—if you can forgive the liberties my tender concern for you prompts me to take——"

"Forgive! my deareſt madam, how can I ever ſufficiently thank you for the friendly intereſt you are evincing?"

"Why, then I muſt proceed, my dear, to lay open to you ſome more of the receſſes of your own mind, which I have been ſtudying very carefully, ever ſince you let me read it ſo fairly: and I will now tell you what will perhaps ſurpriſe you ſtill more than any thing I have ſaid before; and that is, that you do not love Colonel Malcolm, and never have loved him for an inſtant."

"You would not think ſo, Lady Belfont, if you knew all the heart-aches he has occaſioned me."

"He has given you ſuch heart-aches, Lou-

iſa, as many a *friend* will do in the courſe of your life, by miſunderſtanding and diſtruſt."

"And is not friendly affection, originating in eſteem, the only ſort of love, that a well-regulated mind ought to admit?"

"It is certainly the only ſort of love, that a well-regulated mind ſhould wiſh to admit for its own happineſs: but, with ſenſibility ſuch as yours, it will be very difficult, that you ſhould eſcape a much more tormenting, unquiet gueſt's taking poſſeſſion of that tender boſom."

(What an alarming coincidence with my Henry's opinions!)

"And I earneſtly wiſh," continued ſhe, "that the moment may be farther off, than I apprehend it to be, which will convince my dear little ſceptic (for I ſee you do not give credit to what I am ſaying) of the truth of my obſervation."

"Indeed, deareſt Lady Belfont, you terrify me to death. The inſtant, that ſhould bring ſuch a conviction to my mind, will, I hope, be the laſt of my exiſtence: for I could not ſurvive the idea of my broken faith. Am I not pledged to Colonel Malcolm by all that a woman ought to hold moſt dear — my ho-

nour? I look upon my word as irrevocably paſſed, whenever he comes to claim it: as much ſo, as if my vows had been plighted to him at the altar."

"O my dear Louiſa! there, there indeed is the miſery of it—unleſs he himſelf could be induced to releaſe you."

"Nothing, madam, ought to releaſe me. I ſhould feel myſelf conſigned to eternal diſgrace, if I could even accept of releaſe, were he to hold it out to me. It would be an indelible blot in my character, and I could never know peace again. The only object I muſt keep in view is how to obtain that confidence from him, which my integrity entitles me to, and which alone can give either of us any hope of happineſs."

"You have but one reſource, as I ſaid before," replied Lady Belfont, "and that is the moſt perfect candour and openneſs, upon all occaſions, and upon every ſubject; and, if theſe do not at length overcome his ſuſpicions, (and much indeed I fear they will not) I have no farther advice to give."

"Shall I write, and tell him what I have diſcovered, and how my ſoul is wounded by it?"

"I certainly would, my love."

"And does your ladyſhip think, that I ſhould mention Prince Polinſki?" ſaid I, feeling myſelf colour as I ſpoke, in the idea, after the hint ſhe had given, that ſhe might miſconſtrue my queſtion.

"Without doubt, if you have any thing particular to ſay of him," replied ſhe, with a very penetrating look.

I then told her what had paſſed at Mrs. Freeman's. She obſerved it was a pity I could not avoid getting upon that kind of confidential footing with him: at the ſame time ſhe acquitted me of having gone beyond what the circumſtances rendered unavoidable;—and I judged quite right, ſhe ſaid, in not giving him too much conſequence by pointedly ſhunning him: nothing was ſo likely, to give riſe to the ſuppoſition of his being a dangerous object. She adviſed me by all means to be peculiarly explicit with Colonel Malcolm in reſpect to him.

She kept me to dinner, promiſing to bring me home in the afternoon, and drink tea with Lady Riverſdale, provided I would engage to go with her to-morrow to Madame du Tour's *collation* and freſco ball, at Sêcheron, as ſhe ſuppoſed my mother would decline going.

I would willingly have declined it alſo: my ſpirits were very low—but ſhe would not hear of it, and inſiſted upon my promiſe.

And here I found your letter, my beſt friend, which has not raiſed them.

It is now one o'clock—ſleep will perhaps recover me; if not, I ſhall endeavour to diſengage myſelf in the morning.

LADY RIVERSDALE TO SIR HENRY.

Geneva, 13th July.

I ſnatch a haſty moment, in Louiſa's abſence, to conſult with my dear ſon upon a confidential propoſal made to me by our valuable new acquaintance, Lady Belfont, who ſeems to have conceived an almoſt maternal affection for the dear child, and to participate in the kindeſt manner in the anxiety ariſing out of this unfortunate, and, I fear, irremediable engagement.

Lord Belfont, who was to have joined her here, now writes to deſire ſhe would meet him at Paris, to proceed thence to England with him. Though there are reaſons for his not wiſhing it to be immediately known, that he takes a different route from *that which* was at firſt intended, ſhe has im-

parted it in confidence to me; it having occured to her, that Louiſa might derive an advantage from the change of ſcene, if I could bring myſelf to bear the idea of parting with her for a year, and had a ſufficiently good opinion of herſelf, to entruſt her with ſuch a treaſure.

Recommended as ſhe is by the Dowager Counteſs of Darly, and pleaſed as I am with every thing I have ſeen of her, I can have but one objection; and that I honeſtly told her: for as to bringing my own enjoyments into competition with any real advantage to my children, it is what I never have done, and I hope never ſhall do.—But my objection is Lady Barbara Brackly, who certainly is by no means a proper companion for Louiſa to come forward with: and indeed, young and inexperienced as your ſiſter is, there is no ſaying what effect the conſtant intercourſe with ſuch very free and unreſtrained manners might have upon her. This I ſtated with all the delicacy in my power; but I ſaw Lady Belfont was hurt at it. She anſwered, that ſhe acknowledged the force of the difficulty, without knowing how to remove it. Whatever Lady Barbara's faults may be, her being Lord Belfont's niece entitled her to the ſame indul-

gence and protection from her, as if ſhe were her own: of courſe, whatever her heart might prompt in regard to Louiſa, ſhe was bound to conſider her duty in the firſt place. I perfectly aſſented to what ſhe ſaid, and eſteemed her the more for it: ſo here it reſts for us to determine, whether the advantage to be expected from change of ſituation and objects, in giving a turn to the dear girl's ideas and affections, may counterbalance the miſchiefs to be apprehended from her being aſſociated in the world's opinion with a Lady Barbara Brackly. Unleſs the winds prove very adverſe indeed, there will be time for me to receive your ſentiments upon this head, before any poſitive deciſion will be neceſſary; as Lady Belfont expects another letter, previous to fixing the time of her departure. The proſpect of finding you in England ſhould have no trifling weight in the ſcale, both in point of advantage and happineſs to Louiſa. Your guarding her firſt ſteps from being miſguided, in a world ſo new to her as London will be, may effectually ſecure her againſt any ſubſequent danger of contagion from example, and ſhe may be more eminently diſtinguiſhed from the contraſt; and, with Lady

Belfont's affection and experience to watch over her, ſhe can never be in real danger.—In ſhort, I am rather inclined to make light of my own objection, but want your corroborating opinion, before I mention the matter to herſelf; as I fear her delicate conſideration for Colonel Malcolm might lead her to reject it at once, unleſs I were very decided in my determination. She is not yet aware of the blow, that awaits her in Lady Belfont's departure—every way it will be a ſtruggle.

The weakneſs of my eyes makes writing ſo troubleſome, that I muſt confine myſelf to my ſubject; being very ſure, beſides, that Louiſa's frank and minute communications make you perfectly maſter of every circumſtance, in regard to her ſituation and proſpects, that can influence your deciſion either way. In impatient expectation of your anſwer, and with unceaſing wiſhes and prayers for my beloved ſon's welfare, Ever his truly

Affectionate Mother,

CAROLINE RIVERSDALE.

THE JOURNAL IN CONTINUATION.

14*th*.—Lady Belfont's taking the trouble of coming to Geneva on purpoſe to fetch me

precluded the apology I wiſhed to have made from finding myſelf really very unwell; and ſhe was ſo perſuaded, that the diſorder did not reach beyond my ſpirits, that ſhe urged me to exert myſelf and go.

The very firſt perſon I met with at Madame du Tour's was Prince Polinſki. He begged to engage me for a partner.—I wiſhed to be excuſed—I was not well.

In that caſe he would ſit out too; for he had only been tempted to dance upon the ſight of me; otherwiſe he would a thouſand times rather converſe.

I thought it would be leſs remarkable to dance with him, than to have him ſit ſtill with me; ſo I agreed to ſtand up.

There was an expreſſion of uncommon feſtivity in his countenance, which I could not help taking notice of.

"I ſhould think from your appearance," ſaid I, "that ſomething very peculiarly agreeable has befallen you."

"There has indeed," anſwered he; "In the firſt place I have obtained you for my partner."—

"Pſhaw—that is treating me ſo like a ſilly girl, fiſhing for a compliment—for it was

written in your countenance before you knew I was diſengaged."

"It muſt have added a finiſhing poliſh though—but I really have received a very pleaſant piece of intelligence from home. I have a brother, who has been rather inconſiderate, and run himſelf into ſome pecuniary difficulties. Upon my being appointed to a place of ſome little emolument at court, I ſolicited his Majeſty's leave, to reſign my captain's commiſſion to my brother, as a proviſion for him. I was refuſed—and, upon my renewing the application more ſtrenuouſly, the king grew angry, and anſwered me in a pet, that I might do as I pleaſed, and take the conſequences. I was content to abide by them, I ſaid, in full reliance upon his majeſty's juſtice. It was ſuggeſted to me, that a more lucrative employment was intended for me, which I ſhould forfeit by my attachment to a brother, of whom the king did not think well. I ſaid he ſtood in the greater need of my aſſiſtance: and, as liberty had been granted me to do as I pleaſed, I muſt be very unworthy indeed, if I did not avail myſelf of it, to ſecure him a *competency*, in preference to increaſing my

own income, and I immediately reſigned my commiſſion in my brother's favour. The conſequence was my incurring ſuch very marked proofs of diſpleaſure, that I was adviſed to aſk for leave of abſence, and travel till it ſhould a little ſubſide. Many months have elapſed, without my hearing any thing farther, till this very day, which has brought me a letter from Count O——, written by the king's order, importing that, though his majeſty had been diſpleaſed at my obſtinacy, he could not at length but do juſtice to my motives; and that I have liberty to return immediately to Warſaw, to be inveſted with my new employment."

Are not theſe amiable traits of character? His way of thinking ſo frequently calls yours to my mind; and he has ſo much animated, innocent gayety about him, that I am ſure he would pleaſe you very much.

He dances uncommonly well. Somebody mentioned the *Coſaque**—Madame d'Urtiſe ſaid ſhe knew I could dance it.—I was called upon as the only perſon, that could enable him to gratify the company with a ſpecimen of it. I was both unwilling, to make ſuch

* A Poliſh dance.

an exhibition of myſelf, and very much afraid I ſhould not have ſtrength to get through it: I was not ſuffered to decline it, however, and we ſtood up. His performance was inimitable—light, graceful beyond deſcription, he ſeemed to float in air. Juſt as we were concluding, my head turned giddy, and I faultered: he perceived it, and being near me at the moment, caught me in his arms; but before he could get me to a chair, I fainted.

Lady Belfont ſays, that the confuſion this fooliſh accident produced was very great indeed. A general ſolicitude and buſtle took place, while the Prince ſtood motionleſs, with his eyes fixed upon my face, and horror in his countenance.

He was the firſt object I perceived, as I came to myſelf; and the uneaſineſs I felt at ſeeing him betray emotion, that would be ſo much obſerved, and ſo variouſly interpreted, recovered me quicker than all the applications, that were had recourſe to, could have done. I immediately entreated him, to call up any carriage, that was at hand. The ſound of my voice ſeemed to rouſe him from his ſtupor; though he did not move.

Mrs. Freeman ſaid her's was in waiting;

but Lady Belfont inſiſted upon taking me to her houſe.

I was urgent to be carried home, in the fear of the alarm it would give to my mother. The Prince ſaid he would go to my mother himſelf, and make her eaſy, and call upon Tiſſot, who juſt now happens to be at Geneva, and ſend him—and was hurrying away without ſtaying for an anſwer; when Lady Belfont ſtopped him, ſaying, ſhe did not think his being the meſſenger was likely to ſet Lady Riverſdale's mind at reſt, and that Mrs. Freeman would perhaps have that goodneſs as ſhe went home. As for Tiſſot, ſhe hoped there would be no ſort of occaſion for him; but the ſooner I was put to bed the better, and therefore ſhe would immediately take me to her houſe; and offering her arm, added, "Come, my love, though it is ſo near, we will make uſe of Mrs. Freeman's carriage, if ſhe will give us leave."

I attempted to riſe; but, ſtaggering back, was near fainting a ſecond time—upon which the Prince propoſed, with the help of one of Lady Belfont's men, to carry me by joining their hands acroſs, in a manner that he would ſhow him: it made the eaſieſt ſeat imaginable,

he ſaid, without the ſmalleſt exertion to the perſons who carried.

I entreated for a little patience, and was ſure I ſhould be well enough preſently, to be able to walk with only the aſſiſtance of an arm; and Lady Belfont's houſe was ſo near, that it was not worth while to get into a carriage, which would be attended with more difficulty than walking.

The Prince inſiſted I ſhould not be able to walk, and that I ought not to be allowed even to attempt it. He took poſſeſſion of the place next me, and would hardly let any one approach me but himſelf. Lady Belfont attempted once or twice to put him by, as ſhe has ſince told me, for I perceived very little of what was going forward myſelf, and ſhe even hinted to him, that his ſo cloſe attendance upon me was improper: but he was wholly abſorbed in his anxiety, and neither heard, ſaw, nor minded any thing. Finding at length, that ſhe could in no way manage him, or ſave the obſervations ſuch marked ſolicitude muſt give riſe to, ſhe ſaid, ſhe believed it would be beſt to adopt his plan; and that, if he would have the goodneſs to order two of her men, and ſhow them the

method of it, ſhe was ſure I ſhould feel eaſier in the idea of troubling them than him.

Away he flew; but brought only one back with him, ſaying, there might be a danger of their letting me ſlip, if neither of them had been accuſtomed to it.

"Only let Robert take me in his arms, and put me into the coach at once," ſaid I, "that's the ſhorteſt."

The coach however, unfortunately, after all, was not there—ſo, in ſpite of oppoſition, he and Robert together took me up in the way he had propoſed, and a very convenient one it certainly was, only that it obliged me to lean my arms upon their ſhoulders.

I felt very thankful indeed, when I found myſelf ſeated upon Lady Belfont's ſofa; but it was with great difficulty ſhe got Prince Polinſki away; and not till ſhe had promiſed, to let him call at the door again after the ball was over, to hear how I was: and very reluctantly did he return to Madame du Tour's, and in conſequence only of Lady Belfont's making a point of it, and expreſſing diſpleaſure at his reſiſtance.

I then attempted once more to find my feet; but my head ſtill turned giddy upon

riſing, and Robert was again ſummoned to my aſſiſtance, who carried me up ſtairs as if I had been a feather, ſaying at the ſame time, he was ſure he could have brought me home much better that way, than in the way, they did; for his Highneſs trembled ſo exceedingly, he expected every minute he would have let me fall.

I was ſoon put to bed, and the night's reſt recovered me ſo much, that I only found myſelf a little weak and low, when I awoke.

The firſt perſon I opened my eyes upon was my mother. She had taken the alarm, which they hoped to have ſpared her, and could not be eaſy till ſhe ſaw me. She was perfectly ſatisfied, however, that my indiſpoſition aroſe wholly from over fatigue, and agreed to ſtay the day at Sêcheron with me, and leave me till the next, which is this preſent 15th July, of on which I find myſelf perfectly reſtored; but a little tired with writing, which obliges me to defer till to-morrow what I have further to relate of yeſterday's tranſactions.

Geneva, 16*th*.—Lady Belfont, you will ſuppoſe, was not long before ſhe came to in-

quire after me. Lady Barbara too, for a wonder, left her downy pillow earlier than uſual, either from kindneſs or eagerneſs to attack me; I will not determine which. However, I was not allowed to riſe to breakfaſt; and they all breakfaſted by my bedſide. Many ſarcaſms were aimed at me by her lively Ladyſhip, which I ſuffered to fall quietly to the ground.

After breakfaſt my mother propoſed to Lady Belfont, to go and apologiſe to Madame du Tour for all the trouble we had occaſioned at her houſe, and give her an account of me; as ſhe had really expreſſed very kind anxiety, and ſent an inquiry before I was awake. Lady Belfont agreed to it, and I was left with Lady Barbara, which juſt then, or indeed at any time, was not very agreeable to me.

"As you ſeem a good deal in the penſoroſo ſtyle, and not much inclined to converſation this morning," ſaid ſhe, "I'll go fetch a book, and take poſſeſſion of your ſofa, and read to you till they come back; for you know I have it in charge, not to let you riſe till then: and you ſhall ſee, Miſs Riverſdale,

how well I can adapt my ſubject to my hearer. If I don't hit off your caſe to a nicety, notwithſtanding all your care to withold it from my inveſtigation, I'll give up all pretenſions to diſcernment in future."

She went away, and ſoon returning;—"Here," ſaid ſhe, "here's a deſpairing ſwain, come to tell his tender woe: he will perhaps help the time to paſs off full as much to your ſatisfaction as my book."

The bed was ſo placed, that I did not immediately ſee the door as it opened, and I at firſt believed ſhe was alluding to ſome nonſenſical novel—when, to my utter aſtoniſhment, ſhe came forward leaning upon Prince Polinſki's arm.

"Good God!" exclaimed I, in the greateſt confuſion, "what can you mean, Lady Barbara, by this unaccountable proceeding? I never admit men into my bed-chamber; and, of all thoſe I know," added I, ſcarcely knowing what I was ſaying, "I'm ſure Prince Polinſki is the laſt"—I was going to ſay, *whom I ſhould chooſe to give ſuch a liberty to*; but luckily checking myſelf, I ſaid, "whom I ſhould have *expected to have taken ſuch a liberty.*"

He underſtands engliſh very well, though he does not ſpeak it readily, and began begging a thouſand pardons.—He had no conception, that I had any ſcruple at doing ſo very common a thing, or he ſhould not have ventured to avail himſelf of Lady Barbara's propoſal; having come only to inquire after my health, without any hope or expectation of ſeeing me. He would inſtantly take his leave; wiſhing to prove, in this as in every other part of his conduct, that it was ſufficient for him to diſcover what my will was, to make it his law.

I ſaid I muſt entreat him then to leave the room inſtantly.

Might he not pay his reſpects to Lady Belfont in the evening, if I was well enough to be in the drawing-room?

I had no right to diſpoſe of Lady Belfont's drawing room, I ſaid, and begged to wiſh him a good morning;—upon which he repeated his excuſes, bowed very low, and withdrew.

The inſtant he was gone, Lady Barbara burſt into a loud laugh, ſaying, "Well, really you have the moſt flattering manner of treating your lovers ill, Miſs Riverſdale, that ever

I ſaw practiſed. Let you quiet prudes alone for deviſing, what will moſt ſecurely work its effect—we rattling, thoughtleſs, honeſt coquettes are mere fools to you."

"Upon my word, I am very little obliged to your Ladyſhip, either for bringing me into the difficulty, or for your ſtrictures upon my taking the only method I ſaw of extricating myſelf from it."

"Lord, child! why, how could I poſſibly ſuppoſe you would be ſuch a fool as to mind it? You did not imagine he was coming with any wicked deſigns; or that I was going to leave you to the alarming effects of his unbounded paſſion?" laughing.

"I do not think I had any thing more to fear from your abſence, than from your preſence, Lady Barbara: but, light as you may make of my ſcruples, I cannot help fancying, that you would not have been quite pleaſed, if I had ſerved you in the ſame way."

She laughed again moſt immoderately—"What! at your introducing a lover of mine to my bedſide? Ha! ha! ha! you cannot conceive how exceſſively diverting your gravity is upon this ſubject. Why, I *ſuppoſe* I have had half a ſcore there at a *time*. You don't imagine, that I thought

my own virtue ſo much more fallible than that of all the french and italian women I have been living among, as not to venture upon a practice, which they adopt with impunity. Beſides I would expoſe myſelf to any riſk, in preference to that of paſſing for ſuch an intolerable prude; for, as I had told you before, prudery does not become my features in the leaſt."

"I can be no judge of the impunity, with which the french and italian ladies may follow this practice, as I have had very little acquaintance with either: but I always underſtood, however, that it was confined to the married ones; and of its indelicacy, I think, I can judge: and I am very certain, that no fear of ridicule will ever induce me to incur my own diſapprobation."

"O lud! O lud! that is ſuch a ſweet pretty moral ſentiment! juſt in my aunt's own ſtyle—What a pity ſhe ſhould be out of hearing! ſhe'll preach to me, by the hour together, about propriety and delicacy, and ſuch ſort of ſtuff."

"And pray is the length and frequent recurrence of the lecture to be imputed to

Lady Belfont, or to the occaſion given for it?" with a half ſmile.

"I can ſee no occaſion for it upon earth, you may be ſure," replied ſhe.

"Lady Belfont then has probably not carried her compliance with foreign manners ſo far, as to receive her company in bed.

"Lord, no! you might have ſworn that; neither would ſhe let me, if ſhe knew how to prevent it; but I'm not ſuch a ſimpleton as to mind her: I hope I am come to the age of judging for myſelf in theſe matters—and after all it is moſt abominably ungrateful, as well as hypocritical in you, to pretend to be ſo offended with me for giving you an opportunity—in the firſt place, of ſhowing how your night-cap becomes you—that's ſomething, you know: but in the 'ſecond place, and foremoſt,' for calling forth that pretty kind of half-checked declaration, which ſo happily betrayed your partiality, at the ſame time that it ſpared you the confuſion of a more honeſt avowal of your ſentiments."

"What can you mean, Lady Barbara?"

"O, dear! I warrant you expected that he alone ſhould be aware of the import *of that* ſtop and heſitation, when you were *going* to ſay, that *he*, of all others, was the

man you ſhould moſt *fear* having in your bedchamber, *(partiality* alone could create the *danger*, you know) for which you ſo ingeniouſly ſubſtituted, the laſt *you ſhould have expected—to have taken ſuch a liberty.* Did you flatter yourſelf with my being ſo deſtitute of common perception, my dear, as that you could open his eyes and cloſe mine at the ſame moment?"

"My anxiety aroſe from very different motives, than thoſe your Ladyſhip is pleaſed to aſcribe it to; and, if I could not flatter myſelf I ſhould be judged with a little more indulgence by the Prince, I ſhould have ſlight dependence upon his good opinion."

"I'm ſure he muſt be a monſtrous fool, if, after all that happened yeſterday evening; he *miſtakes* your motives—but, as I ſee very clearly, that I have not the ſmalleſt chance of bringing you to be honeſt with me, I may as well have recourſe to my book for bringing us more of a mind—and here you ſhall find how very aptly the parallel runs between St. Preux's kiſs in the arbour, and your coy kindneſs, in letting yourſelf be forced to put your arm round Prince Polinſki's neck—the effect I ſhould imagine will not prove very diſſimi-

lar—and then comes Colonel Malcolm for the part of Wolmar, to admiration: only I ſhould doubt his being quite ſo placid—and, upon my word, I don't think but what Heloïſe would ſuit you to a tittle;—ſhe was a rare prude, you know, notwithſtanding."—

"And is it Heloïſe," interrupting her, "that your Ladyſhip has ſelected?"

"To be ſure it is—what elſe could have been half ſo apropos?"

"I really am no judge of that; for I never read it."

"No; how could that poſſibly happen? but ſo much the better; then I'll begin it from the beginning, and we'll go through it regularly."

"Indeed, Lady Barbara, I muſt beg to be excuſed."

"What can you mean? don't you know that it is the firſt book, that ever was written?"

"I have heard it much admired: but my mother has expreſſed an earneſt wiſh, that I would not look into it; and I will never voluntarily deviate from her injunctions."

"Well, but it ſhall not be *voluntarily*, ſince you are ſo ſqueamiſh—nor ſhall you

look into it; for I'll *force* you to hear it—and then you can't help yourſelf, you know?"

"O yes, but I can; and I hope I ſhall never have recourſe to mean evaſions for veiling over a wrong action."

"O lord! O lord!" laughing immoderately, "I ſhall be obliged to give you up, at laſt, as the moſt incorrigible piece of rigid morality I ever met with."

Here we were interrupted, to my great relief, by the return of Lady Belfont and my mother; and I immediately appealed to their judgment in regard to the Prince's introduction into my bedchamber. Lady Belfont was very ſeriouſly diſpleaſed with Lady Barbara, who, as ſhe had herſelf ſaid, ſeemed to trouble her head very little indeed about her opinion upon the ſubject; only anſwering with the moſt provoking unconcern:

"Well, I proteſt, I believe, that, if you had ſeen his poor, woe-worn, dejected countenance, when he came with his humble inquiries after his Dulcinea's health, not all your Ladyſhip's own diſcretion could have withſtood the deſire of reſtoring a little brilliancy to thoſe *expreſſive* eyes—is not that the proper term for them, Miſs Riverſdale?

by letting him ſee, that the object of his adoration was not abſolutely *in articulo mortis*. I'm ſure, if any ſwain of mine had looked half as languiſhing, I ſhould not have known where to have found prudence enough, to ſave me from going, perhaps, a ſtep or two farther;"—looking very arch.

"Upon my word, Barbara, you cannot gueſs how this wild, indelicate talk injures you in the eyes of the world."

"Indelicate! nay now, I ſolemnly declare, the indelicacy is in your Ladyſhip's own ideas: the firſt ſtep in *my* thoughts was into *the church*;—what farther you, who certainly have taken *that*, may annex to it, is not for poor innocent me to judge: but, really, you over-delicate women are ſo prone to indelicate conſtructions."

"I am ſure, Barbara, whatever my own ideas may be, I ſtand little chance of bringing your's right: ſo we may as well put an end to this diſcuſſion, and leave Louiſa to riſe."

"There now again," ſaid ſhe, as they were going out, "how you encourage her in all her nonſenſe; what in the world ſhould *prevent* her getting up in our preſence? un-

leſs indeed ſhe has bandy legs, and is unwilling to ſhow them—and even then ſhe might truſt to my good nature for not divulging it."

"Yes, ſhe has much reaſon to truſt to that, indeed!" replied Lady Belfont.

We had no company to dinner; and, in the evening, only Prince Polinſki and the Dean. I wiſhed my mother to ſtay and ſhare my bed, that we might return together to Geneva in the morning;—and I think Lady Barbara, whom I now really feel afraid of, ſtands a little more in awe of her than of any body.

A good deal of ſprightly, animated converſation paſſed, till Lord Grantin came in, juſt before ſupper: and then Lady Barbara devoted herſelf wholly to him; and Prince Polinſki entered with Lady Belfont into a very intereſting account of his travels, of which he has made a journal, which he promiſes to ſhow us. He alſo engaged to bring his drawings to us yeſterday evening: they are views of Italy and Switzerland, beautifully done, Lady Belfont ſaid.

In the morning my mother and I returned home.

The Prince came according to appoint-

ment, with Lady Belfont, in the afternoon, and brought his portfolio.

He expreſſed great delight at having at length penetrated into this *ſanctuaire des talens et des graces* *, which he had ſo long beheld in imagination."

My mother had ſat down to cards, and we three were aſſiduouſly employed in looking over his views, and hearing anecdotes relative to particular parts he had viſited, when the door opened—and to my utter aſtoniſhment appeared Colonel Malcolm!

* Sanctuary of talents and graces.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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